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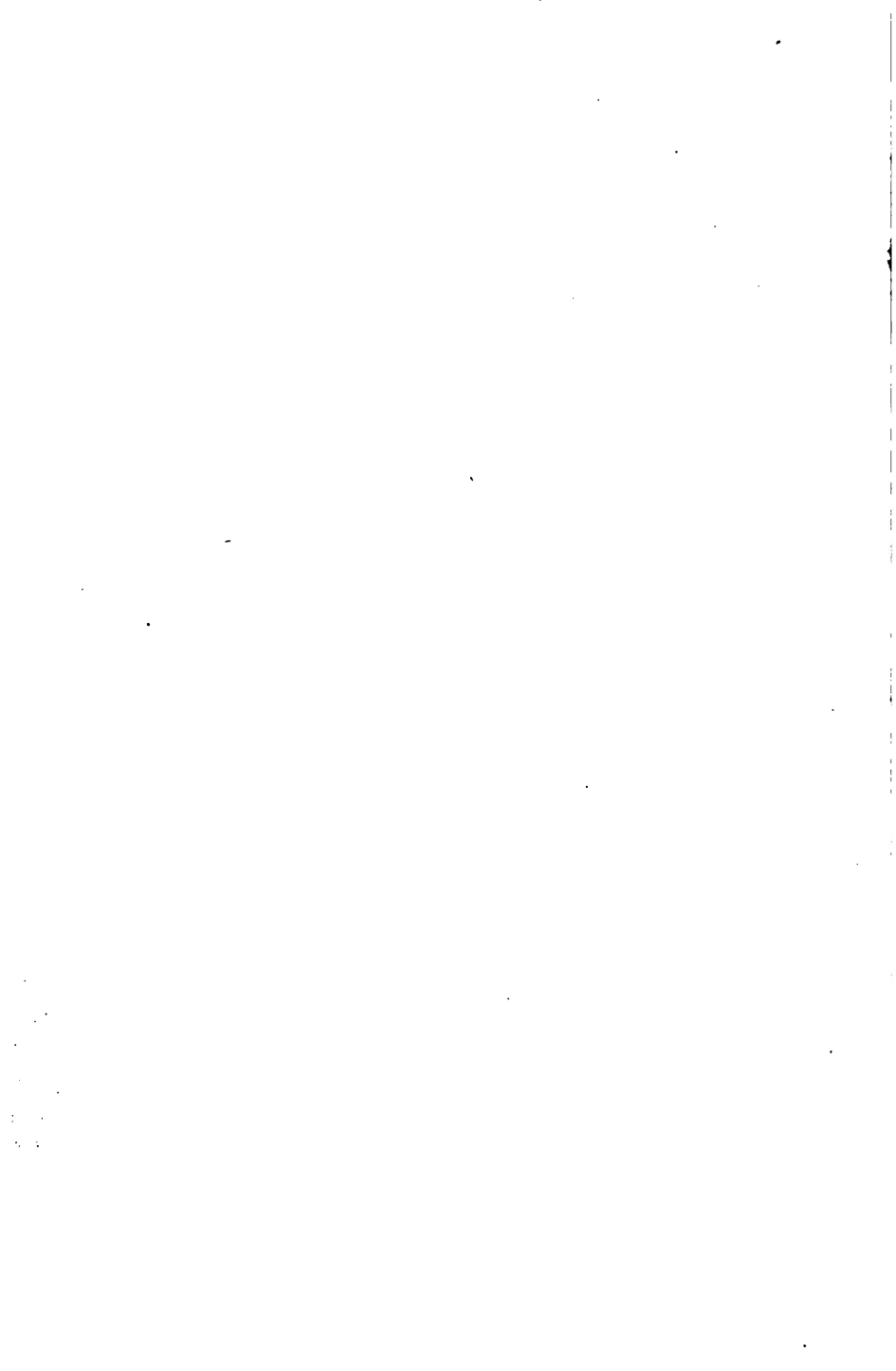
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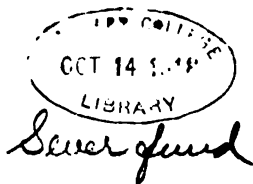
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DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

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1862.

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DUBLIN:

**JAMES DUFFY, 7, WELLINGTON-QUAY, AND
22, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.**

TO OUR READERS.

THE change which takes place this month in the form and contents of the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE, demands from us a few words by way of explanation. It was the original intention of the Proprietor, with the abolition of the paper duty, to reduce the HIBERNIAN to the rank of a cheap weekly periodical; but during the period which intervened between its appearance and the great legislative boon of the last session, the HIBERNIAN had taken a permanent and honourable place amongst the monthly literature of these kingdoms; and the field which it was intended it should occupy was already in possession of a new and prosperous candidate for public patronage, the *Illustrated Dublin Journal*. In the hope of affording to its readers a full share of the advantages accruing from the remission of a tax which has been well described as "a restriction on knowledge and a help to ignorance," the proprietor of the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE has increased its size considerably, whilst the accession of fresh talent which the ranks of its contributors has received, promises to secure it a conspicuous and meritorious position amongst its contemporaries. With so much by way of explanation, we hasten to wish our readers
"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

* * In sending papers to the Editor of THE HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE, Authors are requested to write their names and addresses legibly on the first page of each Contribution.

DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

No. 1.

JANUARY.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CAREY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM MISTRESS ALICE MARSDALE TO HER BROTHER.

“Tregona.

“By the time, dear Gerald, this reaches you, we shall be installed in our new residence on the southern coast of Cornwall. Our journey from the north was long and tedious, but we were fully recompensed on our arrival here by the novel sight of all around us. The country is wild and picturesque. rugged rocks rise perpendicularly from the sea, producing a grand and striking effect. The mansion is large and stately. Courts, galleries, apartments without end; many more than we can ever have occasion for. Its exterior shows signs of great strength: towers and turrets raise their heads from different parts of the building, whilst a dismal-looking moat, crossed by a drawbridge, encircles the walls. It is, however, my father's intention to do away with these marks of feudal days, and render the place more in accordance with the times. Its front has a southern aspect; and when its narrow casements are exchanged for bay-windows, and the moat turned into a Dutch garden, we shall present a more cheerful appearance. The entrance-hall is spacious, and hung round with trophies of the camp and the field; but these, and everything else appertaining to the mansion, show signs of neglect and long abandonment, and will procure my father no lack of amusement in putting things into decent order—an occupation which his improving health will enable him to enjoy.

“Every one tells us that Humphrey showed his usual adroitness in making this Cornish purchase, the management of which was left to him; and no exertion did he spare till he saw my father in full possession, and this in a wonderful short space of time. It is said that the lands were sold for less than their value, owing, I believe, to some peculiar circumstances relative to their owner, who was glad to part with them at any price.

“Now, dear Gerald, do not be offended if I express my surprise at the little interest which you seem to show in our new purchase. We had

hoped that you would have hastened back from your continental excursion to have accompanied us down to our southern habitation had it been only out of curiosity to see the place ; instead of which, you take as little notice of our great achievement as if it were an every-day occurrence. My father attributes this seeming indifference on your part to a certain apathy of disposition. I think otherwise. At all events, whatever the true cause may be, you shall receive our special forgiveness if you will promise to make one of our happy circle round the blazing log this winter ; a promise that would afford no little satisfaction to us all, but most particularly to your ever dear sister,

“ALICE MARSDALE.”

THE REPLY OF GERALD MARSDALE TO HIS SISTER ALICE.

“October 30th.

“DEAREST ALICE—Your welcome letter brightened up a solitary evening at Antwerp, and made me feel happy in the assurance of my father's being so well pleased with his purchase of the Tregona estate. May he live many a long year to enjoy it. As for my supposed want of interest in the matter, believe me it is not the fact. I fully participate in all that gives pleasure to those most dear to me ; and had I foreseen that my presence would be considered a matter of so much importance, my vanity would have prompted me, if no better feelings had done so, to have joined the travelling *cortège* to Cornwall. But, dear sister, I own I did not think that I should have been much missed, and that is the truth ; however, let that be as it may. I must, in my turn, express some regret that my brother should have made this purchase in so much haste, not from any fear of its being imperfectly done, but from its having the appearance of taking advantage of a man's necessitous position. However, as this was, of course, not the case in the present instance, I will say no more about it, except to inquire who the late proprietor was, and what became of him.

“My foreign excursion has not extended far, nor do I intend it should ; a few more weeks will bring it to a conclusion. In the meantime, write again, and let me know how all goes on in the *new* domain. Tell my father how happy I feel at hearing of the improved state of his health, and how earnestly I hope that this melioration may be permanent. What fresh pursuit has Humphrey taken in hand ; I know his active mind cannot long lie dormant.

“With every expression of attachment, I remain your ever affectionate brother,

“GERALD MARSDALE.”

Before we proceed further it is right that the reader should be informed that the time at which the following narrative takes its date is that of the sixteenth century, towards the close of the reign of England's fair sovereign, the renowned Queen Elizabeth : and though its details are dressed in modern language, the events therein described belong alone to that period : a period of triumph and glory to England, but not unmixed with much private sorrow.

To return to our narration : the reader will have learnt by the foregoing letters that an estate had been sold, and that the purchaser was already settled on his domain, which was one of some extent, and known by the name of Tregona.

Mr. Marsdale, the new proprietor, was a man of considerable wealth, and somewhat advanced in years. His disposition was friendly and kind, but it wanted decision of character, a defect that stood in his way through life, occasioning him frequently to follow the dictates of others less competent to judge than himself, sooner than be at the trouble of enforcing his own more matured opinions. This vacillation of disposition might be partly ascribed to a weakly constitution, which frequently stretched him on a bed of sickness, subduing his energies, both of body and mind, and making him unequal to grapple with those difficulties that occasionally crossed his path. It was to regain his lost health that he was induced to leave his residence in the north of England for a more genial climate on the southern coast of Cornwall.

Mr. Marsdale had been left a widower many years, with three children, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son, called Gerald, was gifted by nature with a handsome person, a chivalrous and generous disposition, accompanied with an urbanity of deportment that won for him the goodwill of all.

Humphrey, the second son, was of a different cast; naturally proud and self-sufficient, he took a lead in his family, to which, as a younger brother, he was not entitled: his advice was given and taken on all occasions: he was the indulged favorite of his father; and though his conduct was occasionally tinged with a want of deference towards his parent, such sallies were overlooked by him who should have repressed them, and merely regarded as ebullitions of a bold, high-spirited mind. He had been educated for the law, a profession in which he took great delight; and whilst it gave him an insight into the legal proceedings of his country, threw over him an air of importance and learning, which at the period of our narrative was held in high consideration.

Alice, Mr. Marsdale's daughter, was a fair and gentle girl, whose affectionate and faultless disposition made her the solace of her father's declining years; and though scarcely seventeen summers had passed over her head, she possessed a foresight and judgment beyond her age, fully enabling her to fill that place which the decease of her lamented mother had so long left vacant.

Another inmate of the establishment was an old preceptor, familiarly called Master Merris; he had lived so long under the family roof as to have become a necessary appendage to it; and though his services were no further needful, Mr. Marsdale, with that benevolence for which he was ever conspicuous, forbade the subject of his departure to be mentioned. Accordingly, Master Merris, who had every reason to be satisfied with his location, quietly resigned himself to the wishes of his hospitable patron.

Having now given an outline of the new occupiers of Tregona, we will

return to the previous correspondence, and place before our readers the reply of Alice Marsdale to the communication of her brother, from Antwerp.

“Tregona.

“EVER DEAR GERALD,—My father and good Master Merris having sallied forth on their usual morning stroll, I will fill up the time of their absence by turning my thoughts abroad, and indulging my foreign wanderer with some account of our proceedings in our new abode. To commence: Humphrey is gone back to London, after having, as he imagined, *legally* established us on our Cornish purchase; but unfortunately, matters were not so satisfactorily concluded as he had anticipated: a small patch of ground on which stands an old building partly in ruins, is claimed by both parties. Humphrey declares the same to have been included in the sale, whilst the late proprietor denies this to be the case, and most pertinaciously keeps possession of the land by establishing himself and family in the very building that stands on the disputed ground. My father, with his love of peace and quiet, felt much inclined to forego this trifling addition to his extensive purchase, particularly as he had given so moderate a *sum* for it, but Humphrey would not hearken to such a proposition for a moment; he called it pusillanimity, and declared that as far as he was concerned he would dispute every inch of ground to the last. My father has consequently consented to go to law, and the matter is already placed in proper legal hands. You will regret this untoward event as much as I do, but having once embarked in it, the sooner it is settled the better, even should we be the losers.

“To make amends for the above unpalatable intelligence, I have something to impart which will afford you both pleasure and surprise. The newly-appointed minister to this parish is no other than your old college friend, Cosmo Treverbyn. I have so often heard you mention him with expressions of regard, that I know you will rejoice at this unexpected appointment. Few days only have passed since his arrival, so that I can as yet tell you but little about him, but I can easily imagine that he is no less pleased at finding himself established so near the residence of his old ally.

“In answer to your inquiry respecting the late owner of Tregona, I can only say, that he bears the name of Trevillers—Sir Algernon Trevillers; that he resides on an adjoining estate, which he declined parting with when he sold the rest of his Cornish property. He is but lately returned from abroad, where he has resided many years, so that he is but little known in these parts. This is all I can learn at present, but if your curiosity outlives another month, I shall probably, by that time, be able to know more about him. In the meantime, keep us not in ignorance of your foreign travels. Tell us what your plans are, and when we may look forward to the somewhat unusual pleasure of introducing you to your own home.

“ALICE MARSDALE.”

CHAPTER II.

A MORNING EXCURSION.

"In what direction shall we go?" said Mr. Marsdale to his daughter, as they crossed the hall towards the principal entrance.

"Down to the deer-paddock," replied Alice; "I love to see the graceful fawns chase each other so nimbly."

"Yes," rejoined her father, "we will do so, and see how the repairs get on in that quarter."

"Plenty to do in that way," added the old preceptor, who had just joined the excursionists. "The steward has been complaining that all the fencing round the slate quarry is down, besides, the obstruction occasioned by the fall of two large oaks, which I understand were laid prostrate above a year ago."

"All in good time, my dear Merrie," said Mr. Marsdale, "the place requires much setting to rights; nor can it be wondered at, when left tenantless for so long a time."

In order to gain the paddock they had to pass the east end of the mansion, where stood the remains of a small building, whose form indicated it to have been a place of worship. The roof was gone, but the walls were perfect, pierced with lancet windows.

"This dismal old ruin will be cleared away, will it not, dear father?" said Alice, "It might so advantageously be replaced by a noble terrace; the rising ground seems already prepared for the purpose."

"We will consult Humphrey about it," replied Mr. Marsdale; "it is not unlikely that his good taste may suggest the removing of it."

"Humphrey need not be consulted on the subject," said the old preceptor, with a smile, "as his mind is already made up to turn it into a tennis-court."

"And why not," said Mr. Marsdale, dropping immediately into his son's views. "It shall be so; the idea is a good one."

Proceeding onwards, they reached a fine old avenue of lime trees, whose beautiful canopied heads arched over in one continuous aisle as far as the eye could trace. "How magnificent these trees are," said Alice; "they must have weathered many a storm in this exposed situation, and yet none are missing."

At this moment two persons appeared in the distance, approaching from a side path into the avenue.

"Who have we here?" cried Mr. Marsdale, trying to recognise them.

"Our new minister is one," said Alice, "and the other may be Mr. Justice Sandford."

"You are right," said Master Merrie, "Mr. Justice Sandford has taken up his abode close to the vicarage, and will make a friendly neighbour."

"Well met, gentlemen," said Mr. Marsdale. "I see that the beauty of this avenue has attractions for others besides ourselves. We are on our way to the deer-paddock, and if you are inclined to join us, we shall feel

honored by your company." The two new-comers bowed assent, and they proceeded on together. A short time brought them to the desired enclosure, where Alice and her companions stood admiring the playful fawns whilst Mr. Marsdale and Master Merris inspected the progress of the repairs. This being concluded, the party began retracing their steps homewards, when a mossy bank tempted them to take a little repose.

"What a splendid prospect we have from this spot," said the Rector, Mr. Treverbyn; "yonder glimpse of the sea, with those noble woods to the right, and the winding valley at our feet, form altogether one of the finest landscapes I ever beheld. Can you point me out," continued he, addressing himself to Mr. Marsdale, "in which direction lies the residence of Sir Algernon Trevillers, as I have not had leisure since my arrival in the parish to make myself acquainted with the different localities around Tregona?"

"He resides beyond that dark mass of trees, to the left," replied Mr. Marsdale.

"I understand," continued the Rector, "that he was unwilling to part with the whole of his Cornish domain."

"He was," said Mr. Marsdale. "He retains that portion called St. Andrew's Priory, which is inconsiderable, and borders on the sea."

"Has he another large mansion in that quarter?" inquired Alice, with curiosity.

"No," rejoined Mr. Justice Sandford; "he occupies a wretched building appertaining formerly to a priory which was destroyed some fifty years ago."

"Wretched or not wretched," said Mr. Marsdale, "he will not inhabit that building long, for the land on which it stands was included in my purchase, and it is therefore mine."

"He must be a strange man, at all events," replied Mr. Sandford, "to be satisfied with so miserable an abode: I hear the walls are obliged to be propped up to insure their safety."

"That is his look out," said Mr. Marsdale; "mine is, to secure what is my own, and consequently I have commenced legal proceedings to enable me to do so."

"I presume," said Mr. Treverbyn, mildly, "that the building standing so close to the boundary-line of the divided lands, has created this misconception on either side."

"For my part," interrupted Master Merris, "I fear the mistake has arisen through the hasty manner our friend Humphrey got through the purchase."

"Not so," rejoined Mr. Marsdale, somewhat annoyed at the remark made on his favorite son. "I do not see how Humphrey could have conducted the business with more ability: the blame lies in the opposite direction, and this the law will soon point out."

"You are perfectly right," said Mr. Sandford, not to submit tamely to the loss of whatever you consider your due, let it be great or small; but from what I have heard of Sir Algernon Trevillers, I fear you will find

him no easy man to deal with. It is said he is a dissatisfied misanthropist—sees no one, and is determined to have as little communication as possible with any of his neighbours. Some imagine this strange conduct to proceed from a depression of spirits, occasioned by the loss of some kinsman in the late engagement; but whether this is the case or not, I am unable to say: all I know is, that I shall not trouble myself about him; he coldly declined my proffered services on his arrival, and now, should he find that he required them, perhaps he might not obtain them so easily."

"Has he any family?" inquired Alice, with some interest.

"A sister and a daughter reside with him."

"What a gloomy life for the poor daughter!" exclaimed Alice.

"After all," said Mr. Treverbyn, "sorrow for the loss of a beloved kinsman may easily account for this apparent misanthropy; for though in an honorable cause, such a stroke is not the less severe."

"As for that," rejoined Mr. Sandford, with a forced smile, "it is a matter of doubt on which side he was engaged."

"On which side!" cried Mr. Marsdale, with the most loyal feelings of dismay. "You do not mean to say that he fought against his country?"

"No," replied Mr. Sandford carelessly. "I don't believe there is any truth in the report—an idle ramour only: but when men conduct themselves differently from other persons, they lay themselves open to every kind of absurd remark."

"At all events," said the kind-hearted Rector, "I do not see the use of repeating rumours when they are of so prejudicial a character."

"It looks ill," said Mr. Marsdale gravely. "This shutting himself up, and desiring to keep aloof from all his neighbours, must arise from some unusual cause."

"Perhaps his long residence in foreign countries may have thus estranged him from the society of his own," said Master Merrie.

"I hope it may be so accounted for," continued Mr. Marsdale; "but I own I particularly dislike that the actions of any man should be shrouded in mystery. In the present instance, I trust the cause may ere long be satisfactorily fathomed." On saying which he rose, and walked thoughtfully on, followed by his daughter and the rest. On gaining the avenue, the Rector and Mr. Justice Sandford withdrew, whilst the others continued their route homewards. On their way, they passed a lonely cottage on the slope of the hill. At the doorway stood an elderly woman: her countenance, though considerably stricken in years, was fine and expressive, and her address showed she had seen better days.

"Well, Dame Trenchard," said Mr. Marsdale, "I hope you are pleased with the addition I have made to your garden, of an orchard?"

"May every blessing attend you," replied the venerable dame; "it will no doubt stand me good service."

Alice being hurried away by her father, she had not leisure to say many words, but, thrusting a trifle into the good woman's hand, promised to come and see her; for there was something in her mournful yet pleasing countenance, which made her feel an interest for her.

"I think," said Mr. Marsdale, as he proceeded with his daughter, "that old Dame Trenchard was formerly a domestic in the Trevillers family; and if so, she must know something of these strange people."

"I will take an opportunity of asking her about them," replied Alice, who had become also curious to learn some particulars of their history. Here they reached the entrance gates, where we will take leave of them till the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

GENTLE SYMPATHY.

AN additional stir at Tregona announced the arrival of Humphrey, Mr. Marsdale's second son. He was accompanied by a man of business, who had come down for the purpose of examining the position of the disputed spot, preparatory to the case going before the courts. The usual greetings over, Humphrey presented his legal friend to his father, as a man of much ability and great shrewdness, and who would ably assist him in seeing the unpleasant affair brought to a speedy conclusion.

On the following morning Mr. Marsdale summoned his son and his colleague to a small study, there to talk over the business for which they had come down; and here they remained in conference a considerable time. Alice, who was left alone in an adjoining apartment, wondered what could occasion so prolonged a discussion, and was busying herself with her tapestry, when the rector, Mr. Treverbyn, entered the room. "Pardon me, Mistress Alice," said he, "if I intrude thus early upon your morning pursuits. I was in hopes of finding your father at liberty, that I might confer with him respecting the very dilapidated state of the alms-houses and small cottages in the parish."

"My father," replied Alice, "has been closeted with Humphrey and his legal friend for nearly two hours. What detains them so long I am at a loss to surmise. If, however, you will bear patiently with my company for a short time, you will no doubt be very soon gratified with the sight of my father."

"It will not require any great degree of patience," said the Rector, "to be doomed to tarry in such company as that of the gentle Mistress Alice; the time might rather pass too quickly than otherwise."

"I am not used to compliments," said Alice, laughing; "so do not throw them away on me."

"Well, then," rejoined the young Rector, "we will talk of our good Gerald, who, I hope, is all the better for his foreign travels. Might I inquire whether there is any hope of our seeing him before the approach of winter?"

"I hope so," said Alice; "at least, it will not be for want of my putting him in mind of it. In my last communication to him, I took the opportunity of mentioning that you were most desirous of seeing him, and hoped that he would soon return. Was I right in saying so?"

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Treverbyn. "It would give me particular gratification to see my old and valued friend again."

The conference in the adjoining study seemed at this moment to partake of a more energetic character. The voices, which had hitherto been scarcely audible, though separated only by a thin wainscot, began to assume a strong and excited tone, till the startling words, *traitors to their country*, pronounced with vehemence by Humphrey, silenced the astonished hearers. "Gracious heavens!" cried Alice, "what has happened? Who are these people that my brother is so strongly denouncing?"

"Do not alarm yourself," said Mr. Treverbyn. "You are well acquainted with your brother's talent for description; he is probably relating one of those thrilling anecdotes wherein he allows himself to be carried away by the force of his subject. Permit me to recommend your moving to some more distant part, beyond the sounds of these animated discussions."

"I will follow your advice," said Alice, gathering up her working materials; "as I greatly dislike being within hearing of such stormy anecdotes."

Taking, therefore, a hurried leave of the rector, she retired to her own apartment. Here she pondered over the alarming words of her brother. She thought there was more meaning in them than Mr. Treverbyn would allow, and feared they foreboded some disaster: she, therefore, felt uneasy; and it was no great matter of surprise that she did so, as, in the days of our narrative, men lived not in that happy state of security in which they do at the present day. Bad passions, jealousies, prejudices, made their way into almost every department of the State. The three previous reigns had witnessed so much domestic strife and bloodshed, that the public mind had become callous to the downfall of men, whom revenge or suspicion marked out as supposed enemies to their country.

Religious, as well as civil dissensions, had stained the scaffold, and crowded the prisons for the last seventy years. The old standard faith of the country had been put down by force of the law. Severe penal statutes oppressed those who refused to submit to the new order of things; and at no period were these carried out with so much severity as during the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth—a sovereign whose long and prosperous sway had procured her every title that honour and glory could invent. Nor was it to be expected that contemporary historians should seek behind the scenes for those dark spots hitherto veiled by the splendour of a brilliant court at home, and the triumph of valiant deeds abroad.

It was only in the deep and unseen archives of two or three seminaries on the Continent that were to be found the faithful and sorrowing records of certain English ecclesiastics, who, in spite of the rigorous laws framed against them, felt it their duty to run the fearful risk of returning to their native country, in order to offer religious consolation to those who remained secretly faithful to the ancient creed. And, though such attempts, and their results, were little known to the young and innocent mind of Alice Marsdale, she felt an uneasiness she

could not account for. She knew the impetuosity of her brother's disposition, and feared he was rushing at conclusions which might become a source of regret to him ever after. Filled with such like apprehensions, she rose up, with the intention of taking the air, and dissipating those terrors which her imagination had so vividly conjured up; and, remembering her promised visit to Dame Trenchard, she profited by the occasion to accomplish it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ABOUT VOLTAIRE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

ON one occasion the celebrated Montesquieu, author of the *Spirit of Laws*, was on a visit to Ferney. While noticing the furniture of the drawing-room he stopped suddenly before two magnificently-framed portraits, and regarding them for some time intently, he said, "Behold! a great wit and a great beauty, who will hereafter be spoken of as the representatives of this century!"

This great wit was Voltaire, and the great beauty was Madame de Pompadour, and when we reflect on the character that history gives us of both, we can scarcely consider the remark as flattering to the age in which they played such prominent parts. Indeed it is now difficult to understand the state of society that tolerated and encouraged Voltaire, for both tolerated and encouraged he was, until his impudence, or his epigrams, had passed the bounds of decency or forbearance. Voltaire not only invariably made himself the fashion, but also associated with such men as Diderot, Raynal, Buffon, Condorcet, D'Alembert, La Harpe, Helvetius, St. Lambert, and Bernardin St. Pierre, nearly all of whom were ready to retain his *bon mots*, to quote his plays, and to defend his opinions when there was any occasion. Lamartine, with more the enthusiasm of a poet than the discretion of a historian, writes—"That there is an incalculable amount of conviction and devotion of idea in the daring of one against all," and that "Voltaire isolated himself from men in order that their too close contact might not interfere with his thoughts." The historian of the Girondists evidently wishes to ascribe to Voltaire some of that moody and fascinating retirement of manner which makes the principal charm of the Corsair, of Lara, and Childe Harold. In fighting against all odds, there is, of course, a certain amount of courage; the effort and determination to do or die has been always hailed with applause, and a solitary person alone with his thoughts, and apart from the world, has somehow or other become an object of especial interest in poetry. But Voltaire had the assistance, in a great measure, of the men who possessed either influence or talent. So far from being devoted to a cause, or an idea, he sacrificed both the one and the other, whenever he found it convenient to do so. He appeared as the friend of the people at one time, at another he would hand them over to the most absolute control of the

king. He palliated the worst vices of Frederick, until Frederick held him in contempt, and he flattered the very courtizans of Louis, to get for himself a little favour and position. He was only consistent in one thing—his hatred of Christianity. When he went to contend against that, he found a good deal done for him. Infidelity had taken its rise from debanchery, and he warred against a morality which was in a measure disregarded. Everyone who led a vicious life, and did not care to be troubled with the fear of punishment after death, was on his side. He never went for any length of time into voluntary retirement; no man was less of a true philosopher. He could not exist unless he was surrounded by his numerous *claqueurs*. This desire of applause appeared everywhere. On one occasion he wrote an opera for the court, called "*Le Temple de la Gloire*," in the third act of which Trajan was the hero, compliments were paid the king which would make an Eastern potentate blush. Voltaire could not restrain his impatience to know the effect of his flattery, and was utterly confounded that it was received in solemn silence. Unable to keep himself even within the limits of etiquette, he cried out to his majesty, "Is Trajan yet satisfied?" and Trajan, surprised and displeased that he should have ventured to question him, passed coldly from the theatre.

He always extended a kind patronage, and was ready to give a helping hand to literary men; but even this trait, which might be supposed to redeem his character from the imputation of selfishness, was disfigured by his insatiable vanity. When asked if he did not fear a rival would appear from amongst those to whom he gave so much encouragement, he pompously returned, "The French Parnassus was an empire, the sceptre of which he would have yielded to no one on earth, but for that very reason he delighted to see its subjects multiply."

His mode of life at Ferney was scarcely that of a man anxious to retire from the distractions of the world. In the memoirs of the observant, Marmontel, we are introduced to a Madame du Chatelêt, who for a long period shared the rigours of his solitude. Her husband was living, but this fact did not interfere with her establishing an intimacy with both Voltaire and the Duc de Richelieu. While residing at Cirey, Voltaire and Madame frequently visited King Stanislaus at his court of Luneville. Here, this amiable lady fell violently in love with a Monsieur de St. Lambert. She shortly afterwards died, at the age of forty-three. After her death, her husband (good easy man!) produced a ring which he recognised as having once contained a portrait of his own. Voltaire saw it, and knew that he had replaced Richelieu, and was now mortified to find that St. Lambert was substituted for him. "My friend," said he to the very disconsolate widower, "this is a discovery at which neither you nor I can feel very much slighted." When Marmontel called on Voltaire to pay his visit of condolence, "Come," said the philosopher, "and share my sorrow." He then commenced to weep violently, and with much affectation of grief. This tickled Marmontel intensely, who had often seen Voltaire and Madame enact with considerable spirit the respective parts of Socrates and

Xantippe. Suddenly the intendant Chauselin arrives, and relates a ridiculous story; whereupon Voltaire, before his tears are well dried, is convulsed with laughter. This is only one anecdote, from a host of others, of his variable disposition, and the entire absence of that calm, equitable temper which always accompanies a well-cultivated and regulated mind.

We are, unfortunately, forced to admit, that the lowest possible standard of morality, was all the fashion of the day. One could not live in the *beau monde* without being a man of intrigue, and able to boast of conquests; and yet the greatest libertines expressed themselves shocked at the grossness and indecency of Voltaire's "*Pucelle D'Orleans*," and it was suppressed, not for any political reason whatever, but simply because of its viciousness, which, though amended more than once by the author, was always intolerable.

Though extremely ambitious of figuring at court, Voltaire usually failed in his endeavours to please the king, who thoroughly disliked him, and took but little pains to conceal his sentiments. At an early period he bought the place of gentleman of the bed-chamber, to put himself on the way to promotion, but he was never advanced to an important or honourable office. He lost the favour of the chief favourite by addressing her in the famous lines which commence—

"Pompadour vous embellissez
La Cour, le Parnasse, et Cythère."

In one respect he was a thorough Frenchman, and would sacrifice everything for the reputation of a wit, and the pleasure of having said a good thing; and perhaps there is no one we read of whose jokes are better worth recording. All his sayings are most easily recognised. They are either winged words, pointed to hurt somebody or something, or compliments, that fall with the playful grace and humour of *confetti* at a Roman carnival. But in his anger he was bitter, and erected his quills at once. Then, like Swift or Rabelais, he stopped at nothing; would not respect even personal deformity, though he himself was of weak frame and sickly aspect. Like to Pope, also, Voltaire never spares once his weapon is unsheathed; away goes the scabbard immediately. Monsieur Le Franc de Pompignon, on his admission to the French Academy, was rash enough to deliver an oration against the writers of the Encyclopedia. Next morning he was assailed by a shower of satire which no man could stand. Voltaire undertook to produce a new witticism daily for his annoyance, and religiously kept his word. All Paris was amused with details of Monsieur Le Franc de Pompignon's dress, deportment, and domestic habits, until at length the unfortunate gentleman had to fly for refuge to the country, where he could no longer hear the laughter raised so industriously at his expense.

Voltaire's connexion with Frederick has become world-famous. This monarch, whom Mr. Carlyle has so cleverly Boswellized, wrote with a profanity true to his real character—that there was but one God and one Voltaire. He told him to consider Frederick's actions as the fruits of Vol-

taire's precepts ; and it must certainly be admitted the disciple was most worthy of his master. The king even became sentimental in a certain Damon and Pythias manner. At one time he wrote—

"We are wanting only one thing to complete our happiness—to have Voltaire with us. Although living afar off, you still dwell in the midst of us. Your portrait adorns my library, being hung up over your works, facing the place where I usually sit ; so that I may always have you before my eyes."

Voltaire received even more substantial tokens of the royal regard—presents of Tokay and amber being sent him, together with a valuable ring, and a cane mounted with a golden bust of Socrates. But for a period of sixteen years the philosopher appears to have been only twice at Sans Souci—once in October, 1740, when he remained a week, and again in 1743, when his stay extended to four weeks. Frederick complained afterwards that his visiter was rather expensive to keep, as for each of the six days he stopped in 1740 it cost the king ever 550 dollars, which he remarked was paying rather too dear for a court fool (*fou*). In 1750, on a pressing invitation, Voltaire, on the 20th of June, resolved to take up his residence at the palace ; but not before he fought hard for an increase in his travelling expenses. An arrangement was made that he was to receive a yearly pension of 5,000 dollars, a wing of the building to himself, free board, and an equipage, which he was at liberty to use. It is not easy to ascertain what value he gave for all this. I believe he was obliged to listen to the king's bad poetry, which must have been an infliction really hard to bear. The acquaintance of two such men could not improve with intimacy. As was most natural, they became mutually disgusted with each other. Voltaire, after playing alternately the toady and the cynic towards Frederick, at last was strongly suspected of doing the dirtier tricks of a spy. The king got thoroughly tired of him, and became uneasy that he had trusted him with any secrets. He said of him—" *Il a la gentillesse et la malice d'un singe* ;" and "The man is only good to read, but dangerous to live with ; he has the intellect of a god, but the feelings of a villain." Voltaire was severely reprimanded for informing the Russian ambassador upon some matters that Frederick emphatically said he had nothing whatever to do ; and, in consequence of his writing a satire, called the "Doctor Akakia," upon Maupertuis, the President of the Berlin Academy, he was gagged for a while by a bond, that he would never assail savants or sovereigns, or put the king's letters to a bad use. The meaning of this latter injunction is quite evident, Frederick being afraid that Voltaire would turn their correspondence into ridicule.

In March, 1753, a reconciliation was patched up between the "Arcades Ambo." This Voltaire did not be invested with some order of high distinction, which he wished to take with him to France ; for, though frequently writing up democracy, the philosopher was very jealous of such honours. He stole a volume of the king's poems, which he knew would sell well in Paris. I imagine Frederick, frantic at the discovery, and swearing "*dunder*" and "*blitzen*" like a Dutchman. An express was

immediately sent after the thief, who carried such precious booty, and he was threatened with arrest at Frankfort. He applied for protection to Prince Kaunitz and the court of Vienna, and promised the most curious disclosures about his dear friend if he was but once safe without his reach. Dr. Vehse, in his interesting *Memoirs of the Court of Prussia*, remarks, that the letters written by Voltaire on this subject were removed by the French from the archives of Vienna to those of Paris, where Schlogaer of Heidelberg (?) saw them. It is much above the aim of an article like the present to criticise the writings of Voltaire. The bare enumeration of his seventy volumes would occupy considerable space; and it would be no easy task to refute and combat fallacies concerning arts, science, and literature, scattered through them all. The *Philosophical Dictionary*, perhaps more than any other work, shows the true direction of Voltaire's mind. In this book he combines all the forces of his acute intellect to attack and destroy the religious idea and practice. His chief argument is insinuation. He seldom reasons; if he does, it is not difficult for any one acquainted with logic to detect a flaw somewhere: and if the matter ever concerns Catholics, he will invariably tell a lie without the slightest hesitation. He makes great use of that vanity which his observation taught him formed the basis of character in vicious, half-educated, or one of those weak-minded men, who express themselves disappointed with the world because they do not know how to brave it. He addressed himself to such persons, and showed them how superior they were to others by adopting peculiar views of things—how original, therefore, their talents were, how sharp their discernment, how free from antiquated prejudices their notions; and he gained them in thousands to him.

" Nos prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense,
Notre crédulité fait tout leur science."

By such verses, of which this is a specimen, Voltaire, in a great measure, effected his purpose.

With all his apparent contempt for the clergy, he tried frequently to be on good terms with those amongst them who were distinguished by wealth or influence. He dedicated and submitted his play of *Mahomet* to Benedict XIV. In the dedicatory letter to his holiness the following sentence occurs:—

"To whom could I with more propriety inscribe a satire on the cruelty and errors of a false prophet than to the vicar and representative of a God of truth and mercy? Your holiness will, therefore, give me leave to throw at your feet both the piece and the author of it, and humbly to request your protection of the one, and your benediction of the other; in hopes of which, with the profoundest reverence, I kiss your sacred feet."

The Pope courteously replied, sending the apostolical blessing, and alluding to the several letters and complimentary odes which had come under his notice from Voltaire. "So many," he writes, "are the obligations which you have conferred on me, that, for all and each, I beg to express myself extremely indebted; and permit me to assure you I enter-

tain the highest esteem for that talent which the world has so universally acknowledged."

When this same man, to whom the above letter was written, received an order from the court to give a free version of the Psalms, the Book of Proverbs, and the Song of Solomon, he produced a filthy burlesque—so indecent, and so profane, that scarce, in a most depraved age, was there any one found depraved enough to read it.

Some of Voltaire's plays are particularly harmless and inoffensive. "Naine" is a pretty trifle, that might have been written by Miss Edgeworth, and acted before any modern drawing-room. In general, he is much more natural, in both language and contrivance of plot, than the other great French writers. There is plenty of bombast in "Zaire" and the "Henriade;" but not to the excess it appears in the tragedies of Crebillon or Corneille. This latter, by the way, was edited by Voltaire, who made every effort to "damn him to everlasting fame," as Pope one time said of Cromwell. It was done under the pretence of great respect, and with so fine a sense of humour, that many are deceived into thinking that Voltaire's praises are sincere. Wherever there is any passage of the false sublime, Voltaire at once exposes it, by falling into an extravagant fit of admiration, during which he appears to be in ironical ecstasies of delight, and thereby, of course, invites general attention to the absurdity.

His jealousy extended even to the fame of Shakespear, whose reputation he did all in his power to tarnish, both as a poet and a dramatist. He would admit he had some genius, it was true, but was totally ignorant of the rules of art, and had no taste whatever. His tragedy of the Moor of Venice (a most interesting piece truly!) consists merely of a husband smothering his wife on the stage, while the poor woman dies asserting her innocence; and in "Hamlet" you have a couple of gravediggers singing and boozing over their work, and passing the vulgar jokes current among such low persons upon the skulls that turn up.

Voltaire preferred Addison before any other English writer, and considered "Cato" an "elegant" tragedy. His remarks, however, upon English comedy are both sprightly and correct. He confines his notice to Wycherly, Congreve, and Sir John Vanbrugh. The former he accuses of looseness; and certainly the accusation is not undeserved towards the author of the "School for Women." He himself translated a play of Wycherly's, called the "Plain Dealer," into a French comedy, which he named "The Prude." He tells a good anecdote of a character-dance that was at one time in vogue in England. During the intervals of a comedy, a king appears in the ballet, and, after a few capers and flourishes, gives his prime minister a kick where his sense of honour might be hurt. The minister immediately bestows the compliment upon the person of his grace the duke, who transmits it to his most noble the marquis, who passes it to the baron, who gives it, with greater vehemence than politeness, to some one representing the common bulk of the nation, who, having no friends to favour, quietly accepts the present. This he considered a most excellent satire upon royalty. Voltaire's own style of writing was admir-

able, especially in prose. It possesses an easy, graceful carelessness, and a winning simplicity of expression, that, in our language, can only be compared to the writing of Goldsmith and Swift combined. His meaning is never obscured by a superfluous word, and his periods fall with a certain musical cadence that always prepares for the tone of the succeeding sentence. There is scarcely ever (in his pure) an attempt at fine writing; and, though seldom ornate, there is never any vulgarity.

There is much mystery about the manner of Voltaire's death, some asserting he died in the same spirit of unbelief in which he lived; others insisting that at his last hour he was torn with remorse, and wished for the consolations of religion. "Irene," a wretched play, was the work of his dotage, and wore out what remained of his constitution. He became nervous, irritable, and debilitated. His thin, nut-cracker visage became scored and pinched; his back rounded with feebleness; he tottered in his gait, and altogether was the picture of an ugly and broken-up old man. He knew that his life was closing, and he spent many wakeful nights, racked with the pain of coughing, and spitting up blood in gouts, while he panted heavily for breath. To alleviate his sufferings he took to opium; he became intoxicated with the drug, gathered his friends around him, and rattled on as of old; while they listened to the brilliant bon mot, and the sly double entendre, from the lips of their venerable philosopher. The appetite for the opiate grew insatiate from indulgence; he over-dosed himself, and then came the last scene of all. He was on his couch, as if stricken with paralysis, apparently unconscious, and unable to communicate with those around him except by writing, which it is said he contrived to do. But who can tell what his thoughts were then. He had now all the comforts of his own philosophy. A zealous priest tempted him with religion to the last. He one time startled the dying man from his frightful lethargy by shouting into his ear, "Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?" "In the name of God, Sir," replied Voltaire, "speak to me no more of that Man, *but let me die in peace.*"

After this, all access to his chamber was denied, so that his friends, who were very careful indeed of his reputation, should save it the scandal of a repentance. On the 30th of May, 1778, he died. His body was removed stealthily, and by night, to the church of the Abbey of Sellieres, in Champagne. At the time of the Revolution, this abbey was sold by the State, and the cities of Troyes and Romilly contended for the purchase. Shortly afterwards, the authorities went in procession to receive the remains of Voltaire at the barrier of Charenton. A triumphal car, drawn by twelve milk-white horses, conveyed the coffin to the Pantheon. The horses were decked out with flowers, and their manes were twisted with gold. They were led by men in the costume of the different nations whose history Voltaire had written, or whose manners he had described. The students in their robes, the artisans, journalists, National Guard, and patriotic societies, with appropriate banners, succeeded. Bands of music were stationed all along the line of procession, and the artillery fired off salvoes from the heavy guns, at intervals. Busts of Voltaire, Mirabeau,

and Rousseau, crowned with flowers, were attended by the actors and actresses of the different theatres. An ark, containing a casket, in which was displayed the seventy volumes of Voltaire's works, was followed by members of the learned associations. The vast crowd halted before the house of Monsieur Vilette, where he has expired, and where his heart was still preserved. Madame Vilette, a lady of great beauty, advanced from the door and placed a wreath of rare exotics on the head of the statue representing the unconscious subject of the pageant. At length, with vast ceremony, the body was deposited, late at night, in the Pantheon, between the coffins of Des Cartes and Mirabeau.

TWO BLOCKS FROM THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

BY CAVIARE.

THOUGH the wind blow fierce, and the snow fall fast, and the soot-flakes tumble down the chimney at Christmas time, the frosty dear old festival will bring its special delights, its gracious thoughts, that blossom, like its own rose, by stormy gables, and amid leafless gardens, diffusing its sweet breath around, when the violets are still under the earth, and the furze is blossomless on the uplands. The glory of the time lies in the contrasts which it evokes and multiplies. Abroad the stubble is stiff with ice; the fields, if not white, are covered with the yellow tint of decay; the brook is thick and immoveable; our trees do not afford a solitary green bud to relieve the universal dreariness in which, from their melancholy looks and pinched bodies, even the dumb animals of the stall and paddock might be supposed to participate. Within doors, the hearth is bright, for there the traditional log burns, sending out all sorts of extravagant sparks, squibs, and crackers. An unusual glow pervades the house, and every one seems determined to be happy. However poor the household, however numerous the little ones that gather round the knees of sorrowful maternity, a fowl is sure to find its way to the pot, and even a bit of sweet cake, or a morsel of plain dessert, is eked out of the family resources. In many humble homes Christmas is the anniversary of a great household purification. Only to see how the ceilings glitter with fresh wash; how the dingy, moth-eaten floors become almost white; how the mildewed panes grow transparent; how the plates and dishes shine, each in its proper place—is a rare pleasure! It is fine to see the dark boughs of holly, often gorgeously jewelled with bunches of blood-red berries, and the twinkling laurel-like branches of ivy with which the good woman decorates her candlesticks and polished tins, sticking a little bit in every crevice and coign of vantage, where a glimpse of bright foliage and a spray of crimson fruit will catch the eye and show to advantage. And then the Christmas candle, which has been hanging by the wick a whole fortnight in the chandler's window! How the children look at it, and wonder how much it weighs! With

what pride the poor man lights it before midnight with an unsteady hand and face averted from the light ; whilst his wife stands in his shadow, and a tear gathers to her eyes, as she looks back at the long procession of Christmas candles which stream with a fading light into a fairer Past ? With Christmas time, old faces catch up happy reflections of youth, and young faces flush with a divine excitement, like John Keats's grapes—"up to the surface full of happiness." I knew a venerable old friend, who, of all times in the year, would dance only at Christmas. In the chimney nooks you may hear the breezy gossip of grey-haired people ; and from all corners of the house the merry chatter of the little folks as they speculate on sweetmeats and Christmas-boxes, and, not lest nor least, the ravishing prospect of slides and snow-balls. If you look abroad, putting your eye to the slit in the shutter, you may see across the street, heaps of white abrupt gables and pendant chimney stacks, throwing broad bars of ashen hue athwart the spotless roofs, with the watchman standing contemplatively on the flags, his oiled hat glistening in the pure tranquil moonlight. Perchance some poor unfriended mother or sister, some homeless outcast, ragged and shivering, may catch your eye ; and if so, holy and wholesome is the practice, which good people have not forgotten, of opening their doors and pockets to the poor at this touching season. Even the legalized cruelty of the work-house mollifies its severity before the Christmas fire ; and our poorer brethren who sit, day after day, between life and death, in its cold and blinding dungeons, get a morsel of joint and pudding on the day of our Lord's nativity, which the system that starves them officially recognises as merely the 25th day of the 12th month. Our gaols also throw open their terrible doors, and permit the worst criminal to receive little comforts from his friends outside. Blessings upon the day which can wring compassion from the workhouse and mercy from the gaol ! Sometimes the wind will roar down the streets, drifting the snow, twisting the chimney-pots until they spin, and sending all the signboards swinging to-and-fro like dumb chimes ; the glass will clash, the roof shake, and the soot dance down the chimneys—ah ! those are the pleasant accompaniments to the festival. It is the snow and the wind crying—"As you won't let us in, we will have a Christmas of our own on the leads, and gutters, and spouts, and house-tops—shant we ?" says the snow. And the wind roars out a mighty affirmative. The little children clap their hands, for their glee is boundless ; and the old people look jolly, and exclaim,

"God bless us, what a windy Christmas !"

I know how they manage to keep Christmas in great houses. There, indeed, it is a common-place affair enough, for with it come no contrasts—because puddings and joints, and Christmas-boxes are no novelties to the dwellers therein. You will find them sitting, those great cold polite people, in one vast luxurious apartment, red-curtained, soft-carpetted, amid the richest furniture, and the dearest glass, and the finest plate. They sit on straight-backed chairs those people do, with very grave faces and very low voices ; very proper, very admirable conduct I admit ; but I love to be pleasant as well as wise, and prefer naturalness to politeness. The little

children rest their frilled elbows on the glittering tables, and criticise the pictures, and turn over the leaves of their Christmas books for all the world like old people. Mamma is languid, and papa looks as if he wished the night was over, that he might look gloomy and discontented again without any breach of propriety. The apartment is beautiful; but not a bit of holly, not a bit of ivy, because, as my lady tells the children who have brought up rapturous accounts of the style in which the servants' hall is done up with boughs and berries, they are vulgar, and only used by the poorer classes. When the tea equipage has been removed, papa generally calls on the youngest daughter to play her last piano exercise, or as he particularises it—"that thing about the flats." And when she has wearied her thin, little-fingers over the keys, mamma says, "My dears, it is bed-time," and the bell is rung, and the dears are kissed, and the maid takes them up to bed, where they lie awake for hours listening to the poor man in the sad coat and his poor wife in the limp dress, who are singing Christmas carols under the windows.

It is a fine thing, I know, to be rich and wear diamonds, and go to church in a load of furs and a fashionable carriage; but to enjoy Christmas as it ought to be enjoyed, one must have tasted poverty, and dined occasionally with that highborn and temperate noblewoman who was wife to Duke Humphrey. I know of only one man of rank who can be said to have rightly enjoyed Christmas, and that was Sir Roger de Coverley. Look at his letter to Mr. Spectator, in which he tells him that at Christmas he always keeps a good joint and a stout flagon on the side-board for the entertainment of the destitute. Bless that dear old heart. Christmas is the apotheosis of poverty. Therefore it is that good angels sit, in that holy season, by the fire-sides of the poor, and that the tenderly-disguised minister of God's bounty, whom men call Chance, drops unaccountable crowns into empty pockets, and replenishes the cruse of the indigent.

When I look back upon the Christmases of two certain years, and put their separate experiences together, I cannot help thinking that they present as many shades and contrasts of thought and situation as could be easily collected within so narrow a compass. Recalling the special incidents and surroundings which serve to distinguish one from the other, the misery and desolation which darkened one festival, the sudden happiness which lighted upon the other, I cannot help feeling thankful; and, mixing the bitter and the sweet in one foaming hippocrène, I find the draught taste delicious. I know a man walking daily in the traffic-rutted highways of trade, but gifted with keen perceptions and noble realizations of great truths, which, to our common loss, lack a higher direction and a bolder flight; who asserts that at the day of judgment the economy of God's providence will be vindicated in our suddenly seeing, that however dissimilar was our lot in the bygone world, each and all enjoyed an equal measure of happiness. Applying to this doctrine the touchstone of my own fortunes, I am convinced it is sound and rational. The jewel-headed toad remained for many centuries the dominant type of good involved in evil; but physical science gave us a better illustration of the goodness which

may be impact in filth, when it extracted marvellously brilliant dyes and refreshing perfumes from the dreg and sediment of the gas-house. Dare I believe that my neighbour opposite, who reclines daily at a banquet and picks his teeth with a diamond stiletto, is a whit happier than I, who must needs be content with a steak for dinner and a turn in the parks by way of dessert? On the contrary, I go so far as to fancy that the man in thick shoes and tattered coat, who pumps from morning until night at the square corner, is as happy as either. I am fully satisfied that pain and pleasure have their compensating balances,—that if my neighbour dines sumptuously I am not afflicted with his dyspepsia—that if my friend in the thick shoes works hard and lives frugally, his wants are below reproach, and he may smile at the taxman. In this way I develop the serenity with which I can afford to remember my two Christmases.

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS.

JOHN and William, and Edward and I, Richard, were bound apprentices in a great house at the end of a great dingy street, about the centre of a great city. None of us had rich parents or wealthy friends to care for us. We were very poor, and what is worse, very hopeless. Three of us were orphans; and William, who because he was habitually addicted to playing pantomimic tunes on the kitchen bellows, with the kitchen poker for a bow, we had affectionately named Fiddler, afterwards contracted to Fid, had a dying mother. He was very small, and some one, with whom he had a quarrel, nick-named him, "the Widow's Mite." Of his father, who had emigrated to Canada when Fid was a babe at breast, nothing was known, though a good deal was surmised. John was a quiet, large-headed boy, of whom, as our mistress, Mrs Millet, used to say, "nobody knew nothing," but we did not love him the less on that account. He was a natural, tender-hearted fellow, very fond of sleep when he could get it, who looked on every kind-faced man as his father, and on every genteel woman as his mother. Thomas was a fair-haired, nervous little fellow, very consumptive in look, very playful, very affectionate. Our friend Edward—we always called him Ned—was a merry-hearted lad, who, although he never said a queer word, much less to venture on a joke, was a famous singer of comic songs. We four, by some process which is not satisfactorily explained even by the theory of Elective Affinities, somehow happened to come together as poor apprentices under that cold roof in the great house in that great city. We were hard-worked, ill-fed, sparsely-clothed. We received no wages; our status in the establishment being considerably below that of the housekeeper's cat and our master's pet cockatoo. From seven o'clock, daily, until ten o'clock at night, we worked in a vast, ill-ventilated, close-smelling shop, shouldering our way as best we could through bales of goods and swarms of customers under the cold, cruel eye of our master, Mr. Millet. It was a very harrowing occupation, you may be sure; for we were expected to please everybody, and to spare no lying, no cozening in foisting on our customers a store full

of dozed goods, which had been years upon years on hands, and was rapidly losing all value. I remember Mr. Millet distinctly. He was a tall, well-built, broad-chested man; his face was a fat oblong bordered with faint indications of whiskers, and lighted up by the most malignant and watchful of eyes. There was a terrible savageness in his thick compressed lips and massive chin, which none of us, for certain rational reasons, much liked. As I have said, he was very fat; and this was most perceptible in the region of the eyes, which presented thick sprays of multiplied wrinkles, which, starting from the corner of his lids, zigzagged back under his hair. It was his custom during business hours to walk hurriedly up and down the shop, jingling gold and silver pieces in his breeches pockets, and stopping, when the humour seized him, to direct some brutal reproach or slightly qualified imprecation at us, poor apprentices. We lived in a state of constant fear and irritation, and he knew it. When ten o'clock at night came, one of us would steal out in the dark to put up the shutters, taking care not to speak to the policeman, a crime unpardonable in a poor apprentice. Then the shop would be closed, and Fid or I would take the keys upstairs, and having laid them down silently at Mr. Millet's elbow, follow the rest of the apprentices to the kitchen, where we sat until bedtime. We were given supper, but the bread was so bad that it was hard to eat; and the milk, which was kept in a tankard suspended to the water-butt, was very thin, and made us feel very sick. When we had made a show of eating we drew a long form to one side of the fire, and, having drawn lots for places, would sit down. If we indulged in a chat we were obliged to select the topics with great prudence, for we were within earshot of the housekeeper, a lady who exhibited a marvellous taste for carrying stories to headquarters, and embroiling us with the authorities. At eleven o'clock came the order for bed, accompanied by strict injunctions not to speak when we got there. No light of any description was allowed, lest, as it was charitably intimated, we should "try to set fire to the house." Mr. Millet's parlour door had to be passed on our way up; it was nothing uncommon to find that gentleman, candle in hand, on the lobby, waiting to review us. In so doing he was generally assisted by Mrs. Millet, a coarse-minded, good-looking woman, who dressed expensively and vulgarly at the same time.

"Stop," he would say to us, and then to his wife, "Mrs. Millet, bear witness, there is them boys. I'd like to know who clothes them, I'd like to know who feeds them, Mrs. Millet; who but their natural protector?"

"You puppies," Mrs. Millet would say, "why don't you say 'yes'?" Of course we all said "Yes."

"Haven't I treated them," he would continue, "as if they were born proper; as if their fathers and mothers could be had to the good? Don't I?" This question was invariably put with a good deal of vivacity, the speaker seizing one of us, poor apprentices, by the hair, and pressing his knuckles under our ears until we were glad to say "Yes, sir."

"And who sends them to bed, Mrs. Millet? who saves them from

transportation, and from hanging, I'd like to know? Go to bed, you sneaking snivellers. Go!" Mr. Millet would say, and we were only too happy to follow his instructions.

Having crept into bed, we pulled the clothes over our heads and chatted in whispers until we fell asleep. These were dull times, you may be sure; but there was no help for it. We were friendless and penniless; and, bad as the great house in the great street was, there remained for us no other home in the wide world.

Christmas came. And who is it, howeves miserable, can refuse a peaceful heart and a holiday smile (clown's paint as it may be) when touched by the gentle inspirations of the blessed season? It was a cold, dry Christmas eve; the black frost lay hard and slippery on the flagstones; the sky was of a light blue, with millions of lights sparkling on the wind-dows of the dingy shop; puffy heaps of snow lay crammed in between the tops of the street railings, and on the corners and mouldings of the sign-boards, and on the tops of the gas-lamps, and in every nook and cranny where its pure presence could find a refuge. The streets were thick with people coming and going to market, and their pleasant voices penetrated to where we stood. It was miserable to be there when every one around us was so happy; but what could be done? When we heard the clock strike eight, John suggested that we, poor apprentices, should send Mr. Millet a petition, begging him, because it was Christmas eve, to permit the shop to be closed at nine o'clock. Fid was generally our literary man; but as he was despondent and sad in consequence of hearing that his mother was at the point of death, John drew up the petition, and it was taken up stairs by the housemaid. In a few minutes she returned, pained and sorrowful. "Master says," said the woman, "that as because you're blackguards, not to close the shop until eleven o'clock." We looked at each other in blank, miserable amazement. "What do you say to that, Fid?" asked Ned. "God forgive him," replied Fid; and this was the only allusion we made to the ukase. The clock struck the quarters, and the two hours seemed quadrupled in length. Since seven in the evening a single customer had not crossed the threshold, except a poor man, who asked us, as if in sarcasm, to help the distressed. The night grew colder and colder; the frosty stars shone keener; the wind blew the snow off the streets into our faces, until we shivered and huddled ourselves together for warmth. The streets grew deserted; and at last eleven o'clock came, and with it came Mr. Millet. He was flushed from drink or excitement. He flung the shop door suddenly open, and glared at us, poor apprentices, with those horrible eyes of his from the top of the step. Fid gazed up into the flabby face with a fearful curiosity, and continued looking until I, who knew the consequence of such imprudence, touched him with my foot.

"Who wrote that?" asked Mr. Millet, producing the bit of paper on which we had written our petition. "Who wrote that?"

There was a fearful silence for a few minutes. "You pack of squalid curs," said Mr. Millet, "am I to be answered? Who—wrote—that?"

"I—I did, sir," said John.

Mr. Millet descended and caught John by the head. "You lying scoundrel," he roared, "have you the face to tell me that you wrote that, up to my teeth?" Hitting the poor boy about the ears, he dismissed him to bed without supper. John disappeared. "Close that door!" exclaimed Mr. Millet, pointing to the public entrance. And then, with a disgusting shrivel of the wrinkles about his eyes, he added, "I'd have you take care of yourselves. You know me. Do you know me?" We said, "We did," very humbly. He then went up stairs, desiring us to follow him. Wondering what would happen next, and after a little fight on the lobby to know who would go first, I led the way to the parlour, and Fid and Edward followed. We stood outside the door until desired to come in. Mr. Millet was seated at the fire; Mrs. Millet lay on the sofa, with a very languid air, which I interiorly attributed to too much brandy. "Ellen—Mrs. Millet," said the gentleman, "I have brought you four—no, there's one gone to bed—hopeless ruffians. Look at them as they stands afore you. Such depravity is awful, Mrs. Millet."

Mrs. Millet looked at us, and only said, "Shocking."

"I have brought you four sneaks," he continued, "as would do credit to the condemned cell, and yet, as you know and as they know, I spares them. When they're out of their time, Mrs. Millet, the police will know their men. They'll know them when the judge says to them—Where's your character? 'Twill be no use—bear witness, Mrs. Millet—for them to be coming snivelling to me. No—I shall say," continued Mr. Millet, rising with a slight stagger and revolting draw up of the wrinkles, "let justice have its due—I grant no commotation."

"Very proper," observed Mrs. Millet. "Faugh; I'm a Dutchman if they doesn't smell of onions."

Considering that the lady herself had provided the obnoxious vegetable, the objection was scarcely reasonable.

"How dare you smell of onions?" asked Mr. Millet. "Phew! the house is alive with them."

Ned ventured to say that he had onions for dinner, in return for which information Mr. Millet squeezed his knuckles under the boy's ear, and when he shrieked with pain, told him to hold his tongue in future until he was spoken to.

"This is Christmas," said Mr. Millet, with a very lofty air. "My dear, I wish you a happy Christmas. My dear, give those bad lads a bun a piece."

Mrs. Millet looked up in astonishment. Her face grew red and her frame shook with emotion. "Mr. Millet," she said, "I never encourages vice. Give them buns! Why the next thing they'll ask is clean shirts every Sunday. Buns indeed!"

Mr. Millet was humiliated. "Who spoke of buns?" he asked, turning to me. I said I believed nobody, and for capital good reasons he abstained from pressing the inquiry further. "What are you snivelling about?" he asked, turning to Fid, whose eyes were red from weeping.

"Please, sir," replied the little fellow in a voice broken with sobs,

whilst his breath came thick and fast, "my mother is dying." And having said so much with difficulty, he put his hands to his pale face, and the tears trickled through his fingers.

"Oh! your mother is dying—is she? Well, I don't see what that has to do with you. Does you, Mrs. Millet? You are now earning your own bread, and your mother should die sooner or later. Shut up!"

"I can't guess what women of her sort wants with children—with brats," observed Mrs. Millet quietly. "Noosances to society they are," she added.

"They breeds like beetles," observed Mr. Millet abstractedly. "I meets a woman the other day in High Street, and what do you think? she had the assurance to have three whelps at her heels, and another in her arms! Shocking!"

Mrs. Millet said "ugh," and relieved her bosom of an indignant sigh. "That cub," she said, "will make me sick with his snuffing."

"Oh! ma'am," said Fid, "if you only knew how heart-broken I am. She's dying almost alone; there's not a soul to say a kind word to her, and if you let me go only for a few minutes—only to kiss her and come back, sir, please. Oh! I'll be so grateful."

"But, mister, you're not grateful—you are not," replied Mr. Millet, without the least show of pathos. "Mrs. Millet, I took in this boy when he was growing up for the gallows, and does you hear his impertinence? Actually wants to break the rules of the house because his mother is dying."

"But she *is* dying, sir," said Fid, with a look in his tearful eyes, which I never forgot. "Oh, give me only five minutes only——"

"Give you the strap, you mean," was Mr. Millet's reply. "Mrs. Millet, you see the reward of benevolence." Stepping down stairs he locked the hall-door, put the key in his pocket, and ordered us to the kitchen.

We sat silently by the fire for many minutes. Poor Fid sat next to me, and laying his head upon my breast sobbed violently. The wind had lulled, and the moonlight streamed down between the area bars on the dirty windows. Anon a small-voiced bell in a distant quarter of the city tinkled; and then the grand peal of chimes in the Cathedral rang out merrily.

"Dear Fid," I said, "do you hear the bells?"

"I hear them, Dick," he whispered, without raising his head. "I know what they mean."

"You dear fellow, what can they mean?"

"Death," said Fid, raising his white face and looking at me with solemn earnestness. "They are joy bells to you, Dick, and to hundreds besides; to me bells of death, that toll a dear life out of the world, beyond my reach for ever, and ever, and ever. Oh! dear Dick, may you never have a mother dying, and stretching out her arms to you, but without finding you."

"Fid," I said, "we must try to be patient, and trust in God. It is a bitter trial, dear, and must be borne."

"Dick," he replied, "you are right; but it's so hard. Is not Christmas a happy time for one to die? I remember a very old story, told me,—oh! so long ago—that the gates of heaven are opened on Christmas night, and God stands on the threshold to take in the weary-hearted. If my poor mother should die—I trust she will die at this blessed time."

"Dear Fid."

"And, Dick, it is so mournful to think that whilst you and I are sitting and talking here, my mother may be looking at the light for the last time, and that a few bricks and a harsh man shut out from her eyes the son whom her heart greedily covets."

"Dear, dear fellow!"

"If I were your son, Dick, or if Ned or John were your children, wouldn't you like to see us?"

"Yes, Fid, I could hardly die happy if I did not see you." The words passed my lips mechanically; in a moment I repented them.

"Ah, there it is," he sobbed, and the tears gathered afresh to his eyes. "There it is. O Dick, Dick, God help my poor mother, God comfort her." Again his head fell upon my bosom, and his arms clung around my neck.

There was a moment's silence, broken only by poor Fid's sobs. I said we should try to be happy; that we should remember it was Christmas eve, and that good times were in store for us.

"Fid, shall Ned sing for us?"

"As you and Ned wish; Dick—please do."

"Very well, dear. Ned, will you sing for Fid and me?"

Ned, who was not an unaffected witness of Fid's sorrows, instantly said he would with great pleasure; his throat was very husky, he remarked, but that would make no difference, as we were all friends, and no critics. For once, he was sure, Fid would not be critical. At this I strove to laugh; and Fid put his thin hand into Ned's, and squeezed it with all the warmth of his genial nature. Then Ned drew in his feet and coughed twice, and began to sing the first stanza of "The Bard's Legacy."

"Who's making that confounded racket?" asked a voice from the top of the kitchen stairs. None of us had the courage to make an answer, but we gathered closer together, and whispered that it was Mr. Millet. In a minute Mr. Millet came down; he caught Ned, and pressed his knuckles under the boy's ear, until he screamed from exquisite agony.

"I'll teach the whole of you a little manners," he said. "You beggarly curs, do you want to turn my house into a ballad-singer's—do you?"

"We thought it was no harm, sir," said Ned, in a very feeble, terrified voice.

"If well-off people sings," said Mr. Millet, still holding Ned's hair, "and if beggarly, pampered whelps as you are, sings too, I'd like to know where's the difference. And such a solemn night, too, when you should be down on your knees, thanking God that you have warm beds, and bread and milk for breakfast."

"And meat upon Sundays," said Mrs. Millet, who had reeled down stairs

and joined her husband. "Prime beef that cost twopence 'apenny per pound, with the bone and suet."

"Too good for them," observed Mr. Millet. "Meat only gives people airs and pretensions. Let it be haddock for the future, dear, and herrings when that can't be had."

"Haddock and herrings it will be," said the lady. "Precious fine, indeed, a-singing obscene songs instead of being praying for your master and mistress."

"I said so before," observed Mr. Millet; "but a good thing can't be said too often. Had they their suppers, Mrs. Baker?"

"No, sir," said the housekeeper, with an attempt at bowing.

"Then they deserves none," replied Mr. Millet. "Let them do without it, Mrs. Baker. It will teach them manners. That's the way showmen tames their bears."

Mrs. Baker, who seldom saw a showman, and never a bear, endorsed this assertion with an emphatic affirmative, and we were ordered to bed. Upstairs in the Christmas darkness—up the long flights, guided by the dusty handrails—past the old clock, and the rotten hat-stand, and the slimy umbrella rack, we fled to the garret. The bells had long ceased, and we heard nothing except the voices of stragglers in the streets far below, and the storm as it clattered across the slates. Creeping into bed, silently and miserable, God's universal comforter, sleep, visited our eyes, and we slept.

It must have been past two o'clock, when a cold hand, grasping my arm like a clasp of ice, caused me to start up nervously in bed. I stared about the room, a cowardly sense of fear beating down all emotions of curiosity, and filling me with indescribable terrors. Down through the foggy skylight a shaft of moonlight found its way, and spread like a pool of light on the worm-eaten floor. The door was open, and I could discern through the top of the lobby window the chimneys outside, the bright ridges of the roof, and the outline of a poplar in a neighbouring yard. For a few minutes I did not observe Fid, who stood close to the bed-side, trembling from intense agitation and cold.

"Fid, dear fellow, what is it?"

"Dick, O, Dick, listen,"

I bent my head and did as he desired, but heard nothing.

"What is the matter? What has frightened you?" I asked. "Fid, you are very nervous."

Fixing his eyes on the door, he sat on the edge of the bed and placed his arm under my head. "My mother, Dick, has been here. I was lying wide awake when she knocked at that door; I knew her knock—three little taps—quick taps. In a moment I was out of bed and opened the door, but no one was there. I groped all around the lobby and down the flight—no one. Greatly terrified, Dick, I came back. and when I just closed the door the knock came again; and again, Dick, when I caught your arm."

"The wind—the rats," I suggested.

"No, no," he said calmly, "it was my mother; she is dead; I know it."

I endeavoured to calm him ; and, although my own imagination was uncomfortably stimulated by what I had heard, I tried to convince him that he was the victim of a very common delusion of the senses.

He shook his head mournfully. " Dick," he said, " I don't know why it is, but I can't cry. I suppose I cried all my tears under the counter yesterday, and whilst I was awake in bed. I cannot cry again, though my eyes are burning and my head is so hot. But I know, God pity her, she is dead, she is dead—dead."

" Nonsense, you dear old fellow. She shall recover, and we shall all be so happy years hence, laughing over your ghost stories, you little fool."

" In Heaven, I hope," said Fid.

" And, on earth, too, please God," I replied.

" Not on earth, Dick—no, not on earth. She will not blame me, for what could I do ? I he——"

An abrupt single knock at the hall door made us leap. The knock was repeated thrice ; we heard Mr. Millet's window raised ; heard him speaking to somebody in the street ; heard his door open and his voice crying " Ned !"

" Yes, sir," said Ned, waking up at the sound of that terrible voice.

" Tell *that* boy," said Mr. Millet, " that his mother's dead, and be-hanged to her, What an hour of night for people to die when everyone ought to be in their beds."

A faint cry from Fid, and he fell heavily on the floor. I raised him up and laid him on my bed.

" And tell him," he continued, " that although he's the worst of bad lads, and isn't thankful as he ought to be for all I does for him—he's got a pair of new socks last week—that he may go and see his mother ; and call up the relieving officer and order her an early coffin. Do you hear ?"

" Yes, sir."

" You'll find the key here, under the mat," and saying this, he slapped his door to, and retired.

I helped to dress Fid in the dark, inwardly resolving, although it was a capital crime, to accompany him to his mother's house and give the poor fellow all the consolation I could afford. Stealing down in the thick of the night, I walking cautiously behind, we arrived at Mr. Millet's door, and were about passing, when it opened and a head was thrust out. In a moment I stood back in the heavy shadows of the staircase, my heart beating with a quickness and loudness that almost deprived me of breath.

" Is that you ?" said a voice which I instantly recognized as that of Mr. Millet's.

" 'Tis I, sir," replied Fid.

" You're a bad boy," observed Mr. Millet. " You're stealing nothing, I hope ; come here."

He caught hold of Fid ; passed his hands into his pockets and down every part of his person. " Is this a purse ?" he asked, thrusting his hands into the boy's bosom, " Is this a purse, my cunning, young robber ?"

" No, sir, a little prayer-book, which I got from my mother."

Mr. Millet chuckled. "Mister, you've no business with prayer-books. Give it out; you've money hid in it—you have," and the scoundrel endeavoured to drag the dearly-prized remembrance from the child's bosom. "Oh, pray sir," cried Fid, with a pathos which might have inclined a stone to pity, "Oh, pray, sir, leave it to me—my poor mother's present, the only thing in the world I have belonging to her—oh, don't sir." Tears and supplications appealed in vain to the hard-hearted man. He pushed the boy into a corner, and pressing one hand under his ear, endeavoured with the other to wrench the book from the fingers that clasped it with such tender reverence. I felt passionate tears gather hotly to my eyes; I felt my whole frame tremble with violent emotion; but before the violence of my passion had time to realise itself into any rash result, Mr. Millet fell to the ground in an apoplectic fit which frequently seized him when passionately excited; his head struck the wall, which gashed his forehead deeply. As I stood wavering as to the best thing to be done, Mrs. Millet came out with a light; and I was shocked to see that the lobby was thickly sprinkled with her husband's blood. I knelt by his side to render what assistance I could, when I got a confused notion of lights over my head, of people standing in their night-dresses on the stairs and landings, of windows being thrown up, and policemen summoned, and then of a great crash, which deprived me of consciousness for a moment. I sprang to my feet, and found myself confronted with Mr. Millet's wife, who had been beating me on the head with a poker. Fid sat half erect in a corner, his eyes staring vacantly about, with a strange comatic vagueness.

"Robber, murderer, pickpocket, cut-throat!" screamed Mrs. Millet, glaring at me. "Curse you, you shall hang for this. Murder! murder!" and dropping the candle and poker simultaneously, she knelt down beside her husband, who answered her caresses with imprecations. I caught Fid by the arm, and we hurried down stairs, first securing the key, which I found hidden under the mat. We opened the door—we gained the street. Was it possible such scenes could find a place beneath the tranquil loveliness of that morning sky? The moon had gone down far south of the city, where the clouds hung low and red, as if they canopied an expiring conflagration; straight overhead, the stars glittered keen and tremulous, touching the snowed house-ridges with a blueish light. Under the fading stars and setting moon, across great squares, and down reticulated back streets and crooked thoroughfares, we fled to the dead-house. The lamp-lighter had already begun to turn off the gas, and the foggy twilight and soft snow favoured our flight. Up a crowd of narrow stairs, and into a dismal room, I found my way, piloted by poor Fid. An old woman crouched over the ashes in the cheerless fire-place, and on a wretched bed, with a guttered candle stuck in one of its posts, lay the dead body of the poor boy's mother.

"O mother! O Dick!" and he flung his arms around the lifeless neck of the dead. I sat down in a corner, and—need I blush to tell it?—I cried bitterly and fiercely.

Reader, Mr. and Mrs. Millet are alive to this day, and enjoy the

reputation of being highly respectable, Christian people, who keep no apprentices. The records of a certain police office, in a certain city, tell how I and Fid were brought before the magistrates on the 27th December, 18—; how we were tried and acquitted; how generous people sympathised and befriended us; and how, from the darkness and misery of that fearful Christmas, came the blessed light that gilded other Christmases with peace and happiness. God be thanked! Amen.

MY SECOND CHRISTMAS.

THE year 184— was a dismal year. A shadow darkened the land from east to west; and within it sat pale-lipped prophets, deep-in ominous forebodings for the future. Famine and plague had been familiar guests for many months; churchyards were populous and firesides desolate. Heavily the year wore on, each particular month being marked by the black stone of some fresh calamity; it was a polar night, and the sunrise was six months distant—a long dream of horrible apprehensions and settled despair. So we drifted into December, and the Christmas candles glimmered nearer and nearer. Eternally recuperative nature scattered her snows and evergreens before the coming season. There were holly, and ivy, and winter roses for the gathering, as in better days; there were yule-logs for the digging, and carols for the singing. But the festal foliage and flowers were left ungarnered; the strong arms that bore the yule-logs home in brighter days were crushed and helpless; and the carollers were silent, for their hearts were low, and the voices that once revelled in song only asked for bread. With Christmas week, the heart of the old town beat with a joyfuller pulse; the streets threw off their mourning weeds, and laughed—if bricks and mortar, and slates and glass can laugh—at the coming of the festival. The shops displayed their finest wares; the stalls trimmed their gayest lamps; the peasantry donned their neatest costumes, and the citizens ceased to look serious. I had been long looking forward to the day which should release me from business for a whole week, and send me, carolling to country hedgerows, and parks, and rivers with snow-wreaths floating on their bosoms, and millions of stiffened rushes on their banks. With the delights I promised myself, was mingled the dream of a little woman—a loving, clear-eyed, low-voiced, sweetheart, brilliant with tender conceits, and exquisite side-lights, which let out the glow of her gentle nature with a sort of cathedral tinting. Under the hospitable roof of her father I knew I would meet with many friends, especially dear old Fid, who was then a rising clerk in a provincial bank, and was, he had written to me, engaged “to one of the most fascinating creatures, Dick, you ever laid eyes on. She will be there,” he wrote, with a flourish to the tail of the final vowel; “she is Lucy’s great friend; and oh, dear Dick, like her for my sake, at least. I have much of the old child-like nature, as you used to call it, in me; and it would so hurt me if any one thought ill of her.” Of course I determined at all hazards to like Fid’s sweetheart. As for my own, I loved her so well that it was a matter of indifference to me

what people thought of her. She was not what you would call exceedingly pretty—I don't care for exceedingly pretty women; her beauty was of a quiet domestic cast, with a certain indescribable repose to which all "toasts" are absolute strangers. Neither was she very clever—only two of every fifty clever women are amiable; but her intelligence was of a clear and lucid quality, which did not seek to display itself in small sarcasms, or in the questionable personalities that pass unproved at the tea-table. If I loved her for any special quality, it was for the peace of soul and goodness of heart which radiated through her daily life. She might not astonish a ball-room, but she could make whom she loved intensely happy. It is a noble grace to enjoy the love of a good woman; it is one of God's richest gifts. Let us strive to earn and appreciate it.

Thirty miles lay between me and Lucy. The railway had not then penetrated to the town in which I was stationed; we had still to depend on the lumbering old mail coach, red-pannelled, bright-wheeled, white-steeded, which accomplished the journey in something better than four hours. The weather was bitterly cold, and as I walked down from my lodgings to the mail-yard, the keen sleet blew in my face with pinching vigour. The mail-yard of those days was a place of some importance. It consisted of a long rectangle enclosed by two-storied stables, with hay cropping out of the upper windows, and hot-smelling stalls for the horses below. In the middle of the rectangle stood the coach, the royal arms blazoned dingily on its panels, and the pigeons of the neighbouring houses perched in little groups on the roof. At the first bell the horses were led out and harnessed, with a good deal of unnecessary bustle and clamour; at the second the coach rolled into the street; and the third bell was the signal for starting. Entering the yard, I gave my leather trunk to the guard, and sauntered about. As I was dreamily imbibing the fumes of a cigar, I heard a voice exclaim, "Two insides—luggage weighed." Turning round, I found that the speaker was a military-looking gentleman, past the prime of life, comfortably packed into a close-buttoned coat and furred travelling cap. His complexion was fresh and youthful-looking, but his scant hair grew in little grizzled flats around his temples, and, with his iron-grey moustache, proclaimed the homage which man, willingly or reluctantly, offers to time. Upright as a lance, his eyes sparkled with a genial light, and his carriage had all the easy dignity of well-controlled hanteur. A little to his right stood a young lady, closely wrapped in a long grey cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head, scarcely allowing one to catch a glimpse of a face lighted up with a mingled expression of sweetness and archness, and a wealth of hair reminding you of the mill atmospheres of Rembrandt.

"Feel cold, Kate?" asked the old gentleman, with a good-natured shrug.

"No papa," she replied; "but I can't help wishing we were there."

"In good time, dear. Has Mary fetched the feet-warmers?"

"Dear papa," said the lady, "I took the liberty of countermanding your orders. In fact I desired her not."

"You did!" he said, rising on his toes and looking down at the little lady. "You did! Why, you incomprehensible creature, could you think of travelling this weather without something to preserve the vital heat? My dear, always keep the feet warm, and the rest of the structure must go right. When we were stationed in North Canada, and the clothing of the regiment was run out, and our men were dying in scores from frost bite, how do you think I preserved my life? Why, by dusting the soles of my socks with curry-powder; and I came home with a whole nose, and not a toe off—didn't I Kate?"

"I'm sorry you didn't think of the curry-powder this morning papa," said Kate, with a quiet laugh, "and cavenne so cheap!"

"Right, my dear; there you're right, as you always are. Couldn't you——"

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," cried the guard, in a hoarse bluff voice, "step in."

This peremptory invitation settled the question relative to curry-powder, and I and my two friends got into the coach. The whip was cracked, the horses were "gee-wood," and in a few minutes we were rattling along the road.

"Queer weather, sir," observed the military gentleman. "The climate is positively contemptible—a regular flirt—is constant to nothing except change. There; 'tis snowing."

I said it was variable enough.

"Right, sir," he replied, "as—I dare say—you always are. In fact there's nothing but change. To-day our facings are sky-blue turned up with orange; to-morrow, pepper-and-salt and thunder. For my part I am prepared for any change. Wouldn't be surprised to-morrow if people took to walking on their heads, for the sake of variety. Quite possible, sir."

"Well, scarcely," observed Kate; "people, you know, papa, can never walk on their heads; that's plain; is it not?"

"You're always right, my dear; and I admit I was guilty of a little exaggeration in looking forward to such a probability. But change, sir, change is the motto of the earth, as Lord Byron, or Mr. O'Connell, I forget which, remarked at one time. I remember, Kate, when you used to cry for a bit of the moon, as a slice of sweetmeat. Bless me, look at the effect of change. My daughter, sir, would as soon think of going without her bon——"

Kate's white hand was to his mouth before he could finish the word. "Hush," she said, with a quiet smile, "you must not."

"Perfectly right, my dear," said the old gentleman, "as you always are. By the by I shall state the fact publicly when we get to Southbank."

I grew curious. Could this be?

"When we get to Southbank," continued the old gentleman, "I shall say—Ladies and gentlemen, my daughter—smile at a parent's partiality if you choose—but that parent is in a position to assert that his daughter is

always right. She got over her measles and whooping-cough right ; she cut her teeth, she grew her hair right ; she——”

“Papa,” remonstrated Kate, “you surely do not mean to say anything like this. What would people think of you? Now, if I thought you would make this silly speech, I would leave the coach and walk back to L——; I would.”

“Box my ears, darling,” said her father, with a merry glance under Kate’s hood. “You’re right again. No I retract ; you’re wrong this time. Ladies and gentlemen, I admit with mortification, that this lady, my daughter, erred once.” And he ended the sentence with a vigorous stroke of his stick on the bottom of the coach.

Kate laughed at the moment. Then assuming an appearance of mock gravity, and coaxingly taking the old gentleman’s hand between her own, she asked——“Did it err, dear? Did it err?”

“Well, I won’t say err,” he answered. “Bless her, I wouldn’t say she erred. She only made a little mistake. She said she’d leave the coach, when nothing in this world—not even her father—could prevent her going on. Papa is a pet of Kate’s, but Mr. William——”

“Oh, papa!” exclaimed Kate, the colour mounting to her brows, her lips quivering with some sudden passion, “you surely don’t mean——. Now, I’ve fallen out with you. There ; no reconciliation, no forgiveness. It is,” she cried, throwing her arms round his neck, “it is war to the knife.”

Considering the way in which the young lady opened hostilities, I thought I should not hesitate to declare myself a belligerent. The old gentleman held her for some minutes fondly to his bosom, and then kissed her beautiful forehead.

The time passed away merrily ; and, although seldom mingling in the conversation, I could not help admiring the gentle nature of the old gentleman, and the tender attachment manifested by his lovely daughter. The motion of the coach soon induced drowsiness ; and in a half waking state, I was vaguely impressed with the notion that many years ago I had seen Kate and Fid walking together in an orchard, between the boughs of which came glintings of golden furze and bronzed corn. I have since attributed the fancy to that peculiar condition of the brain in which one lobe is active, and the other torpid. But I felt convinced then, that she must be Fid’s fascinating friend, and my heart warmed to her insensibly.

The evening was far advanced when we got near Southbank. I knew a familiar pathway through the fields which would bring me to the house some minutes before the coach could arrive at the entrance gate. It would be such a capital joke, I thought, to take them by surprise—to frighten Lucy. With this intention I jumped off the coach when about a quarter of a mile distant from the gate, and flinging my luggage across my shoulder, strode gaily across the fields. In less than fifteen minutes I had arrived in front of Southbank cottage. The grouped gables, shining in fanciful frostwork, shot up clear and abrupt from the level of the roofs ; the

chimneys, plumed with fantastic smoke wreaths, stood out clear and distinct in their marvellous whiteness, from the black back ground of walnut trees at the rear. To the right of the heavy door-way, rich with antique panneling and grotesque ornaments, was the Blue chamber; to the right the Green. Lights were shining in all the windows, the shadows of those within being delicately etched on the blind. The hall-door was ajar, and a single lamp diffused a flood of brilliancy around the hall. With my heart beating bridal marches, I ascended the steps. As I stood upon the threshold, I saw a pale, melancholy-faced young man, of about twenty-five years of age, leaning with an air of elegant indolence against the folding-doors which divided the hall from the house. He was not to say well dressed; but as refinement can impart grace to rags, so his fine figure and noble countenance, lighted up with the darkest of dark eyes, diverted attention from his dress to himself. Seeing me he started, became intensely pale, raised himself to his full height, and gazed at me with an air of blended pity and defiance. As we stood facing each other in wondering silence, the door of the Green chamber opened, and Lucy stepped into the hall.

"Dear Mr. —," she said, with a quiver in her voice, to my companion, "you must be miserable. Would that we could contrive to make your stay with us happier."

"I am very happy—very contented, Miss Davis," said the pale gentleman, and he stared at me.

"Your kindness prompts you to say so," replied Lucy. "Oh! I have been so miserable thinking of you."

The pale gentleman bowed, gratefully, I thought. "Miss Davis," he said, with a languid smile, "is unjust. She must not confine her attention to one friend alone," and waving his hand at me, he stepped into the Blue chamber. Lucy turned round; the blood rushed into her face and temples.

"Richard!"

"Miss Davis."

"Oh, Richard!"

"No explanations, pray, Miss Davis. Sometimes they are necessary; sometimes embarrassing. A lady's good taste readily distinguishes one from the other," and I laughed sarcastically.

Her quick eye directly perceived the cause of my coldness, and her womanly instincts came to her rescue. "Richard," she asked, "do I deserve this? Has your esteem for me sunk so low?" She put her hands to her face and sobbed audibly.

"Really, Miss Davis," I said, "you have no reason to doubt my esteem. Society long ago sanctioned the rule which prevents a gentleman disagreeing with a lady on a matter of taste; do you wish me to violate it?"

"Could anything be more unfortunate?" she sobbed—"anything more inopportune?"

"Pray, don't distress yourself," I observed with a very bad attempt at a sneer. "Mistakes will happen, but a lady seldom fails to profit by her experience. You shall be more fortunate next time, Miss Davis."

One appealing glance and she passed into the Green chamber. I followed her with a bitter and mortified heart.

"I admit," she said, "you have fair reason to think that——"

"Wouldn't Miss Davis," I interrupted, "point her remarks with a quotation? 'Trifles light as air,' for instance. The context, I presume, is obvious."

"Mr. Parkson," said Lucy, while her head drooped over her hands, "the world is making sad havoc with your nature. One little year ago, and no pain, no disappointment, however bitter, no——"

"Miss Davis," I exclaimed quickly, "pardon me, I complain neither of pain nor disappointment. I understood that we were engaged in a discussion of the principles of Taste. Pray, judge the question on its merits."

"No wrong," she continued, not heeding the interruption, "could wring these bitter words from you. Perhaps, I deserve them. But if you only knew the truth you would not blame but pity me." And the pathos of her voice went straight to my heart.

"Lucy!"

"Dear Richard!"

"Lucy, we are, every one of us, day after day, the victim of delusions. We fancy that we love—that we hate, and it frequently happens that our loves and our hates prove deceptions. I may be deceiving myself and wronging you—if so, God forgive me; yet, how shall we explain away circumstances? I am convinced of your entire truthfulness. Tell me, like a brave, pure-hearted woman; have I been deceived in thinking that you—you love this man?"

"Oh, Richard," she said, "so deceived! I am in agony because I cannot tell you all—because I cannot show you how wrong—how cruel you are. A few days and all will be clear; until then suspend your judgment and believe in me."

"I will, dearest. It would break my heart if I thought——"

"Then, you must not think it," she said compassionately. "If the whole world spoke ill of you I would not believe it so long as you denied its accusations. A little time, Richard, and you will not repent your patience."

"And you will forget all this, Lucy—you will forgive me?"

"What could I not forgive you?" she said tenderly. "Only one thing—I could not pardon you if you despised me. Here are our visitors," she exclaimed, releasing herself from my arms. "I hear Major Whitley's voice in the hall."

She went out and returned in a moment, leading in my friends of the stage coach. Kate had divested herself of her long cloak, and I had a full view of her exquisitely-rounded and faultless figure. "I have had the pleasure of meeting Major and Miss Whitley before," I said, when Lucy had introduced us.

"Right, sir; always right," exclaimed the Major, shaking my hand. "Only think of that confounded coachman mistaking the gate in the darkness, and driving Kate and myself half a mile below it."

"What a monster he must be," said Lucy, who had wound her arm around Miss Whitley's waist, "to take my poor Kate so far away in the cold;" and the girls embraced each other affectionately.

"Is that right, sir?" asked the major, winking slyly at me. "Only think of the bees laying an embargo on honey, ha, ha!"

"I trust," I said, "the bees will be charitable in good time."

At those observations the girls reddened visibly, and directly fell into a profound discussion of winter seeds, until the door opened, and a young gentleman, in a fur overcoat, bounded into the room.

"Dear Dick."

"Oh, you glorious old Fid." He absolutely hugged me, reached his hand to Lucy, and then shook Kate's with a tenderness which I thought, to say the least, peculiar.

The major looked on in silence, and would have continued to look longer, had not the entrance of our host, Mr. Davis, suspended his speculations. The fine old gentleman walked gravely in, his bald head glittering in the light of the chandelier, and said such queer things, and administered such hearty shake hands, and bade us all be at home with such comical sobriety of voice, that every one laughed, and laughed again, the thing was so good.

"It was nearly ten o'clock. The ladies had long retired to the drawing-room; and I, having recovered my temper, and being more than ever in love with Lucy, sat smoking and chatting with Fid. He had told me that he was in a fair way to conquer life, and win his way to honourable eminence; and as I congratulated the dear fellow, he suddenly placed his hand in mine.

"Now, Dick," he said, "for a secret."

"A secret, Fid!"

"Yes, Dick, a secret! It's all settled—or as good."

"That is," I said hesitatingly, "Miss Whitley and——"

"Hush! yes. I asked her this evening—I didn't do it in a roundabout way, Dick—if she would consent to share the fortunes of a poor man who loved her. 'If he were to love me truly,' she said, 'I could refuse him nothing.' 'And if I loved you, Miss Whitley—dear, dear Kate, if my whole life, as it does, depended on one little word, could you refuse it? I know I am very poor and very ugly; but I have a true heart, Kate, and if you don't have it, no one else shall.' Kate hung her head for a moment. 'Can you lease your heart,' she asked, 'and for how long?' 'If you take it, dear,' I said, 'for ever and ever—is it worth taking? She whispered—'Indeed it is,' and the matter was settled."

I congratulated Fid on his success; and, feeling warm, strolled out into the open air. For a moment I stood on the door steps, musing. The centre of the house was deeply recessed in the projecting wings, and its shadow was accurately defined on the crisp sward of the lawn. The night was cold and brilliant. The stars glittered keenly in the frosty skies, and the full rounded moon of Christmas seemed to rest on the tree-tops, sprinkling the turf beneath with dreamy, palpitating shadows, and throwing into

vivid relief the white fountain and colossal bust which ornamented a part of the grounds. Turning to the left wing my eyes rested on the embayed windows of the Blue chamber. A shutter was left open, and through the unclosed space I could distinctly see the pale young man, whom I had encountered in the hall, sitting at a table, and writing with marvellous rapidity. Before him lay a large portfolio, in which he placed several documents with a certain nervous anxiety, which made me half anxious to learn their contents. It was he; his hair was thrown back in one black sweep from a lofty well-defined forehead, wrinkled, I thought, by premature care; no one could gaze on those massive, clearly, coldly-cut features, without a sense of admiration. He was evidently uneasy, and turned his face several times in the direction in which I stood; but I could not resist the fascination which bound me to the spot, and I continued to watch him. Having sealed a letter with singular care, he leant back, drew a long breath, and gazed vacantly at the ceiling. Then, with an air of exhaustion he quenched one of the candles, and left the room. Through the side light I saw him ascend the stairs, and mount, as I surmised, to the bedroom range. He had scarcely passed the top of the flight when Lucy, with a lighted taper in her hand, came down into the hall. She paused for a moment before the door of the Green room, in which Fid and I had been sitting; ascertained that the lock was secure; and then laying down the taper, passed into the Blue chamber. My eyes followed her most mechanically. The Blue chamber extended from the rear to the front of the house. The moonlight, streaming in through the windows of the back, lighted up the black oak furniture, hanging tangled lights and shadows on their sombre angles, and glowing in one brilliant pool on the centre of the floor, whence it rolled, with a great sweep of weltering darkness, under the shadows cast by the walls of the room. The casements were marked in diamond parquetry across the carpet; and I could distinctly observe the gray shimmer of the mantel-piece, and shy gleam of brackets and mirrors through the twilight of the apartment. The table, at which the pale young man had been writing, stood in the middle of the floor, thickly littered with papers. My heart beat violently. As sure as the Heavens are above me, that is Lucy! She steals noiselessly into the room, her white dress rendered still whiter by contrast with the dark furniture under the luminous influence of the moonlight. She approaches the table, frequently pausing, with bowed head, to catch the sound of a footstep. She takes a letter from her bosom, kisses it, and places it in the portfolio. Another moment, and she is gone! Sick of heart, and of dizzy brain, I reeled back against the wall. I fancied the stars shot out long trains of fire, which hurtled in myriad sparks across the Heavens; the moon suddenly opened, discharging a shower of tiny aerolites; the trees quivered to their roots; the lawn heaved and sunk again; and, then, came blank insensibility.

Some minutes must have elapsed before I awoke to consciousness. When I did I felt very cold, and very confused, and for some time unable to realise the full extent of what had occurred. Was it all a hideous dream? Was I awake? Yes; there was the chamber, still filled with the white

moonlight; there was the accursed portfolio. Who could that man be? Lucy had no brother; and I was intimately acquainted with the entire circle of her relatives. What rendered it necessary that he should hide like a thief under an honest roof? What devil had prompted him to come there and sow bitterness between me and her who was dearer to me than even life? But, Lucy! how had I merited this outrage—how came it that she should strive to win my heart, and cast it away as a thing not worth the keeping? I heard a bell—heard my name called; and collecting all my strength and resolution, stalked into the house, up into the drawing-room, where Lucy was sitting with a hypocritical air of innocence at the piano; where Fid with his future wife nestled pleasantly in a corner; where Major Whitley and Mr. Davis were discussing coffee and politics. Striving to smile, I stole to a corner of the room, and mastered by the sense of my own misery, sat down far from every one. Lucy was singing. Her voice was brilliant with its accustomed buoyancy; her nimble fingers chased the keys with their usual rapidity; her very air was instinct with a sense of exulting happiness. Listen:—

“Up and down the world may go,
The stars die out, suns cease to shine;
But a lowly cot and a passionate heart,
Sweet sage are mine, and enough for mine.

There's music in his lightest tone,
His breath is like the lighted clove;
Give others power, and thrones, and crowns,
But give to me content and love.
La! la! la! content and love.”

“Parkson,” said Mr. Davis, as Lucy ended, and with a shake of luxuriant curls, turned jestingly to Kate, “go down on your knees and apologise.”

“The prisoner is entitled to a copy of the indictment. Am I not, sir?”

“And you shall have it, my boy,” he replied. “How dare you absent yourself all this time without permission.”

“Oh! I beg to offer the amplest apology. The truth is—I took the liberty of breathing a cigar on the lawn.”

“Wrong—against all regulations,” observed the major.

“The truth is,” Lucy said, “Mr. Parkson is learning grievous habits—becoming, indeed, a confirmed truant.” She said this with so much playfulness, and looked at me so reproachfully, that I gave her the credit of being one of the most consummate diplomatists I had ever met.

“He's not right this time,” said the Major; “I demand a court-martial.”

“And I would suggest,” cried Fid, “that Miss Davis be named president.”

“Voted unanimously,” cried the major. “Miss President, I charge the prisoner with desertion from his post.”

“And what is the prisoner's defence?” asked Lucy.

I gave her a keen, cold look. “His only defence,” I replied, “is—silence.”

"Well," said Lucy, with a mock heroic air, "considering the extreme youth and general good conduct of the accused, the court shall be lenient, and only condemn him in a fine of—a song."

The decision was graciously received, and I went to the piano.

"Comic or sentimental, Miss Whitley, which do you prefer?"

"It's Miss Davis's privilege to choose, I believe, Mr. Parkson."

"Not this time," I said, with an affectation of gaiety. "Pray choose. I never differ with a lady on a point of taste."

I saw Lucy start from her chair and walk to the mantel-piece.

"Oh, thank you. Well, let it be sentimental."

I touched the piano.

"Stop, stop! my young friend," exclaimed the Major. "Give us the argument of the song first; Pope always does so. What is it about?"

I turned round. Lucy was leaning thoughtfully on the mantel-piece, her face averted from the light. "The argument, Major, is, I regret to say, a very common argument. A knight loves a lady, and she pretends to return his affection. He discovers that she is false; and that in his absence, she encourages the addresses of a rival, to whom she conveys letters by stealth." I saw Lucy's bosom heave quickly. "One night he detects her secreting a letter addressed to his rival in a rent-roll—queer, isn't it?—and, on returning to the banquet where the ladies, bards, and knights are assembled, he takes a harp and sings this lay."

"What a capital idea," said Mr. Davis. "I hope the lady didn't die?"

"I hope not," I replied; "but the affair is only a small fragment from an every-day history. Here it is:—"

"The glory of the summer time decays,
And broken moons around our planet range;
Leaf, tree, and brook, and even love are types
Of one, slow-paced eternity of change.

A little speck of canker in the flower,
A little rim of darkness on the moon—
From narrow things, the fruit of fate or chance,
The myriad changes of the earth are hewn.

Do I reproach her if she shares the fate
Of all sweet natural things that breathe or blow?
If from the common to the rare she turn,
Do I reproach her as inconstant? No!

Mine is a love that wakes to sacrifice,
And moves obedient unto her desires.
If she would worship one, abjuring me,
I'd cast my heart upon his altar fires.

Peace go with her and blossom at her feet;
Peace go with her whom I love not the less.
Dumb all reproach; but, now and evermore,
The benediction of forgetfulness."

"Rather heavy that," observed Major Whitley, when I had ended. "Why are young people so fond of raising ghosts—even at Christmas?"

"You forget, papa," said Kate, "that Mr. Parkson was requested to sing a sentimental song, and that before complying, he explained its purport at your desire."

"Right, my dear," replied the Major, with an abashed air and a penitent tone. "Right always. Come and box my ears, Kate."

"Wasn't the knight very forgiving?" asked Mr. Davis. "Now, if I cared for a lady I couldn't find it in me to let her off so easily. For instance, I should challenge my rival to the combat, unhorse him, and cut off his nose as a trophy."

"The age of chivalry is gone," said Fid, "and God be with it," he added; "its cant and fustian would not hold water in our days."

"Right, sir," observed the Major, "and yet, when we were stationed in Ceylon, and had nothing better to do, we revived it a bit. We had duels over disputed cockatoos and camp-kettles. Some were wounded—some killed in those little affairs of honour; but anything rather than be *blase*."

I seized on the first pretext and descended to the Green-room. A light was burning on the table at which Lucy sat, writing. She lifted up her head as I entered, and tears were visible in her eyes. I was about to retire when she requested me to remain.

"Three hours ago, Mr. Parkson," she said, rising, "I implored of you not to judge me harshly. I as much as told you that I was bound to follow circumstances, and asked your good opinion to help me. You have broken your promise. When my heart is filled with anxiety for the fate of one to whose welfare I cannot be insensible, you came to strike me down with severe words and mortifying accusations. I know what you have seen. I know all."

"Lucy," I said, "will you pardon me for saying, that there are limits to the blindest credulity? Perhaps I had no right to think I had an exclusive claim to your affections. The proof is plain that I had not. And yet, fool as I am, I have enough generosity to resign all my hopes, to bless my rival, and accept the defeat."

I sat down; I leant my head on the back of the chair, and gazed abstractedly into the fire.

"He is no rival, I assure you," she said.

"Then who is he—what is he? why does he hide here like a criminal, afraid of the light? Who is he?"

"That," she replied, in a tone of trembling indecision, "I cannot tell."

"You will not tell?"

"I implore you not to ask me—now."

"Miss Davis," I said, with a calmness which astonished myself, "we shall say good-bye this night. Under the circumstances, it would be unfair to embarrass you and humiliate myself."

"No, no," she exclaimed, "we shall, indeed, not. Trust me a day longer—one day, Richard."

"To-morrow morning I shall leave for L——. May his love make you happier than mine ever could."

"And if," she pleaded, "the suspicions which you entertain shall be explained, and you shall know you have wronged me, where will the atonement be?"

"In the consciousness," I replied, "that I have acted from no morbid feeling of jealousy—that I have used my senses, and been convinced that my conduct has been just and honourable."

"And yet you have been deceived."

"Deceived! Miss Davis. Is it deception that I accuse a lady of carrying on a secret correspondence with a gentleman, and she acknowledges it? On your honour as a woman, did you not kiss a note, and hide it in his portfolio an hour ago?"

"That is true—true."

"Well, let the quarrel end here. God forgive you!"

"Hark!" cried Lucy, springing from her seat and fixing a look of terror on the windows. "My God! he is lost."

The tramp of horses' feet, and the dull crash of grounded arms on the gravelled approach to the house, startled me.

"Gwad all the appwoaches to pwevent escape," cried a shrill half-feminine voice, in a commanding tone, outside. I heard the tread of men filing into the avenues that skirted the lawn, and the commotion which the circumstance caused amongst our friends overhead. Peering out through a slit in the shutters, I could distinctly see the black uniforms and bright bayonets of the police, drawn up in a double line facing the house.

"Lucy!" cried Mr. Davis, who had rushed down stairs and stood agitated and pale in the hall, "can anything be done to prevent a capture?"

The crash of a musket-but against the door resounded through the house.

"They will break in in a moment, Lucy; is there no hope?"

She knitted her hands across her forehead, and for a moment was lost in reflection. "Papa," she said, with startling suddenness, "he must swing from the nursery windows into the walnut. Go, go—oh! save him."

A second crash of musket-buts at the door made our hearts leap with anxiety. Rushing up stairs, we found Miss Whitley, Fid, the Major, and the pale young man, collected in a whispering group on the drawing-room landing.

"Up," cried Lucy, taking the latter's hand; "unfasten the nursery window and leap into the walnut."

"God bless you," he cried, and kissing her hands, darted up the stairs.

"Ellen," said Lucy, to a terrified domestic, "take all the books and papers you will find in the Blue room and hide them in the air-bed. Be sure to fill it." The servant disappeared, and returned in a few minutes loaded with papers; amongst which I recognised the accursed portfolio. Shortly afterwards the hall-door was thrown open, and the police entered. There was a great clatter of feet in the hall, and a loud banging of doors, in the inter-

vals of which the hum of coarse voices, modified by an occasional shrieking order, reached us. In less than a minute, a delicate knock was given at the drawing-room door, and a man of some thirty summers, of slender person and affected air, entered. Placing a glass to his left eye, he swept the room, when, seeing Mr. Davis, he exclaimed, in a mincing, snobbish style of delivery:—

“Beg pawdon. Ve’y disagweeable, Mr. Davis, but my dooty, sir——”

“I can anticipate all your apologies, Mr. Inspector,” said Mr. Davis. “Pray discharge your duty.”

“My dooty, sir, is of a peccolarily painful nature. But a man must not shrink, as you know, on that account.”

Our host bowed.

“I am instwucted that you harbwa’ a rebel here,” he continued, directing a look, meant to be facetious, at the ladies.

Mr. Davis drew himself up. “My house, sir,” he replied, with the least tinge of irony, “never harboured a man who was ashamed to show his face to honest people.”

“Ve’y pwobable,” observed the inspector; “’spose I am to unde’sland that you have no rebel in your house.”

“You have my answer, sir,” said our host. “Doubting that, have the goodness to satisfy yourself.”

“Because my instwuctions are,” the inspector went on, “that —— who has taken up arms against the gwuvment of our gwacious queen, has been hiding several days in Southbank Cottage.”

“Act upon your instructions, sir,” said Mr. Davis, “You shall have every facility if you wish to search.”

“It’s pwainful—very pwainful,” soliquised the Inspector, as he tapped his dress boots with his dress sword. “Have the men found any twaces?” he asked, turning to a constable who stood, musket in hand, on the door mat.

“None, sir.”

“Poked all the beds, fired up all the chimneys, tapped all the walls—have they?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the man, with an ineffectual attempt to suppress a laugh. “Sergeant Watson pinked an air bed with his bayonet, and you should hear it squeak. My eye!”

“Ah. Then draw off and repo’t in the morning.” With these words the Inspector placed his sword under his arm, bowed separately to each of us, and stalked out of the room. The men, who had tumbled down stairs from all parts of the house, quickly followed him; and, in less time than it takes to tell it, peace and quiet were restored to Southbank.

“I breathe freely again,” said Lucy. “Mr. —— has escaped. There is no one in the walnut.”

Major Whitley,” said our host, “I may tell you, as an honourable man, that a brave young fellow, gifted above his years, the husband of a charming and accomplished woman—a man whose only crime is that he has been too faithful to his unhappy country, has been my guest for the last two days.”

"God bless him," exclaimed the Major. "God bless him."

"Does the circumstance compromise Major Whitley?" asked Mr. Davis, with some anxiety.

"Kate," cried the Major, "box Mr. Davis's ears." We all laughed.

"I hope he may escape the patrols," said Fid.

"And his papers," cried Lucy. "Oh, papa, I fear he has no money."

"I have taken care of that dear," said Mr. Davis. "I knew he was proud; but I contrived to force the acceptance of fifty pounds on him this morning. His papers will be safe in your custody, love."

"Heaven prosper all brave men," cried the Major, enthusiastically. "Whether they forge, or weave, or fight, or write, Heaven prosper them."

"And a double blessing," exclaimed Lucy, with an inspired light in her eyes, "crown the men who are not ashamed to forge, and weave, and fight, and write for Ireland."

"Bravo! cried the Major, striking the table. "That's the stuff that makes revolutions—bravo!" and he struck the table again.

"Papa," exclaimed Kate, "I declare you have broken a sugar bowl."

"Then box my ears, darling," said the Major, thrusting his noble head into his daughter's lap. Did Kate box his ears? No, she kissed him tenderly and reverently. Fid immediately gave her his arm, and led her and the Major out on the verandah. Lucy touched the bell.

"Oh! I have such a wicked secret to tell you, papa," she said, knitting her hands on the old gentleman's shoulder, and looking at him appealingly. "Pray, don't go Mr. Parkson. Our friends share our confidences."

"A secret, dear."

"Yes, papa. I have been so naughty, so impudent, you will never forgive. Ellen fetch that portfolio."

"I think Lucy is getting up a Christmas mystery for our edification, Mr. Parkson," said Mr. Davis.

"Indeed she is not. Now you will judge, and Mr. Parkson will plead for me. Poor Mr. ——. You know —"

"Yes. I hope he is safe by this time."

"Well, papa, a hundred little things, which only a woman sees, made me think he had no money, and I pitied him from my heart. This morning you gave me a ten-pound note as a Christmas-box. I enclosed that note in a letter to Mr. —, begging of him to accept from one who wished him well. I placed it in a letter and — and —," Lucy hesitated.

"Well, dear: what did you do with the letter?"

"I kissed it."

"Was that all?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Oh, papa, that was a great deal. But I kissed it only for the sake of dear Ireland, and then hid it in his portfolio."

"You darling," said Mr. Davis, passionately, as he pressed the noble girl to his bosom, "you darling."

"And, papa, and pray, look, Mr. Parkson, there is the portfolio, and here is the note. Read it, I beseech you."

Mr. Davis opened the letter, and took out the bank-note, and read as follows :—

“DEAR MR. — Will you forgive the freedom I know I am guilty of in begging your acceptance of the enclosed? Even should you not keep it for yourself, do so for the sake of others who have incurred the displeasure of government, and have no means to escape it. With this go—wherever it goes—the best wishes of

“LUCY DAVIS.”

I heard the letter read, in a sort of half-dreamy stupor, through which the recollections of my reproaches and suspicions flashed with painful force. I was penitent and humbled. Brave, generous, devoted little woman, nobly had she suffered, nobly had she triumphed! Overwhelmed with shame, I turned my eyes away, only to encounter hers, deep, luminous, and forgiving. We were alone. A light touch on my shoulder, a low voice in my ear :—

“Dear Richard, you are blameless. Had you been less provoked I could scarcely think that you—you cared for me.”

“Lucy,” I said, and the dear name thickened in my throat, “you are all goodness, you are all greatness, all generosity. I—O God pity me! am unworthy to know you longer.”

“No, no,” she sobbed; “the trial was bitter—it was cruel; let it strengthen while it humbles us. Who is it that has not had something to regret—something to atone for? We all need forgiveness.”

“I know,” I said, “how you must despise me—how the insulting words I uttered must have stung and hurt you. Let my forgiveness be your silence—my penance your forgetfulness.”

“No,” she whispered. “Were it a hundred times worse I could forgive you; forget you I could not. Dear Richard,” and she laid her head upon my shoulder—“can you love me and speak of forgetfulness?”

“Dearest, did I not love you I should never have suffered this terrible lebasement. With you have been associated all the plans, the hopes, the aspirations which have grown up within me since I shook off the wishes of a boy and assumed the cares of manhood. If I have ambitioned riches, independence, whatever the world respects and applauds, it was for you, that you might share them. For many years I have been building up a home, that you might sanctify it. To part from you would indeed be misery; and yet I deserve it.”

“Look at me,” she whispered.

I raised my head—I gazed into her forgiving eyes. All resolutions, all dreams of parting dissolved in their pure light. “Dear Lucy, there shall be no parting. Whom God has united by such tender sympathies, though one should err, let no one separate. Place thy dear hand in mine, and trust to me.”

“Dear, darling Richard!”

“Only think of it,” cried the Major, bounding into the room, and drawing in Mr. Davis by the hand. “Up comes the young rogue, sir, and asks me for Kate—to my face. And up comes Kate, sir, with a look

which threatened that she would box my ears if I refused. What could I do but strike colours and surrender?"

"Well," said Mr. Davis, rubbing his hands and smiling, "I suppose you did the best for the young culprits." Here Fid, looking very important, entered the room, Kate leaning on his arm, flushed and diffident.

"Mr. Davis," I said, taking Lucy's hand, "I am afraid there are more culprits than our friends, present. Look on us, sir, and be merciful."

"By Jove, Major, this is too much of a good thing," said our host. "Why, will no one marry me?"

"Treason of the blackest dye, sir," exclaimed the Major, with a majestic chuckle. "We shall be murdered in our beds."

"We implore your clemency, sir, will the Major intercede for Miss Davis and me?"

"What does Lucy say?" asked Mr. Davis goodnaturedly.

Lucy blushed.

"Silence, sir," said the Major, with a show of mock confidence, "is a rabid token of consent. Don't embarrass the young lady with questions. Pray don't?"

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Davis, "if Lucy loves you, and you love her, no word of mine shall interfere with your happiness. May you be worthy of her, and she of you. God bless you both."

There was a moment's silence, in the hush of which our hearts overflowed with sweet delight—then the Christmas bells clashed merrily on the frosty air. Winding their arms round each other, the girls walked to the verandah, and gazed out on the lawn. And as they stood together in the heavenly peace of the December moon, and their shadows, mingled in a rich communion of beauty, lengthened along the floor, I saw in one the blessed promise of a dear friend's happiness; and in *her* the tender realization of all noble hope.

Such was my second Christmas. The wise law of "Compensation," which balances and regulates our lives (however much the beauty of its operation may be lost in the complexity of its machinery), presided over both, and from the darkness of one evolved the starlight of the other. Moralizing is a prosaic function, because from the pulpit of the heart eternal conscience preaches to us constantly simple truths and divine conclusions, whose importance is not enhanced by pretentious diction and more pretensions gesticulation. Yet, shall I be pardoned for saying, that the double daisy I have plucked from the road-side of a common-place life holds a little moral in its tender heart and rosy surroundings—that to none of us is it given to despair; and that the planet of Bethlehem, which led the shepherds of old to the feet of the Messiah, still burns in the cloudiest skies, and beacons us onward to the highest of all happinesses—unlimited faith in the Providence of God!

BY THE FIRESIDE.

PLACE thy dear hand in mine, sweet wife,
And in the meekness of thine eyes,
Tear-dimmed, yet happy, let our life
Drift back to us from yonder skies.
We are not old, we are not young,
But pleached, as is the harvest leaf,
With interchange of peace and grief,
And the hushed sense of outer wrong.

Our day is rich, we fear no more
The vague uncertainties of things,
For in the elm, beside our door,
The bird of settled Promise sings.
I sit no more, with downcast mind,
Beside you, as when, long ago,
Darker the future seemed to grow,
And all the light was left behind.

Yet, blame me not if now and then
I backward look to other days,
With something in my eyes like rain,
That blurs the brightness into haze.
Then, as the world grew worse and worse,
Your love grew stronger, nobler, higher ;
Our panting hearts came nigher and nigher
With one impulsive, secret force.

And little cared we whether morn
Should come with promise or despair,
A greater strength of soul was born,
And cradled in our daily care.
Your dress was sad, my coat was brown,
And rotten as the sea-side sand ;
But at the door you'd smiling stand,
And light my pathway into town.

And I went forward, glad and gay,
Your sweet laugh nestling near my heart,
To win our bread and fight our way
Through crowded office, dock, and mart.
Much longed I for the evening hours,
For, home returning, I again
Should see your dear face at the pane,
Amid the sweet geranium flow'rs.

Poor thing, what welcome things you said,
In those lorn epochs! You would speak
Of courting moments whilom fled,
And put your cheek unto my cheek,
And say my hair was growing dark
And lustrous, when, blithe-hearted cheat,
You saw where time, with fingers fleet,
Had sown it with the seeds of cark.

Do you remember Christmas time,
When I was idle—hope bereft—
To jangle to a churchyard rhyme
No coin in our limp purse was left?
But when the evening came, you spread
Such festive cheer—such noble wine,
That I stood doubting in the shine
Like one by witchcraft visited.

Who was our friend you would not tell,
But bade me drink our double health;
Carolled, and said whate'er befell,
God's angels often came by stealth
To suffering men; that we should trust
Our Father's goodness—that our grief,
At some good time, in flower and leaf,
Should rise and blossom from the dust.

Ah, brave, good wife; mine own, mine own,
I clasp thee closer to my breast;
Your sole, sole jewel, love, was gone,
The nearest court-yard knew the rest.
God help us! When at night you slept,
And I, by stealth, discovered all,
I turned my face unto the wall,
And, stifling down my sobs, I wept.

For I remembered well the night
I hung that locket round your neck
The garden swam in amber light,
And we stood in one rosy fleck,
Shot through the damascenes. On your hair
The warm glow wavered, till it dipped
Down to your shoulders round, and slipped
Thence in gold wrinklets here and there.

You heard me, in the dark, and rose;
The moon glared—but I shunned your looks,
Oh! woman's love with suffering grows—
For kisses were your worst rebukes.

"Patience," you said, "be strong, be strong!
Sweet husband, let us look above;
If bitter woe hut temper love,
The world can do us little wrong."

Fair prophetess of fairer years!
That now are ours, I turn mine eyes
Back to the past, and thro' those tears
The stars of calmer seasons rise.
You turn with me, with heart elate,
And look into that gloomy space,
And, from the brightness of your face,
The faded world is consecrate.

Do we love less that we have trod
The path of pain with bleeding feet?
Do we love less that our abode,
Long years, by rain and storm was beat?
No, no; when wretched, poor, and lone,
The snows unto our roof-top clung,
Our poor hearth cricket louder sung,
Our household altar brightest shone.

Place thy dear hand, sweet wife, in mine,
And rest thine head upon my arm,
And turn to me thy face divine,
That I may catch its tender charm.
Thick on my brain old memories throng,
Around my heart your words are wove;
"If bitter grief but temper love,
The world can do us little wrong."

O'D.

THE PEARL NECKLACE;

OR, THE BEAUTY OF THE BLOSSOM-GATE.

THE ancient town of Kilmallock had, once upon a time, as the storytellers say, four gates. Of these two still remain, namely, the tall, square, castellated one, which defended the road leading towards Limerick; and the smaller and more compact structure beneath whose rounded arch the way towards Charleville still passes. Why this latter building was called the Blossom-Gate we were never able to discover with any positive certainty. On examining it, however, a few summers ago, we were struck with the profusion of wall-flowers and other similar plants that decorated its roof and every chink and cranny from battlement to base, and which were seen in their full glory in each revolving season by the inhabitants of the town

for many successive generations, may, perhaps, have given origin to the name to which we have alluded.

Be the above supposition as it may, the Blossom-Gate, from time almost immemorial, served successively as a place of habitation, free of rent, for certain individuals of the town and its vicinity, who, having lost their home and substance either by misfortune or extravagance, were sent thither, to make their dwelling by the influence of one or more of the neighbouring gentry. There was one brilliant and happy period in its existence, namely, while it was tenanted by old Arthur Segrave and his only daughter, Rosa, the handsomest girl in the county—so handsome, indeed, that by the universal voice of all her neighbours, she was called the Beauty of the Blossom-Gate.

Old Arthur Segrave, her father, had once been a rich and prosperous man, an extensive landholder, in fact, whose estate lay about four or five miles outside the town, and was now in the possession of a successful tallow merchant from the neighbouring city. After a course of reckless extravagance, he had married, rather late in life, a young lady, who, besides her beauty and birth, had nothing else to recommend her as a wife, save that she was able to clear a five-barred gate with her back as scientifically as the best fox-hunter in Ireland. This, however, was more than sufficient for Arthur Segrave. So he married her, and the bare amount of her pin-money went no small way in sinking him deeper and deeper in debt, till her death, which deplorable event happened about five years after the birth of Rosa, their only child. After this it might have been expected that Segrave would have made some reformation in his mode of living. But no such thing happened. Instead of that he mortgaged half his estate to the aforesaid tallow merchant, and on the proceeds lived as jovially as ever for a time. There is, however, an end to all things on this earth, and nothing becomes "small by degress and beautifully less" with such demoniac speed as money. It was thus with Arthur Segrave, who, the moment the proceeds of his first mortgage were gone, had recourse to the greasy guineas of the fat tallow merchant, Peery Montgomery, once more, and sunk the remainder of his property, and that after a few years was finally reduced so low, that he was forced to apply for the aforesaid residence in the Blossom-Gate.

Now, after saying a few words relative to old Peery Montgomery, the tallow merchant, and his grand-nephew and only surviving relative, Bob, we shall pass rapidly on, and let the incidents of our story follow in their natural course. Peery, after seizing in his talons the estate of poor Segrave, left the city, and came to live in Kilmallock, where he seemed to have nothing earthly to do but to ride out and take a look over his ill-gotten lands—he had come into possession of them not over honestly, it was said—and to lend money to his needy neighbours, and charge a most destructive interest thereon; for he was a usurer of the first water. His grand-nephew, Bob Montgomery, whom he hated mortally, but to whom he gave a support and a home for some reason notwithstanding, was about twenty years of age, and as fine and handsome a specimen of a young

man as could be found in the country. He and his uncle lived under the same roof, till events which shall be hereafter related separated them.

Beneath an ancient oak tree that once grew upon the shore of Kilmallock lake, and while the setting rays of a calm July sun were gilding tree and water, and steeping in fervid glory the venerable walls and castles of the aged town, Rosa Segrave sat with a bunch of wild flowers in her hands, the petals of which flowers she was listlessly pulling asunder, and strewing upon the grass beside her. She was evidently waiting for some one, for she occasionally raised her clear, brown eyes from the doomed blossoms, and cast an eager and inquiring glance down the paths that led up to the tree from a far-off grove, whose giant trunks shone in the descending sun like the red pillars of some aged and barbaric temple.

"Well," she muttered to herself, after committing destruction on an unusual quantity of the flowers, "he will never come. And what keeps him I cannot tell, for he promised to be here long before this. Perhaps," and an indignant blush overspread her beautiful face—"perhaps he is lingering with Jane Courtney. No, no," she continued, after a pause, during which she seemed casting up in her mind all the good qualities of him for whom she lingered there, "I have never found him to break his word or tell an untruth, and why should he do so now. He *will* come, and so if it were till nightfall, I will wait."

With this praiseworthy and confiding resolution, she again sat down, and after another glance down the path, took up the bunch of flowers, whose total wealth of blossoms was soon strewn around her. Appearing at a loss for occupation during the delay, she drew from her bosom a folded paper, opened it, and as she cast her eyes over its contents, every appearance of mistrust and displeasure seemed banished from her countenance.

"Ah!" she said, while her eyes sparkled with pleasure, "I am sure he loves but me. He cannot care for Jane Courtney, especially as he says that he likes no one but myself!" She cast her eye again over the paper. "He would never send a song like this to Jane!" and in a low voice, and in the sweetest of tones, she read to herself the following effusion from one who was certainly a lover, if not a poet:—

THE LINNET.

I've found a comrade fond and gay,
A linnet of the wild-wood tree;
We hold sweet converse day by day,
My heart, my rambling soul, and he.
He sits upon the blossomed spray,
Within the hollow, haunted dell;
And every song-note seems to say,
That wild bird knows and loves me well!
Sweet linnet! Sing all merrily
Beside the glittering streamlet's shore,
For love-bright dreams thou bring'st to me
Of Rosaleen for evermore!

As I lie in my waking dreams,
 And dreamy thoughts successive rise ;
 Down from the blooming bough he seems
 To look on me with human eyes ;
 And then he sings—ah ! such a song
 Will ne'er be heard while seasons roll,
 Save thy dear voice, that all day long
 In memory charms my heart and soul.
 Sweet linnet ! Still sing merrily,
 Beside the haunted streamlet's shore ;
 For many a dream thou bring'st to me
 Of Rosaleen for evermore !

If souls e'er visit earth again,
 With one my little friend's possessed ;
 Each dulcet, wild, elysian strain
 Springs so divinely from his breast ;
 Those fairy songs, that earnest look,
 Some minstrel sprite it sure must be ;
 Anacreon's soul, or her's who took
 The love-leap by the Grecian Sea !
 Sweet linnet ! Still sing merrily
 Beside the murmuring streamlet's shore,
 For happy dreams thou bring'st to me
 Of Rosaleen for evermore !"

Again she looked impatiently down the path, but there was no appearance of him whom she expected, and who evidently was the author of the song. She was about replacing the paper in her bosom, when a rustling in the thickets behind startled her, and she let it fall. She stood up and looked eagerly in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and, with an expression of dislike and disappointment on her lovely face, beheld, not the object of her thoughts at that moment, but the old usurer, Peery Montgomery, approaching her from the thickets.

"A fine evening, Miss Segrave," said old Peery, in a cracked, harsh voice, as he came up to the tree ; "a fine evening for enjoying one's self, especially here, where every thing is so lovely, and the air so cool and pleasant."

"It is a pleasant evening, indeed," said she, feeling strangely embarrassed, for she felt the eyes of the old man bent upon her with a conscious look that showed he guessed for whom she was waiting.

"It would be a great deal pleasanter," resumed he, moving nearer, "if you had some one beside you with whom you might converse about—about the weather, say, if no other topic should suggest itself," and he smiled a half-sneering smile that made his presence still more unwelcome to Rosa. "However," he continued, moving from beside the tree, and standing within about a foot from where the paper that contained the song lay upon the grass, "there's a time for every thing, Miss Segrave. Look how beautifully the sun shines upon the old spire of the abbey beyond. The old stones seem as if they would take fire, they are so red and bright."

Rosa turned and looked. Her back was towards Peery, who in an instant stooped, picked up the paper, and put it nimbly and noiselessly in his pocket.

"I never saw the old town looking so bright," said she, turning round again, but not in time to perceive the act.

"It is getting late, Miss Segrave," he now resumed, "should you wish me to accompany you home, I shall feel most happy to do so."

"I do not," she answered, with involuntary ungraciousness. "I wish to wait here till—till—but the paper that I dropped this moment! Where is it, for it fell just here?"

"What paper?" asked Peery, in a careless tone. "I saw nothing here when I came up."

"Oh! I am sure it cannot be lost, it is in my dress," she said, evasively. "I wish you a good evening, Mr. Montgomery!" and, with an almost unaccountable impulse of dislike for the old purloiner of the song, she turned and was about to leave the spot.

"Stay, Miss Segrave!" said Peery, as she moved away, "I have a few words to say to you, which you never gave me an opportunity of saying before."

Rosa stopped and looked at him calmly, although she guessed what was to follow.

"Your father's property is now in my hands, Miss Segrave," continued Peery, "at least so deeply mortgaged to me that he can never get it back—that I can almost call it mine. Has it ever struck you what he is to do in his old age, he that was always used to such good living? And what are you to do, perhaps, when he dies and leaves you penniless? I am counted a hard man by the world, Miss Segrave, and I don't know am I a wise one, when I tell you that I am willing to arrange matters so that the property, at least part of it, could come into your father's hands again."

"It is very kind of you, sir," said Rosa, interrupting him, "but it is not with me you should settle that business; it is with my father."

"No," answered Peery, "it is with you, Miss Segrave. I am a plain man," he continued, "and one that never wasted many words on business, as I cannot help calling this interview. I shall not keep you long ignorant of my meaning. I am a lonely man, Miss Segrave, and have been thinking that I did wrong in not marrying long ago. However, better late than never. As I have at last got the opportunity, I ask you now, will you become my wife? and all that man can do to make you and your father comfortable, I shall not fail to do. What answer may I hope for?"

"That answer," returned Rosa, while her eyes flashed with indignation—"that answer, I have reason to know, you got from my father lately. I now tell you the same—that I will never become your wife, even though I had to beg my bread from door to door, and die for want of it in the end!"

"Wait till want comes," said Peery. "However, think over it, Miss Segrave," he continued, with a slight sneer; "and should you change your mind, as I trust in Heaven you will and must, I am easily to be found."

"I have thought over it," returned Rosa. "From me you shall always

get the same answer. Again I wish you a good evening," and she turned and fairly ran down the path, leaving Peery Montgomery leaning against the trunk of an aged tree, in no very amiable frame of mind.

That night Peery Montgomery sat in his sparsely-furnished parlour before a table on which lay two separate bundles of papers. His nephew sat beside him.

"Here, Bob, take that heap of papers opposite you, and tot up the amounts marked upon them," said the old man. "When that's done with each, call it out, and I will enter it in the ledger."

Bob, willing to please the old man, took up a pen and commenced his work at once. When he had got about half way down the pile of papers, he paused suddenly for a moment, and the keen rat-like eyes of the old man fixed themselves upon him with a sinister and contemptuous gaze. At length the blood rushed up to Bob's temples, an exclamation of astonishment and anger escaped him, and he started up from the table, holding an open sheet of paper in his hand.

"What's the matter?" said Peery, in a jocular but yet bitter tone.

"Nothing!" answered Bob, endeavouring to recover his composure; "nothing, sir. Let us go to work again!" and he crumpled the paper in his clenched hand and sat down.

"Why do you start so, then?" asked Peery. "Come, come, Bob, let us understand each other at least. You have turned pert, I see. You need not crumple that paper—I have read it and got it by heart already. You didn't meet your linnet this evening, though, I'll go bail. However, I met her beneath the old oak tree at the lake, and to show you what she thinks of you, Bob, she laughed, and gave me that song you hold in your hand, and which you thought would win her like magic. You are young, Bob, you are young, and don't know the vagaries of girls, and the way they make fools of people!" and he laughed bitterly.

Poor Bob was wholly confounded. He knew not what to think. It all appeared like a dream to him, the troubles of which would cease with waking; but, alas, there, still clutched firmly in his hand, was the damning paper that told the falseness of her for whom he would have willingly died. He was roused from his stupor by the voice of his grand-uncle, who fiercely and suddenly seemed to change in his manner towards him.

"I can tell you what," said Peery, "if you do not attend to your learning—that is useful learning—you shall pack, like a fool as you are, from my house. Leave that old crack-brained, fox-hunting old ass and his daughter to me, or if you don't, you shall never see a shilling of my money. Do you hear me, sir? Have nothing further to do with them, or, mark my words, I'll take means to knock the love out of you."

"I do hear you, sir," answered Bob, standing up opposite the old man. "I have seen enough to-night to convince me that I cannot place much faith in any one. As regards leaving your house, I am not the man to stay when I feel that my presence is a burthen. You shall not see me again!" and he moved towards the door.

This, however, did not serve old Peery's purpose. He knew that if

Bob left him and continued in the town, as he was likely to do, Rose Segrave would find means to clear up the affair of the song. He adopted a better method of separating them.

"Stop!" he said, now in a kind tone, as Bob was in the act of opening the door—"stay, Bob. You know, as for Arthur Segrave and his daughter, they are both beggars, and one with your prospects, if you obey me, has no business with them. There, however, is Jane Courtney, who will have a good fortune. You have my free liberty to talk to her as you wish. So let us be friends once more."

Bob returned and sat down. He took the sheet of paper on which he had so carefully written his song for, as he thought, the faithless Rosa Segrave, tore it in fragments, and scattered them on the floor. But he said not a word, although Peery expected a stormy outburst of indignation.

"That's done like a sensible man," said Peery, and so they parted for the night.

Now, when two young hearts love truly, it is not very easy to tear them asunder, and this was well proved in the case of Rosa Segrave and Bob Montgomery. For a time they avoided each other; but after about a month, they accidentally came together, had a conversation, and the affair was explained by both satisfactorily. Then it was that the anger of old Peery burst forth in all its vindictive bitterness, as will be shown presently.

At the time of which we write, Limerick and the neighbouring counties were in a state of civil commotion. Parties of armed men paraded the country at night, wreaking their vengeance upon many who perhaps little deserved it, and upon many also to whom it was strictly due. Torn-up crops, levelled fences, and houghed cattle marked their track, and even the terrible signs of their progress were frequently seen by the light of a blazing farmstead, a village, and sometimes by that of a town. Several of the more troublous districts were proclaimed, and it need scarcely be added that martial law was exercised unsparingly upon the heads of all who were caught rendering themselves amenable to its rigorous statutes. Many a solitary mound and desolate cairn by mountain side and lonely glen still marks the spot where some misguided peasant expiated on the gallows the deeds he was driven to by the prevailing mismanagement and poverty of the time; and many a story of popular retribution on the heads of the local potentates who then ruled those districts with an iron rod is yet told by the descendants of those who took part in the civil commotions. But to proceed.

About a week subsequent to the reconciliation of Rose Segrave and her lover, two men were sitting in a small back-room of an inn, situated in the diminutive suburb beyond the northern gate of Kilmallock. One of them was Peery Montgomery; the other was a thick-set, middle-aged man, with a swarthy, weather-beaten face, and a pair of deep-set, grey eyes, whose fierce and determined expression would be likely to make his company not very agreeable to most men of peaceable dispositions. They were carrying on a conversation in an undertone, and it seemed by the manner of both that they at last began to understand each other properly.

"At all events," said Peery, "get him to join, and you'll get the money, Davy Saer,* every penny of what I promised."

"Yes," answered Davy; "an' if I got him to go on his *keepin'* like myself, what would you say?"

"Just the same," returned Peery. "You'll get the money."

"An'," rejoined the other, with a grim smile, "suppose he should leave a mark on the mountains in the shape of a heap o' stones, to show that he left the world dancin' his last jig, or the *Skibbiack's* hornpipe from a triangle, what would you do? You'd make a lamentation on the boy's death, I suppose!" and the ruffian laughed hoarsely, and then solaced himself with a glass of punch he held in his hand.

"No matter," returned Peery, with an ugly glitter in his eye, "you'll get the money, I say, and here is the first balance," and he handed Davy the Mason half a dozen guineas across the table.

"'Tis a bargain," said Davy, clutching the money in his large, bony hand. "An' now I must be off, Mr. Montgomery. Never fear, afore long he'll be one of us, or my name isn't Davy!" and the villanous pair separated.

We shall not here detail the various traps laid for poor Bob Montgomery in order to induce him to become a Whiteboy. It is enough to say that in the end they succeeded.

There was a regulation in force amongst those unfortunate men at the time, that in whatever district a deed was to be done, no matter of what nature, the captain of that district should have sole command of all deputed for its accomplishment. It was thus that on a certain November morning Bob Montgomery found himself on the side of a hill that overhung a neighbouring town, in the command of a body of men that, if not for its equipments, at least from its number, might well be called an army. Thousands sat resting themselves around him on the withered fern and damp heath that clothed the side of the hill. It seemed from their looks that some event of more than usual magnitude and importance was about to happen. A considerable number carried fire-arms of some kind or other in their hands; others had swords, which were probably taken in some skirmish with the yeomen; but by far the largest portion of that fierce and motley array was armed with scythe-blades, hay-forks, and pikes, which, as the thick masses of men sat along the hill, they held firmly in their hands pointing into the air. That air was thick with fog, which hung upon hill and hollow, a grey and almost palpable canopy that effectually obscured the arrangements of the wild Whiteboy army.

There was no standard—neither fife nor drum, to the martial notes of which they might march on to grapple with their foes; but there was that which was far more ominous of damage to their enemies. There was a quiet, settled, yet fierce expression on the face of each man, which showed that he was willing to die or carry out the purpose of his leader, which will be seen presently. Not a word was spoken amongst them. Bob Montgo-

* David the Mason.

† That is, to be outlawed.

mery, with some of the leaders under him, sat in a hollow, waiting apparently for the arrival of the scouts he had sent off about an hour previously.

At last a tall, nimble-footed young man came briskly up the hill, and, without looking to the right or left, or saying a word to those amongst whom he passed, strode into the hollow, and stood leaning upon his gun before his leader.

"Well, Jack," said Bob Montgomery, "what have you seen?"

"I'll tell you, Captain," answered the scout. "There are nearly two hundred soldiers standing to their arms in the middle o' the town square. At one side o' them—the side next to us here—there is a regiment o' yeomen cavalthry, an' at their off side is another regiment o' yeomen foot. That's what I saw."

On this account it was resolved to begin the attack at once. We may state that what follows has little of the imaginative in its details. It is found substantially related in the county histories of the time. Bob had made his principal arrangements previously. He now gave the word to those under his command, who immediately left the hollow with him, and in ten minutes afterwards the whole array, in three divisions, were leaving the hill, and marching cautiously upon the town. At the side they were marching on a road led up through a narrow street into the square, to the spot whereon the yeomen cavalry were stationed. A lane also opened, and gave passage from the north-east into the town opposite the front of the soldiers.

Every thing seemed now quiet. Both soldiers and yeomen were quietly resting on their arms when they beheld, up both lane and street, a few immense loads of straw moving towards the square. This, of course, was no suspicious sight. The horses of the yeomen cavalry, on the contrary, champed their bits and neighed a welcome to the loads of provender; but no word of command yet rang along the ranks to warn the riders of what was approaching, under cover of the straw. Suddenly the loads increased their speed, and at length rolled simultaneously into the square. Then, from behind them, a shout arose that curdled the blood of the inhabitants of the town and of its defenders, and Bob Montgomery with his men came rushing up the street upon the cavalry, while at the same time his second in command dashed up the lane, and fell upon the regulars and yeomen foot.

It was a fight quickly begun and speedily ended. The regulars for a few moments held their ground firmly, but the yeomen cavalry were instantly broken and put to flight by the headlong charge of Bob Montgomery and his division. Several men were, of course, killed on both sides, but a worse disaster than a battle had befallen the town, for it was on fire in several places. The Whiteboys, expecting a stouter resistance from their foes, had adopted this extreme and terrible plan of aiding their attack. The town, in many parts, consisted of rows of thatched houses, the dry roofs of which easily caught the flame and communicated it to the neighbouring slated ones, till at last it was one roaring blaze throughout every quarter. Bob drew up the men that remained after the pursuit, and

with these endeavoured to extinguish the flames, but his efforts were of no avail, and all he could do was to help the inhabitants to escape, and aid them in saving their effects from the fire.

As he stood before a house fronting the square, with its door firmly barred and its roof of iron, he heard a shriek, as if from a girl who was struggling to escape from the inside. He looked up to one of the windows, through which a volume of smoke was issuing, and, with a pang of terror which made his heart leap, beheld Rosa Segrave standing inside and vainly struggling to open the sashes, the lower panes of which were broken, probably by the heat or some stray bullet shots. Bob snatched a musket from his men, and in an instant dashed in the door with a blow of its heavy butt. Throwing the gun aside, he sprang up the stairs and was just in time to save the life of Rosa, for the floor of the room had begun to ignite. The other inhabitants of the house had escaped by the back way, and Rosa, whose relatives they were, and with whom she happened to be on a visit of a few days, was forgotten in the fright. Bob caught her up in his arms from where she lay, half-smothered, beside the window, and bearing her quickly down stairs, and out into the garden at the rear of the house, deposited her amongst her friends, kissed her pale brow fondly, and was gone. He had a grave task before him in the street. It is hard to gather and lead off a large body of undisciplined men, especially after a battle in which they have proved victorious. This Bob accomplished, however. He sent his men safely to their homes, and in a few days afterwards took to the mountains, an outlaw, informed against by Davy, the mason, who, as a matter of course, obtained his promised reward from old Peery Montgomery.

There is a picture in which a young Royalist, of the time of Charles the First, is represented as hiding in a hollow tree, and receiving his food from the hands of a beautiful young girl, probably his sister, but far more probably his lover. Such a fate was now that of Bob Montgomery. There was old wood near Kilmallock. It was a lonely place, seldom visited except by a stray sportsman, and such only penetrated but a small distance into its outskirts. Beside a tangled path that led through its centre, and which showed, by the amount of brambles that grew over it, that it was very rarely trodden, grew an ancient beech-tree, whose trunk had become hollowed in the lapse of ages. Within this hollow trunk Bob concealed himself, and were it not for the brave girl who loved him so well, and who never failed to bring him food every day. How they escaped detection so long is a marvel, but they did, nevertheless, for several weeks, although the yeomen were every day scouring the country in hopes of capturing him. It may be asked why he did not leave Ireland at once? but love is wayward and strong, and the thought of living near Rosa, though in the utmost peril sweeter to Bob than the certainty of safety far away.

But an hour came and he was at last forced to bid her farewell. The merry Christmas time came and went, leaving many a heart in the old town glad at its memory. Rosa Segrave, however, had but little cause for happiness on that night of wassail and pleasant laughter. At the

very moment that the glad jingling of the bells was echoing over the town, she was speeding through the snow towards the lonely wood where her lover lay concealed, her sad heart throbbing violently, and her mind filled with apprehension and misery. At length she reached the tree, and met the object of her mission, sitting moodily at its foot, a-waiting her coming, for she had not been with him during the day.

"I thought you would never come, Rosa," he said, standing up and catching her hand fondly.

"Bob—Bob!" she answered, endeavouring to repress a cry, "I fear it is the last time we shall ever meet again. They have discovered you, and you must fly instantly for your life!" and she burst into tears.

"It can scarcely be," he said, incredulously, "Here I am now nearly a month, and not a single human being have I seen in the wood during that time save yourself."

"But I tell you they have discovered all," she resumed, trembling with terror. "Your grand-uncle watched me, and then set Davy the Mason to dog my steps. He has found you out, and this evening has informed the yeoman captain of it. I am sure they will be here instantly. So you must fly. No matter how I found it out. I did so, however, an hour ago. Oh, God! that we must part so soon, never, I suppose to see each other more. Good bye—good bye!" and she held out her trembling hand.

"Have you no keepsake?" he said, with strange calmness; "nothing to give me as a token when I am far away?"

"Here—here!" she answered, suddenly drawing off a small pearl necklace which she wore, and handing it to him; "take this and begone, for even now I think I hear a party approaching the wood. Take it—take it, Bob; and may God bless and guard you! I want nothing by which to remember you!"

Bob took the trinket and placed it in his bosom.

"Nor I," he said, "but still it will be pleasant to look upon it when I am far away."

As he whispered the fond words they heard a sound of footsteps approaching in the darkness.

"Go, Bob!" she whispered, scarcely knowing what she said. "Go! They are coming too truly, indeed!" and Bob, throwing his arms around her, pressed her for an instant to his heart, and then, with a sorrowful "farewell," darted through the wood. Rosa had just time enough to glide in beneath the black shadows of the dense trees hard by, when a party of yeomen rushed up to the spot she had left, led by the treacherous Davy Sair. They were too late, for, after searching the hollow trunk and every part of the wood, they could nowhere find their intended victim.

Late next morning Bob reached Limerick, where he met a recruiting sergeant, and without a moment's delay enlisted. He was now safe, for there was a war, and the government wanted men badly. In a week afterwards the detachment to which he belonged embarked for India, the seat of war, where he fought in many a gallant battle.

Three years rolled away. In the interim old Peery Montgomery was

more urgent than ever in his suit to Rosa; for a long time his cause seemed hopeless. Towards the close of the third year, Perry dressed himself sprucely one day, and walked leisurely to the Blossom-Gate, where he had an interview with Rosa and her father. During that interview he showed them a letter—and it may as well be stated here that the same document was forged by himself—which contained the account of Bob's death in some Indian battle. It was terrible news to Rosa; but she bore it bravely for the sake of her father, who was at the time in extreme ill-health. For his sake also—for they were now in absolute want—she consented, after another fortnight, to become old Peery's wife. The wedding day at length came. The ill-assorted pair stood before the clergyman who was to make them one. Peery gave his affirmative response in a piping and exultant tone, that would have done credit to the lungs of a man of twenty. Just as it came to Rosa's turn to give the answer that was to decide her fate for ever, there was a bustle amongst the bystanders, and an old woman, a former servant of her father's, walked quickly up and thrust a small parcel into her hand. She opened it, and, with a wild cry of anguish, found therein her necklace with a single lock of her lover's hair. The sight of both wrought a sudden and fatal change for Peery. The clergyman put the decisive question.

"No!" she said, in a trembling but distinct voice, "I will never become his wife. I cannot. Let me go home, or I shall die."

Peery cast his cold, flashing eye upon her for a moment. The blood rushed up to his face and head, and, after vainly endeavouring to recover himself, he fell forward on the floor in a fit. The clergyman who came to preside at his wedding had the melancholy duty to perform of preparing him for another world, for that day old Peery died—died suddenly, and left no will.

Again it is New Year's Eve. Rosa is sitting at her window in the Blossom-Gate, and looking out over the Charleville-road, along which a regiment of soldiers, with a merry band playing before them, are marching into the town. As the first company approached the gate, her eyes rest, searchingly, for a moment upon the gallant-looking young officer who marches in front, and, with a scream of delight, she almost falls backward into the chamber, for in him she recognises her long-lost lover, Bob Montgomery, who by his valour and intelligence had thus risen during the war.

What need of more? Bob, as the only surviving relative, came in for his grand-uncle's property. He and the faithful girl who loved him so well were married soon after.

CLOWN-ISH MORALITIES.

BY A JOEY.

"Your *motley* 's the only wear."—SHAKSPERE.

My father was a *Joey* too; (it is a generic appellation for all clowns, in risible memory of the *Joey Grimaldi* :) he was famous for *cutting mugs* : i. e. making funny faces; he could chant "Tippetywitchet" almost as well as his great prototype; his "Hot Codlins" were delicious, and he had a tolerable fund of clownly vernacular at his tongue's end, comprising the stock phrases, "Go it, my run 'un!" "That's your sort!" "A reg'lar stunner!" "Don't you wish you may get it," etc. Rejoicing in these manifold accomplishments, he yet labored under many disadvantages which had always prevented his rise to professional eminence.

In the first place, he was completely destitute of mother-wit : *this*, (as being a very common failing,) might have been looked over and forgiven, and its place supplied by the "mug cutting" aforesaid;—a much greater misfortune was, that he was neither a posturer nor a dancer, either with or without the aid of skates, clogs, or spades; he could neither throw a somersault, nor maintain his footing on a rolling barrel; he was sixteen years of age, indeed, when he took to the "motley," and could never hope "to achieve greatness;" for the sole chance of making a first-rate Joey consists in beginning his education at somewhere about sixteen months;—as soon as he can *toddle*, he can *tumble*.

Nowadays, if a clown possesses no native wit, he cuts theatres, engages in circuses, mounts a parti-colored dress, with Touchstonian cap and bells, adopts the title of "*Shaksperian Jester*," and mangles the sublime bard's language with the most antigrammatical atrocity. Otherwise, if he is incapable of reading and committing to memory Shakspeare's witticisms, distributed amongst his various fools, (to the end that he may lug them in, head and shoulders, during a performance,) *then*, having nothing to trust to but agility, he dubs himself *French Clown*, and sticks to "ground and lofty tumbling;" wisely holding his tongue: as a distinguished foreigner, he is not expected to "tip" his audience "a bit of the *dixon*." In my lamented father's time, these paltry evasions had not been thought of; though once I heard him unconsciously give utterance to a Shaksperian quotation. My mother was advising him to take some *bark*, as a remedy for the ague, with which he was afflicted, when he peevishly replied, "Throw physic to the dogs; I'll ha' none on it!"

Feeling sensibly his own deficiency in clownishness, he, in my early weeks, resolving that I should not have cause to complain of a neglected education, had me taught the art terpsichorean, and before I understood the "set phrase of speech," I could "talk with my feet;" that is, I could get through a comic dance, to the time-honored tune of "Rowley powley, gammon and spinach;" and while still in my petticoat-age, could manage a burlesque cachuca very creditably: a supple professor of Risleyism instructed me in the mysteries of pos-

turing, and, by his teaching, I profited so well, that at four years old I could throw a flipflap, turn a double somersault, dance a hornpipe on my head, swarm a greasy pole, balance a tobacco-pipe on my eyebrow, and spin two plates at once: in short, to my dear parent's care, seconded by a trifling amount of natrual Joeyism, I owe it, that for twelve successive (and successful) seasons, I was regarded by the public and by professionals, as a tiptop Clown, in which position my duties were heavy—my salary proportionate; but latterly, I begin to find that each new pantomime gets more fatiguing; nightly, my limbs grow feebler, my joints stiffer; I can no longer turn pirouettes, take flying leaps, or perform any extraordinary *tours de forces*, without putting both body and *spirits* to *full proof*; (no pun is intended here,) as poor Joey becomes *less* active, *more* is expected of him, and sometimes even a *second* Clown is introduced, to do odd tricks—to divide the honors—and probably, to beat Joey number one, together; at best, he is sure to prove a formidable rival. This happened last season in my case, and notwithstanding that the public voice proclaimed me superior to the unprincipled interloper, yet somehow, my old established jokes—jokes that had been handed down from sire to son as heirlooms—had lost their relish! Those manufactured extempore went down unpalatably; and the most recent Clownish crotchet, the song of “Hoop-de-dooden-doo,” quavered out a faint existence, instead of being rapturously encored, as were my comic strains in nights of yore. For a man in my vocation, I am already old, being almost thirty-four, and having a strong conviction that I shall make my final exit before *my* tiny Joey, (born last Easter Monday,) will be able to avail himself of my professional advice, *orally*, I have written the following code of Clownish Moralities for his behoof; being enabled to do so by a fortunate accident; for my father held the arts of reading and writing in sovereign contempt. He *began* by educating *my feet*, and there he would have *ended*; he would never have been instrumental in making “a *book* scholar” of me, but, by great good luck, during my very first pantomime, wherein “I did enact” a chubby pink Cupid with silver wings—a fleecy clond, on which I was ascending to Elysium, (tenanted at that identical moment by a drunken carpenter, and two swearing flymen,) having been carelessly nailed together, gave way—I came down, *presto, prestissimo*, and put my ankle out of joint! Some weeks elapsed before I could resume my part, and to relieve the tedium of the long, weary, winter evenings, my mother taught me to read all the easy words in a file of old pantomime playbills—a strange primer, but it was the sole literary possession of which our house could boast. The key to knowledge being in my hands, I afterwards unlocked some of its stores; and reading and writing form my chief amusement in the lengthy summer vacations incidental to the career of a Joey.

With this brief explanatory introduction, after the fashion of the great Chesterfield, I leave *my* manual of moralities for the benefit of *my* son and heir, and of anybody else Clownishly disposed.

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO GAIN A FOOTING, AND MAKE A STAND IN THE PROFESSION.

SUPPOSING you to have received a due amount of clownly polish, and to be, in your own estimation, likely to make a tolerable Joey, you will, naturally enough, be anxious to procure a lucrative engagement. To effect this, it will be absolutely necessary, should you be troubled with any ridiculous bashfulness, to throw it overboard at once, and proceed to business. Advertise yourself in the principal theatrical newspapers, and puff your capabilities to the utmost. Never mind the stupid old proverb about self-praise being "*no recommendation*;" perhaps it will be the *only* recommendation you will be able to get (for your first season, at any rate). Besides, looking at the affair in a commercial point of view, *you* are your own goods, and have a right to dispose of yourself to the best advantage. To this end, "on their own merits," *Clowns* must not be "dumb." Look out about midsummer, and, if fortune is propitious, you will assuredly succeed in jumping into a berth by the twenty-sixth of December, when upwards of fifteen theatres, in London alone, begin their evenings' entertainments with the dreary tragedy of *Jane Shore*, or the yet more dreary *George Barnwell*, in *dumb show* (for Boxing-night audiences make a deafening uproar while the first piece is acted, and reserve their powers of listening for the Pantomime, in which there *ought* not to be any speaking): and finish with a "New, Grand, Original, Magical, Comical, Historical, Pastoral, Allegorical, Mythological, Never-to-be-admired-enough-able PANTOMIME!"

If you intend to create a sensation, let your advertisement trumpet forth your praises, as "the Renowned and Inimitable Successor of Grimaldi the Great!" Describe yourself as "The Wittiest Clown in all Creation!! The Ugliest Contortionist in the World!!! The most Extraordinary Clog, Pump, Skate, and Fetter Dancer in Europe!!!! The most Brilliant Bounding Brick of the Bosphorus!!!!!! The most Wonderful Chair and Bottle Equilibrist in the United Kingdom!!!!!! The most Amazing Pyramido-Decantrical Artiste in England!!!!!! and The most Marvellous Performer in London of Impossible Exercises on the Trapeze of Intrepidity—the Starry Globes of Glistening Splendour, and the Oscillating Ladder of Pendulous Peril!!!!!!!"

"This is, perhaps, drawing it a little too mild; but you can make what improvements you choose, and take care to dot the whole advertisement liberally with scraps of French, as, *Multum in Parvo*; or of Latin, as, *Toujours Joyeux*; which will serve to show off your learning. Above all things, remember to foreignize your name. "Snooksini" is preferable to *Snooks*. Who ever heard of *Hogg*? *Hoggini*, now, sounds soft and Italianish. You need feel no uneasiness on account of your inability to do a hundredth part of what you profess in print. The theatrical potentato, who is anxious to secure your services, knows that as well as you: still, the flashy advertising bait hooks him; and the playgoers, being aware of the impossibility

of your displaying a tithe of your many accomplishments in one evening (though your puff may be copied word for word into the playbills), will infer that the numerous feats described are exhibited by instalments; so many per night, through the run of the harlequinade, which may extend over a period of three or four months. *Be careful of your figure!* I mean, of course, that you should demand a *heavy salary*. With many managers this is the test of excellence; for, as they sagely observe, "talent cannot be had for nothing;" and the person who is content with slender remuneration tacitly confesses that he is not worth more.

A clown, whose brains are not entirely resident in his heels, sometimes contributes his quota towards the building up of a *laughable* programme, a matter involving *serious* consideration; for a great deal more depends on the attractiveness of a bill, especially a PANTOMIME bill, than an *untheatrical* person would imagine. Clever stage managers, of the Robert Roxby and Tom Higgin School, do not trouble Joey in the literary line, but generally rely on the ample resources of their own experience and imagination, which result in the production of a huge *affiche*, replete with jokes. Here is a specimen of the kind of thing that I mean, being a short extract from the programme of "JACK AND THE BEAN STALK; OR, HARLEQUIN LEAP YEAR:—"

"INDUCTION.

"THE ATMOSPHERE—Forty-five miles above the surface of the Earth.

"Remarkable appearance of the Weather in her Aurora Borealis Car.

"THE WEATHER, embodied, on this occasion, by MISS MASON.

Heat and Cold (her Attendants), Miss Fahrenheit and Miss Reaumer; Snow, Hail, Sleet, Mist, Rain, and Dew (her Aerial Agents) Masters and Misses White, Brown, Black, Grey, Drizzle, and Mizzle.

"Old Moore, Mr. Vox Stellarum; Zadkiel, Mr. G*****n; Hannay, Mr. U. Tilly; Pocket Almanack, Mr. Giltedge; Illustrated Almanack, Mr. D. Sign; Nautical Almanack, Mr. A. One.

"January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, and December, Messrs. Slippery, Drippy, Nippy, Showery, Flowery, Bowery, Hoppy, Croppy, Poppy, Wheezy, Sneezy, and Freezy.

"Twenty-ninth of February (his first appearance these four years) Mr. Bissextile; Twelfth Night, Mr. Sweetcake; Plough Monday, Mr. Yokel; St. Valentine, Mr. Billy Doo; Shrove Tuesday, Mr. Pancake; St. David's Day, Mr. Taffy; St. Patrick's, Mr. O'Whack; Lady Day, Miss Wantrent; All Fools' Day, Mr. Makegame; Easter Monday, Mr. Holiday, Whit Monday, Mr. Picnic; Longest Day, Mr. Shortnight; St. Swithin, Mr. Heavywet; The Dog Days, Masters Bark, Yelp, Snap, and Growl; St. Partridge, Mr. Popabit; Michaelmas Day, Mr. Greengoose; St. Crispin, Mr. Cobler; Fifth of November, Mr. Guido Fawkes; Lord Mayor's Day, Mr. C. T. Guy; Shortest Day, Mr. Longnight."

The painters, machinists, carpenters, property and gas men, an efficient orchestra and clever *corps de ballet*, will, under the superintendence of a

lynx-eyed stage manager, strain every nerve to make the pantomime *opening* (the fairy tale that preceded the harlequinade) go off well; but, when once animation, illumination, and resplendent decoration, united, have produced the magic transformation—when, having thrown off the outer chrysalis, Gaffer Greysheoes, you emerge as the spotted butterfly, Joey, and spread your bright wings to the sun; in plainer language, when you tumble head-over-heels towards the foot-lights, strikes a grotesque attitude, and hear your merry salute of “Here we are!” responded to by the hearty cheers of the assembled multitude, from that important moment the entire onus of the pantomime will rest on *your* shoulders! Should it prove a failure, wo betide the unlucky Clown! for, on your devoted head will the disappointed manager pour the vials of his wrath. In these cases, it is always “the bad comic business” that ruins the “spectacle”—a polite way of insinuating that Snooksini is an impostor, since that portion of the entertainment is under Joey’s absolute control, and left to his invention and contrivance; the properties and tricks required in it being manufactured by his orders, and subject to his approval. Non-professionals would scarcely believe that one trick alone would cost four hundred pounds; it is a fact, nevertheless. I have seen that sum paid for an automaton giant, who walked, “with solemn step and slow,” to the centre of the stage—stopped, shook his head, laid his hand on his stomach, to denote that it was empty—had the vacuum instantly filled up by Harlequin, who leaped into it with amazing celerity; when Monsieur the Giant ended his share of the performance by walking rapidly away, to the intense surprise and amusement of the spectators, who never for a moment doubted that he bore Patchy with him as an inside passenger. Those who were in the secret knew better—knew that the adventurous Harlequin went at one bound through the giant and the whalebone scene behind him. It was a most ingenious piece of mechanism, and worth the price charged for it by its originator. The demand for inexpensive tricks is general; and I regret to say, that, in proportion as the rage gains ground for gorgeous introductory spectacles, involving enormous outlay, managers grow every year more niggardly in affording the “appliances and means” that Joey should have at his disposal, and will frequently erase from his list such tricks as threaten to tax the exchequer too heavily.

In the opening story, it is not unusual for the pantomimists themselves to enact the parts of the lover, his mistress, the miserly old curmudgeon, and the funny servant; and, by means of slip (or strip) dresses, easily thrown off, an instantaneous metamorphosis into harlequinade garb is effected; but, when the Clown and his three inseparables are not agreeable to this arrangement, the speaking characters in the introduction are represented by other members of the *corps*, who, when the benevolent fairy waves her powerful wand, and, in doggerel verse, commands them to appear as agile Columbine, nimble Harlequin, tottering Pantaloon, and sprightly, merry Clown, slide off quickly at the side of the stage, and are so rapidly replaced by the veritable pantomimists, that none but practised eyes can note the exchange.

CHAPTER II.

ON ATTENTION TO DRESS.

THE advice of Polonius to Laertes, "Costly thy garment as thy purse can buy; neat, but not gaudy," was excellent as addressed to a young courtier, with a superabundance of pocket-money: being exactly reversed, it will suit you equally well; as you find your own clothes, let them be as cheap as money can purchase—good thick unbleached calico, fit for the unceasing wear and tear of Clownish life: *not* neat; on the contrary, "gaudy" as possible, with profuse trimmings of scarlet and yellow braid, and ornamented with stars, flowers, or scrollwork, cut out in broadcloth of divers gay colors. Some Joeys are frightfully degenerate, and have taken to *spangles*! "Pray you, avoid this," 'tis "villanous, and shows a pitiful ambition in the *Fool* that uses" them; besides, it is an unfeeling encroachment on the privileges of Patchy, who, poor fellow, has trials enough to bear, the heaviest of which is, the assumption (in many theatres,) of *Harlequin à la Watteau*, by *females*, to whom Celeste set the example: and it is more than probable, that in time, the man of many colors may be driven off the stage altogether. Indeed, for the last ten years a niminy-piminy species of entertainment (?) called *Burlesque*, has been endeavouring to annihilate jolly old *Pantomime* itself, but has only succeeded in raising its head above water, in a few insignificant liliputian theatres, where poverty of space and deficiency of appointments hinder an attempt being made to cope with establishments of superior calibre.

CHAPTER III.

ON A BECOMING DEPORTMENT.

ERASMUS tells us that "a gentleman ought to behave like a gentleman, and let his whole dress, air, motion and habit, bespeak a modest and bashful temper." These instructions, turned topsy-turvy, will be applicable to you—who, in the capacity of Clown, ought never, for a single moment, to lose sight of *your* character, but to let *your* garb and actions exhibit a waggish, thievish, impudent nature—even to the huge pockets, which, in the course of your foraging expeditions, will be crammed to repletion with the fish, clothes, sausages, candlesticks, butter, vegetables, and all the other eatables and wearables that that unscrupulous *drole* cunningly pilfers from the unwary, or audaciously wrests from the feeble.

CHAPTER IV.

ON GENERAL CONDUCT.

If you would have the performance go off with *éclat*, your motto will be "Push along—keep moving!" Never suffer the stage to be unoccupied; when there is a hitch in the scenery, or a trick that hangs fire, or refuses to work at all (occurrences sure to happen occasionally in the best-regulated *Pantomime*;) remember that the stage must never wait, nor the comic in-

terest flag ; you must fill up the hiatus with such clownish tact as to conceal it from the spectators : of them you must not take the slightest notice ; but, following the sensible recommendation of a celebrated *tragedienne*, lately retired, "look on them with as much indifference as though they were so many heads of cabbage." Very good advice this, and you will do well to act up to it.

CHAPTER V.

ON INDISPENSABLE KNOWLEDGE.

If it is your intention to become a first-class Joey, you must aim at acquiring a thorough knowledge of men and manners ; you ought likewise to be *au fait* to the leading politics, literature, fashions, and *on dits* of the day ; that your allusions, whether verbal or actional, may be well-timed and witty, and readily appreciated by your audience, without any clumsy after-explanations : and never forget that the "very head and front" of perfect Joeyism, consists in maintaining a grave countenance, whilst the "house" is in an agony of laughter at your antics ; and being extremely funny, without breadth, (except in your dress, and there a Dutch latitude is allowed).

CHAPTER VI.

ON INVENTION.

You must be fertile in expedients, and capable of converting the harlequinade properties to your own use, in furtherance of the scenic business. Should a "super" in costermonger guise, wheel a heavily-laden barrow across your territory—the stage—the spectators look on its freight as mere carrots, turnips, and cabbages ; you must discover in it the "makings of a man !" But, to the end that the lawful owner may not annoy you, you must offer to take charge of his goods, whilst he goes on some Joey errand—perhaps to "run for a pen'north of elbow-grease," to catch a pickpocket who is "suspected of having stolen a railway arch ;" or, to hurry away on any other fantastic message. Having thus secured yourself from interruption, you must proceed with inimitable comic gravity, in your Frankensteinian operations, which will presently result in the bodily presence of such a figure of fun ! with a pumpkin head, parsley hair, arms formed of huge carrots, with bunches of wide-spread radishes for fingers, a vegetable-marrow neck, a cabbage body, mangold wurzel legs, and cucumber feet—his appearance is irresistible ! Politely bowing, you introduce him to the audience as, "Mr. Green—my eldest ! ain't he a beauty ?" The applause is loud and long ; when it has subsided, you chant a pathetic couplet, conveying to the spectators the interesting information, that

"These here are the terrible woes and ills
That arises from swallowing vegetable pills!"

The costermonger returning, demands restitution of his goods, so you immediately undo your handiwork, pelt the man with the limbs of your dis-

jointed victim, and knock him down with his own wheelbarrow ; this is the signal for policemen, barbers, fops, old women and chimney-sweepers to rush on ; a general *mêlée*, technically termed a rally, ensues ; when, after everybody concerned in it has been capsized, thumped, bumped, given into custody, rescued and again thumped and bumped, they somehow scramble away, contriving to take with them all the properties that have been scattered about, higgledy-piggledy ; rallies being introduced chiefly for the purpose of clearing the stage, and not (as is supposed by the youthful portion of the audience,) for their especial gratification.

CHAPTER VII.

ON ILLEGAL CONVEYANCING.

BE prepared to collect a wardrobe, *sans cérémonie*, from the passers by ; (of course you will be necessitated to make your toilette under difficulties—attiring yourself with the greatest *sang froid*, in the open air ; probably in the busiest part of the city, or in the most fashionable street of the west end). A miller goes by, with a number of sacks on his shoulders ; you purloin two, cut them open at the bottom—draw them on—tie them round the waist ; lo ! you are provided with a pair of peg-top trousers ; a coat must be had ; so you run forcibly up against the next passer by, (a dandy,) who turning wrathfully round, is led by you to believe that the assailant was a small chimneysweeper, close at hand ; you urge them on to “fight it out”—you hold the gent’s paletot and chummy’s bag—and, having driven them both away to settle their dispute, you invest yourself in the stylish coat ; split darkie’s brush in the middle ; convert it into a pair of outrageous whiskers, and complete your dress by bringing out of an adjacent cookshop, a fryingpan and a round pie-dish ; the latter you put on for a hat crown, and, popping your head through the former, you are furnished with a handsome wide-awake ; so, putting your arm jauntily under your (unusual) coat tails, and using a gigantic door-key for an eye-glass, you strut off, with the air of a (stage) Bond-street loungeur.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON AMICABLE RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR COADJUTOR.

ALWAYS keep up an *entente cordiale* with Pantaloon—even though he should be a muff in his profession, and a blackguard out of it ; on no account let him fathom your thoughts with respect to his talent and behaviour. If you do, and thereby offend him, he will continually forget to “knap the slap,” i. e. to clap his hands suddenly together, with a loud noise, whenever you make a feint of giving him a terrific box on the ear, or a highflown kick in the eye ; and as that kind of sham fight prevails from the “here we are !” to the “good night !”—the alpha and omega of a harlequinade—a sulky or spiteful “old ‘un” has it in his power to mar Joey’s efforts. (or, as he would express it,) “to queer his pitch,” most

provokingly. Many a fine comic scene has been extinguished, many a tolerable pantomime unequivocally damned, for want of a friendly understanding between its two great moving powers.

CHAPTER IX.

ON HORSEMANSHIP.

THIS accomplishment is both elegant and useful; in fact to see the "Clown's system of horse training" left out of a pantomime programme, would be a perfect *Rarey*-ty; the subject selected for a display of Joey's miraculous powers is generally a hybrid (not high bred) animal, with the head of a giant guinea-pig, the mane of a lion, and the legs of a man. He is to be considered a horse, and treated accordingly. He is of osier origin, and has recently been brought, wild and unbroken, from the nearest basket maker's workshop; he is richly caparisoned, his housings being of a gay furniture print, bedecked with scarlet fringe. By a centrical, or more properly, centaurgical peculiarity in his construction, which enables you to put your legs through his skeleton framework, you identify yourself so closely with your steed, that the spectators are puzzled to discover where the man ends and the horse begins; this is a comfortable arrangement, and makes you completely "master" of the "horse;" and after Pantaloon's prefatory exhortation, "gee ho Jo-ey!" the band will strike up "Go to the devil and shake yourself," whilst you, having a perfect command of your animal, will in a few minutes, spite of all its shying, caracoling, wheeling about, and turning about, make it gallop thrice round the stage, then cast it (single handed !) on the ground, and fondle it as if it were a pet spaniel, and this will be the successful result, though he should be the most vicious (basket) horse to be found in the wilds of London, or its vicinity.

N.B.—This mode of horse training has no connexion with Mr. Rarey's or Miss Ashton's; it dates from the Grimaldian era.

CHAPTER X.

ON CLOWNISH SPORTS.

SHOULD you think proper to have another horse provided for "old 'un," that you may indulge in a game at tilt and tournay, it behoves you to deport yourself with chivalrous courtesy towards him, your adversary. Beware then of trampling his toes to pieces, and unnecessarily grinding his corn; also, beware of bobbing his eyes out, when causing your equine assistant to perform frantic gesticulations with his head.

Should you play with old 'un at leap-frog, when it comes to your turn to "make a back," mind that you don't—just as he is about to spring—summarily jerk your head back and drive it with all your might, against the pit of his stomach, knocking him back into the middle of last week; but rather, let him take his leap quietly, lay hold of his feet—elevate them in the air, and—(his hands acting as paddle wheels,) trundle him off the stage, shouting as you do so, "All hot! all hot! all hot! three yards a penny!"

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE USE OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

YOUR spirits must never flag; you must "assume" a cheerfulness "if you have it not;" and should lay in a sufficient stock of lively antics and queer grimaces, to last from rise to fall of curtain. Should you unwittingly take hold of the wrong end of a red-hot poker, instead of bewailing the mistake, you must provoke the mirth of your hearers, by chuckling, grinning, and laughing *ad libitum*, as though you relished the warm *stony* of the joke amazingly: or, should adverse fate condemn you to a dungeon's gloom, "keep your pecker up, governor!" throw your fetters around you, as a sylph would a garland of roses, and give vent to your feelings in a ludicrously-exaggerated hornpipe, terminating in a flipflap and sudden disappearance through the apparently impervious wall. Or, on retiring for the night, in a new lodging, should you find your humble pallet infested with certain unwelcome visitors, as large as your hand, instead of flying into a passion, you must merely observe pathetically to Pantaloon, that "misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows!" or, in jocular strain exclaim "Hi! old 'un! I'm a getting up in the world! I keep my own buggy!" Then pull your nightcap over your eyes, draw your knees up to your nose, and resign yourself to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

ON BEHAVIOUR TO SUPERIORS, CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES, THE FAIR SEX, INFANTS, THE AGED AND THE INFIRM.

In the course of your eccentric perambulations, you will certainly encounter a "heavy swell;" (when was there ever a Pantomime without a fop?) It is the height of Clownish etiquette to divest him of his dickey, thereby rendering it apparent that he is shirtless; to invite him to breakfast; to take care though, that he tastes neither bite nor sup: to wipe the kettle slyly with his white pocket handkerchief; to knock his hat over his eyes, and eventually, to kick him down stairs.

If you can catch a magistrate, inquire politely whether he is partial to "cold duck and sauce;" and, on receiving a reply in the affirmative, collect a mob, drag him to the pump, and, after a copious application of the liquid element, toss him in a dirty old carpet, and pitch him through a first-floor window; if the window happens to be shut, the crash will be more impressive, and the fun quite uproarious.

But—your respect for the constituted authorities of "the land we live in" can never be displayed to greater advantage than in your treatment of a policeman! No matter how roughly you handle him, the audience will go with you heartily. Having knocked him down, kicked him up again, turned him into a teetotum, and cracked his crown with his own staff of office, you must lug him into "an humble shed" (not that wherein "young love" is popularly supposed to reside), and, assisted by an elderly lady, whom you summon for that patriotic purpose from the washing-tub, you

evinced the estimation in which you hold the Peeler by thrusting him under a mangle, and remorselessly rolling him out until he is as flat as a pancake, as thin as a lamp-post, and about ten feet long.

Your native gallantry will prompt you to treat the gentler sex with becoming deference. If a respectable, elderly spinster should be enjoying a promenade with her cherished pet, Vixen, you must steal the pretty dog, and, tying its blue ribbon round the neck of a horrible penny wooden canine specimen, you let the unconscious lady lead it mincingly off. You then sell your new acquisition to an itinerant sausage vender. Or, should an unprotected female, laden with parcels, umbrella, and baby, be caught in a shower, you should civilly propose to take some of her incumbrances off her hands. Walk by her side, holding the *parapluie* over her head; rob her of the parcels, turn the umbrella inside out, and (pretending that you have no power to prevent its escape) let it soar away into the clouds! You will then coax the unprotected female to entrust you with her lovely offspring, while she goes in search of the thief who has stolen her packages. This arrangement will afford you an opportunity of testifying your tender solicitude for helpless infancy; which you may easily do by "chucking it" across the stage to Pantaloon, who will throw it back to you. When you are both weary of this game of battledore and shuttlecock, begin to squabble: in the scuffle, baby is thrown down; you flop on it in a sitting posture, squeeze it as flat as a flounder, and pop it into a water-butt.

Your due regard towards the aged and infirm you will necessarily exhibit in your numerous transactions with that venerable scamp, Pantaloon; calling him, opprobriously, "Cauliflower" (in allusion to his silver locks), pulling his beard, washing his face with a mop, shaving him with a saw, extracting his only sound tooth, and whacking, cuffing, punching, and kicking him whenever a chance occurs.

CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

In *one* article I can give you no advice; since it is impossible to foretell, or even to guess, what subjects will be available for a Clown to exercise his wit upon, in that distant future, when you will have arrived at a proper age to take upon yourself the character of Joey. In this point, therefore, I am unwillingly obliged to leave you to your own devices. This year the Clowns will sharpen their wits on "Garibaldi and Bomba," the "Chinese War," the "Benicia Boy and Tom Sayers." Last season, "little bonnets" were completely worn out, and "crinoline" nearly so. The "Great Eastern" cannot be expected to go down any more; "Rarey" is overthrown; the "Atlantic Cable" must be cut; and the "Rifle Volunteers," who, no longer ago than last Easter were great guns, will not go off a second time.

I have little more to say, except to impress on your mind the importance of insisting upon good benefit terms with your manager. That

achieved, issue a showy bill-of-fare for your own night, and rely on your talent, assisted by the efforts of your brother and sister performers, to secure a bumper!

Whatever be the intrinsic merits of your pantomime, bear in mind, that, in order to send its spectators home in good humour, the last scene must be dazzlingly gorgeous! Carry this feeling out, I beseech you, my beloved son, into private life too; and, if a poor Joey's aspirations for the ultimate welfare of his offspring are accepted, your turmoils and troubles will terminate in a Delightful *Dénouement*, in Refulgent Realms of Respite, Radiant Bliss.

M. L. L.

MY COLLEGE GOWN.

I.

UPON a peg behind my door, there hangs an old black gown,
I never put it on me now—I seldom take it down;
The dust grows thicker every day within its ample folds,
Yet few would guess how many a tale of bygone days it holds.

II.

My hair grows grayer every week—at least my friends so say—
The youngsters whisper that I'm "slow"—"that I have had my day;"
At ball, at rout, at pic-nic too, with the "fogies" I am left,
As if my youthful days were gone—of life and glee bereft.

III.

I must confess I don't half like to be thus laid aside,
Why, I can shoot, can dance or sing, can skate, can walk or ride;
I'm first in every gleesome sport, in every gleesome play,
And yet they whisper, "Dear old soul, *but* he has had his day."

IV.

It may be so—it may be true—I may have had my day;
My vigour and my youthful strength, may all have pass'd away,
And youth's bright hopes before Time's scythe, have fallen withered down,
Yet all come back as I fondly gaze upon my College Gown.

V.

My mother's proud and happy kiss upon my smooth young brow—
I feel it thrilling through my veins—I feel it even *now*;
No rush of care, no press of grief, the happy sight may drown,
My mother gazing on her boy as he dons his College Gown.

VI.

My father's kind and manly grasp, I feel it on my hand ;
As 'mid my peers in college hall, I proudly take my stand ;
With all my young heart's firm resolves to win a noble place,
To shun as death, whate'er his name may sully or disgrace.

VII.

The friends of many a bygone year come crowding round me still,
And faces, cold in death's sad sleep, my soul with rapture fill ;
Nor church-yard sod, nor seething wave, nor Afric's burning shore,
May hide the forms once truly lov'd, and lov'd for *evermore*.

VIII.

My lonely room grows full of life, and visions from the tomb,
Come fitting round me faster still, 'mid twilight's mystic gloom ;
As gazing on that old black gown, past days return once more,
And friends long dead again repass dark Lethe's solemn shore.

IX.

Another tale, a strange wild dream, my College Gown might tell—
Of one lov'd with the heart's first love—"not wisely, but too well,"
Of bright hopes laid for ever low, 'fore one seductive thrall,
Well—let it pass—my College Gown may serve them for a pall.

X.

I am a lone and childless man, but still my *heart* is young,
There's nought I love like the ringing laugh of childhood's happy
tongue ;
And, oh, I'd like some childish hand to scatter o'er my bier
The incense that I most should prize—its sorrow and its tear.

XI.

I'd like young hands to plant sweet flowers upon the church-yard sod,
When they have laid me to my sleep, in the peace and rest of God ;
I could not ask it oft I know, but in the twilight gloom,
I'd like young forms to kneel *sometimes*, and pray upon my tomb.

XII.

The hopes, the fears, of youthful days, in truth have pass'd away,
'Tis not for long—smile on me yet, though I have had my day :
Another day is coming fast—*then* lay me gently down,
And wrap my poor old worn-out clay in my worn-out College Gown.

T. J. P.

A BIT OF CRINOLINE,

ARE the men serious when they declaim so bitterly against the expanding agent which has long since become an indispensable element of female costume? Do they mean what they say when we hear them complain of the extraordinary fulness of skirt and "rotundity" of figure which a well-dressed woman uniformly exhibits? I, John Jones, Bachelor of Hayview Cottage, Stalkey, have my private opinions as to the sincerity of their professions. I know what many of them think and utter, in the cosy nooks to which we frequently retire to taste beer and blow tobacco. Hear a young fellow, coming into a house, protest that his legs have "suffered dreadfully" from contact with the procession of crinolines he has encountered on his way. Listen to his æsthetic indignation, as he draws a comparison between the old classic dress and the monstrous ugliness of that which prevails to-day, and you will feel half inclined to offer him a shilling's worth of healing-plaster. But were you to be favoured with the gentleman's opinions about one o'clock A.M. when the can is low and the tobacco nauseous, and all other topics having been exhausted, his friends turn their attention to the girls, it is a mulberry tree to a fig-leaf that you should hear him "stand up" for the hoops, and acknowledge that woman at last had reached her own sphere. Naturally, the statement will provoke a burst of laughter; but don't be alarmed. Every man present knows that his neighbour is a hypocrite on the vexed subject of crinoline or no crinoline; he knows what the laughter is worth, and he despises it. The writer, Jones, is under the impression that in unmasking the villanous system of falsehood which his friends have adopted in their treatment of the spherical question, he entitles himself to the gratitude and admiration of all his countrywomen, high-born and low-born. He likes the hoops himself; and what is more, he has the courage to avow it. He goes in for them, heart and soul; and his address is, Hayview Cottage, Stalkey, N.B. Hours of attendance for indignant males, from ten A.M. to ten P.M.

He thinks the question has never been considered with that analytical gravity which so extensive a subject merits. In their attempts to demolish great truths, the wits of the Revolution abstained from reasoning, and galled their opponents only with the arrows of ridicule. The arrows, even when they went straight to the mark, let in more light, and the blaze ruined the bowmen. In striving to effect the abolition of a costume familiar to us from daily contact, dear to us because it contains the best and loveliest of creation, the wits of 1861-2 lay down the weapons of honest logic and go to war like a legion of bumble-bees—backwards. They sting and they sting; but their attacks prove powerless when directed against the spring-steel constitution of common sense. Not one of them but has a wound to deplore; they have been hacked and slashed with bits of whalebone, and bound captive, neck and heels, with a little gutta percha—more power to the dear ladies! He thinks, he says, (and his name is Jones,) that the question has not been fairly treated; and he proceeds to show the why and the wherefore.

"The first figure in creation," says Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "is the circle—the eye forms its own; and the surrounding world embraces all that it holds, in spherical planes." Starting from this point, the clever eclectist proceeds to prove that the perfection of a line is half developed in the curve, and thoroughly realised in the circle. Bear this in mind. In the circle, also, we find the image of eternity—without beginning, without end. In the marriage ceremony it is the type of indissoluble union, the same under conditions of duration. Thompson here puts in an objection, and asks me what I mean by saying that marriages have no beginning. "Unfortunate man," I reply, "do you forget that they are made in Heaven?" He looks pale, and requests to be helped into the open air. Keeping in view the important moral functions which the circle discharges, we turn to the dear, much-abused crinoline, and in it the philosophic eye discovers not the hooped substratum of inflated silk or muslin, not the public obstruction so decried by men of weak understandings, but a magnificent exposition of the plan of the universe—an *alto rilievo* of space and matter—a profoundly organised model of the suns, stars, and moons, which wheel and blaze around us. Lift up your eyes, O incredulous Barker! to the exquisite crinoline suspended above yonder door. In the lowest circle of the beautiful robe, you have the orbit of the remotest planet; ascending by degrees, you meet with others of more contracted limit—there Saturn rushes through the interminable waste (I mean the first hoop,) belted, you can imagine, with his frosty zones; there Mercury rolls his green splendours, there Mars whirls his crimson lights. And, look at the centre—there is space—indescribable vacuity—profound emptiness—intense nothingness—the visible and invisible of something, for which ages of wisdom have failed to find a name. Observe how all those circles are related one to the other by permanent but scarcely-seen connexions. You say the connexions are obvious enough. So they are; but wait until our system is enveloped in a tender, gauzy robe, with which soft winds and softer hands shall toy, and you shall not perceive them so readily. The machinery shall be lost—its results preserved. Barker roars "Ha! ha!" he exclaims, "Ha! ha! why you have left out the sun—good!" I turn to the irreverent scoffer, and with a grave voice, rebuke him thus. "Sir, I confess the system, at this stage, is necessarily defective, but if you take it home to your cousin Alice I protest you will not have long to complain of the absence of the central body." "But where's the moon?" he asks. Placing my hand over my left breast, I inquire:—"Dare you to question the pretensions of one who for years has revolved around her?" "No, I don't," he says; and the exposition is completed.

When Brougham told us the schoolmaster was abroad, little did he anticipate that those patient labourers in the weedy garden of human intellect, should, in the course of a half century, be assisted in the propagation of moral and astronomical truth by almost every woman in these kingdoms. Long life to the hoops! Our seminaries, with their assistance, shall be enabled to dispense with globes, charts, and orreries—a crinoline suspended above the head rostrum supplying their place. In good time it will not be

uncommon to find the great divisions of the world accurately mapped on its interior and exterior edges, so that when the continents, islands, and seas of one hemisphere have been exhausted, the robe needs but turning inside out to display the geographical features of the other. Walking with our children in Sackville-street, we need only keep behind a lady to deduce from her charming outline lessons of the gravest import on the physical laws of the universe, for their instruction. "Elizabeth and Albert," we may be heard saying, "in the graceful body which precedes us you have a correct description of the world. The bottom ring represents the Equator, the topmost, the Antarctic Circle; those horizontal lines are parallels of latitude; these perpendicular ones are lines of longitude. When the sun is in the equator,"—but at this stage of the lesson we shall be agreeably surprised if the lady is lost in the crush at Carlisle-bridge, and thus prevents us going further. Or, taking a moral subject for the discourse, we might say, "Darlings, in that crinoline, we have a striking image of time: we know not when it began—as far as we can see, it will have no end; and day after day, it grows greater and greater." There is little doubt that a course of instruction, conducted on these principles, would be highly conducive to the progress of our juvenile community.—"Sermons in stones, you know, and good in everything."

As to the strict question of the propriety of costume, Jones does not despair of making out a shining defence for the maligned appendage. We are told it is graceful. In his (Jones's) opinion, the sweetest outline yet discovered is that of the cone. To the form in which it is moulded, he attributes the preponderating popularity of lump-sugar over brown. The cone, next to the circle, is the form which prevails most throughout nature. Take up a delicately-limned shell on the sea-shore, and an examination will convince you that its departed occupant died in an agonising struggle to twist his habitation into the aforesaid shape. Every spiral ring on its surface is the record of a terrible revolution—one and all aspiring to the figure ambitioned by the defunct animal. The pyramids and obelisks of the Land of Night, as some one has called Egypt, are but necessary modifications of the same shape. A cone, be it remembered, presents no angle. If it had been strictly adopted in the pyramids, it would be impossible they could oppose distinct sides to the cardinal points of the heavens; if adopted in the obelisks, the characters engraved on their surfaces would be confused from want of boundaries. Long before crinoline was the rage, a veiled bride was a graceful figure. The glorious sweeping lines, descending from the head to the feet, the delicious tapering of the body in a reverse direction, were all gained independently of the assistance of artificial extension. Then, the lights fell so tenderly and warmly over the surface of the dress that the wearer floated about like a summer mist, tinged with impalpable beauty. Until the bride was unveiled, the charm lasted; stripped of the long lace, she was reduced to the shape of a clumsy gate-post; or a fishing float, narrow at the extremity, thick at the centre. Jones knows that the brides of former times—of the crinoline *interregnum*—did not always suffer this metamorphosis. He remembers such a thing as

stiff card-paper, in which a lady was made up, till, on sitting down, her dress produced a report like the crack of a broken bandbox. Further, he remembers having been placed on a stool to lace his sister's back, as she was preparing for a ball; and can declare, that if the total of her skirts were divided by three the quotient would be still astonishing. In those days, a lady in full dress stalked about like a clothes-horse. She was a combination of velvets, tissues, satin, padousoys, armozeens, ducapes, tabbys, taf-faties, lutestrings, and sarcanets; for delightful tulle had not yet made its appearance, and illusion was amongst the phantoms of the future. Winter and summer, she was alike miserable; her life was a burthen to herself. Laundresses were important people, and her family suffered heavily. Notwithstanding the prodigious outlay expended upon dress at the period he speaks of, Jones can aver that the female form was far from being conical: it was ugly, it was clumsy, it was inconvenient. Not that he denies it was an improvement on the square hoop of Elizabeth and the Georgian period, a comical imitation of which is worn by Mrs. Howard Paul in the clever entertainment conducted by herself and her husband, in Regent-street, London. The square hoop was simply an abomination, like the muff, the furbelow, and others of its contemporaries. It converted a lady into a jack-in-the-box; it was monstrous to the last degree. Neither does he deny it was an improvement on the style of dress adopted, say in 1700. Before him, at this moment, lies a cut, in which two ladies of fashion—persons of quality perhaps—are represented taking an airing in the grounds of Chesnut House, once occupied by the Lord Protector of England. Their gowns may be simply described as sacks, with prolonged tails. They are close-fitting garments, in which the wearers could not sit or walk with any degree of comfort. Of the trimmings, &c., he presumes to say nothing (although the plate is coloured, and the texture in one case is green, with a quilted purple border; in the other, a lively saffron, turned up with a slender scrap of pepper-and-thunder); but he ventures to speak of the bodies of those walking robes: they are very short, very low, and resemble the top of a tundish, cut off and thrust into the bottom section of a flute. As he gazes upon the pretty profile which the taller of the two persons of quality turns towards him, how he longs that a bit of crinoline might impart to her *riante* figure that last touch which implies perfection! Alas! and alas! In the matter of bonnets, Jones hastens to announce that he shall have something to say in a future number; but he cannot, he feels, close this paper without some reference to the much-vaunted costume of the ancients. "Only look, exclaims one, "at the glorious drapery of a Greek statue; observe how the folds fall and intermingle with that delicate grace which springs from the highest conception of the essence of beauty." He, Jones, has been observing all this, but never could see the "grace" or the perception. All he can perceive when he examines one of those statues is a white sheet, thrown negligently over a white *torso*. It is, moreover, full of wrinkles and puckers; it must trip the wearer should she ever attempt to step from the pedestal whereon she stands doing penance for posterity. It must have

seriously incommoded her when grilling a steak or baking a hearthcake. It is a monument of eternal disgrace to a people who, with all their refinement and luxury, were, if we are to believe their sculptors, ignorant of the use of needles and thread. One excuse remains to be urged in their defence—the climate was warm, their imagination free, their textile manufactures backward. Jones is ready to avouch that if an Irish lady could, by any means, be transported back to Greece, and to the days when the national genius was in its prime, she would create a revolution in Greek art: the sheet would disappear, and the lady divinities thenceforth be sumptuously robed in barrel bell and full-train crinoline. Referring to the cone theory, he asserts that that form is best attained by the use of the nineteenth century hoop; and he, therefore, stands up for it.

There are hundreds of fellows who annoy him frequently by declaring that the fashion has already begun to decay. He does not believe a word of it. It has sustained the attacks of Mr. John Leech, in *Punch*, and of a hundred less eminent caricaturists, without diminishing an inch. The war has not been fairly conducted on the part of the assailants; their attacks have been more than once remarkable for exaggeration, often descending to indelicacy; they give us the worst side of the picture only. The public will have a morsel of fun at anyone's expense; but who could have been insane enough to hope that our women could be ridiculed out of anything? They wore daggers and embroidered girdles, feathers, ruffs, and furbelows, at an age when those pretty extravagances were assailed by keener wits than abound just now—they displayed them because they were pleased to do so; they discontinued them for precisely similar reasons. Mr. Leech may shut up—at least he does not enjoy Jones' sympathies, small as they may be. In Bond-street and Belgravia, J. has sometimes seen ladies abroad without crinoline, and bearing the trains of their dresses on their left arms. The effect was pretty for a time, but was ultimately repulsive. He was alarmed, and requested to be told the cause of this singular and unbecoming innovation, and was informed that it was in consequence of the faculty of the district having ventilated the report that "there was excessive electricity in the atmosphere, which rendered the wearing of steel apparel temporarily hazardous." He is delighted to give this great truth publicity, in the hope that it may counteract the injurious impressions which the assumed scandal may have produced. When Barker accompanied him to the opening of Parliament, last Spring, he was delighted to direct his companion's eyes to the benefit which the silver lustre robe worn by her Majesty derived from the artificial substratum on which it reposed. The gorgeous hue—the shy gleam of the superb material came out gloriously in rich contrast with the deep crimson of the state cloak. The peeresses all round the house, were similarly attired; and the air of pomp which pervaded the brilliant gathering, was mainly attributable—to what? why crinoline. Barker, whilst he could not help admiring its effect, asserted that the queen, though paying homage to the prevailing fashionable folly on public occasions, wore "none" within the palace precincts; whereupon Jones, the present writer, began to devise some means of testing the accuracy of his

friend's assertion. It may be necessary to state that he (Jones,) has not the entrée to Buckingham Palace, that he has never been at a state ball, that he wields no back-stairs influence of any description; and that the privacy which surrounds the royal habitation at one time bid fair to defeat his curiosity. Did he succeed?—he did. Close to Buckingham Palace, at the time he writes of, the great Westminster Hotel—an elaborate copy of the Louvre—was in course of erection. For the purpose of building the ribbed domes which ornament the extremities of the building, scaffolding had been raised to the height of two hundred feet or upwards. Giving the man in charge of the works a shilling, Jones slipped into the building and climbed to the top of the left dome, whence was visible the enclosed quadrangle and pleasure grounds of her Majesty's town residence. With the assistance of a *lorgnette* (given him by one of the best fellows within or without the sound of Bowbells,) he made out the royal party, consisting of the Queen, Prince Consort, and the Princess Alice, promenading on a grassy lawn which sloped down to an enriched balustrade. Hurrah! as he lived, the Queen was *en train*; so was the Princess Alice, and so were three or four ladies in attendance. You should have seen them as they paced across the crisp grass, whilst every wind that blew around the mysterious raiment struck it with some lovelier modification of light and shadow. The costume of the royal lady—and he whispers this for the benefit of nobody except those for whom it is intended—consisted of a gray satin robe, with a double ruche at the bottom of the skirt; the sleeves were close-fitting, ending at the wrists in tiny cambric frillings; a white bournoise, and a charming bonnet, trimmed with strawberry fruit and leaf, completed the imperial toilette. Jones saw it; and he swears that the simple elegance of the whole would be seriously compromised, in his reverential eyes, in the absence of the much-abused crinoline, the glorious Deltaic outline of which set it off to the utmost advantage. Intoxicated by the vast importance of the discovery, he hurried down the steep ladders, and set off in search of Barker. That wretched individual evinced the utmost compunction of spirit when solemnly rebuked for his mendacity; but to his honor be it told, that on going home he turned into a small linen-draper's shop in Holborn, and was seen to leave it ten minutes subsequently, with a paper parcel of elastic appearance under his arm. "And, my dear, isn't Mrs. Barker wonderfully improved since Tuesday last?" Oh! don't you know why?—whisper——" Jones trusts the context will be obvious. Further, he would add, that any person climbing to the top of the Westminster Hotel in the hope of seeing the royal family in the palace grounds, shall have their labour for nothing; as, since the morning on which he effected the ascent, a huge mound has been wisely interposed between the hotel windows and the palace pleasure-grounds.*

He has considered the subject from end to end, and flatters himself he has made out a case a case perfect in all its parts, irrefutable in its conclusions. These may be summed up thus—"Item, Crinoline:—the men like it; it

* This is strictly the truth.

is cheap; æsthetic; it is graceful; the women adore it, royalty has patronised it, Jones had defended it; therefore it must continue to flourish. It assists the spread of education, and the development of ideas—*argal*—it is intellectual. Our raiment is fragile, but this lasts—what, for instance, would be refused for the hoops of Catherine de Medicis, or those of Anne of Russia? In conclusion, he resolves that whenever he shall marry, the extent of his wife's accomplishments shall be measured by the extent of her crinoline; her goodness of temper by its elasticity; her grace by its grace; her fulness of heart by its fulness of muscle. And with a devoted soul, at the feet of the ladies of these kingdoms he lays this *BRT* of crinoline.”

O.

THROUGH THE SNOW-DRIFT.

A STORY OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

WE looked across a desert of snow, and through a waste of darkness, on the last night of the old year, as we lay in leaguer before Sevastopol. Three of us sat before a cheery fire I had managed to make, with the aid of Tom Spence, the trumpeter, who was about the best hand at a thing of that sort I ever knew, and my experience was pretty considerable. I was on duty in the trenches, and as I sat shivering in the cold, first, one dropped down to my station, then the other, until we three, Percival, the surgeon, of ours, Mourad Bey, of the Turkish contingent, and myself, the captain of the Fighting Fifth, found ourselves together, and objugating the terrible weather. A consultation took place between Tom Spence and myself, as to the possibility of managing a little entertainment for my visitors, and the result was, the erection of a cheery fire, upon which my camp-kettle was mounted, some of the best brandy-punch I ever tasted, a screen around us of torn sand-bags, to hide the light as well as we could from the enemy; and a great deal of cosiness, in the ruins of the old battery, where we enjoyed our New Year's Eve. The white drifts fell fast and far as we sat, and now and then, one or the other of us stole quietly to the ruined embrasure which was on our right, and gazed into the gloom over to the Russian fortresses, from which, at regular intervals, a flash broke and the dull deep sound of a piece of heavy ordnance shook the air. The ping of a rifle, as some of the men on the advanced posts took occasion, from the light of an exploding gun, to try and hit a luckless gunner—the hurtling of a round shot, as it ricocheted above our heads—the hiss of a shell as it made its curve, and fell beyond us, varied the monotony of the ordinary booming, which seemed specially designed to show us that the Russian artillerists were not gone asleep. With those sounds alone excepted, the rest of the world under our ken seemed very well inclined to tranquillity. The earth appeared as if it had gone to bed and been carefully tucked up, under the whitest of quilts, not daring to show its nose in the wintry air. The heavens were as black as though they were painted with a remarkably heavy hand. No human voice broke the stillness as we sat in the ruined

battery, sipped our punch and chatted—we three—Tom Spence further over, but still within our circle, his bugle run by the cord and tassel in on his arm, and a glass of the brandy before him. Tom didn't like punch, though he was a capital hand in its brewing, consequently we humored him in his failing, and gave him his liquor neat.

We had gone on thus, sipping our punch, listening to the batteries, and talking of the war, for a matter of an hour or so, and at last we had grown silent and melancholy like, speaking only in whispers, and wrapped up in thought which garmented us round with strange fancies. The light of the fire had subsided into the dull glare of the red embers, when Tom Spence took up the edge of the improvised awning, and as I said before, we three looked across a desert of snow and a waste of darkness. What did we see, each of us, that we gazed so intently into that wintry night? What did we look for with eyes of eager questioning, resting on nothing to which they could fix their regard? What did we expect to see as we peered through the rifts of falling flakes, which dropped down so ceaselessly, and so silent, on the battle ground where the hosts of four nations watched for victory through shades of death and darkness? I know not, I cannot even imagine, but we looked intent and stern, as if we looked at things far beyond our fleshly vision, and made a sight of them to win our glances with a weird attraction.

Tom Spence let fall the little awning again, and we looked no more; but each man's glance sought his neighbour, and then fell down upon the fiery embers at his feet, and gazed through the flaming interstices where the fuel burned.

"What have you seen through the snow-drift?" said Dr. Percival to Mourad Bey.

"Home!" said the Bey.

"And you?" said the Doctor, turning to me.

"A watcher far away," said I, "and little children sleeping."

"And I," said the Doctor, "have seen the dead!"

"Two fair faces," he continued, "which are now paler than the snow; two bright faces, now hidden in the gloom of a night darker than this; two warm faces, now colder than the world frozen up around us. The living who are gone, the living whom I loved, the living who meet me no more in fleshly shape. Yes; I have seen them coming in the snow-drift, looking through the night. The dead have been before my eyes!"

There are times when credulity, or rather the spirit of belief, is stronger in man than at other occasions. For my own part, there seemed nothing strange, irrelevant, or unexpected in the language of the doctor at the time he spoke it. It fell in, as it were, with a current of my own thoughts, and swept them with it. I did not feel it wonderful or uncalled-for. It was as if I expected what he said, and that it occurred out of our notions quite naturally. Looking back now, and penning it down here, it may have altered its seeming of fitness; but, then, it grew to the occasion.

We became silent again. I looked at Mourad Bey, and I looked at Dr. Percival. Neither of them seemed to mark my glance. Mourad had

his eyes fixed on the fire with a strong and vacant stare; the doctor was looking where Tom Spence had raised the awning, as if he could see nothing else in the world.

Now, how Dr. Percival or Mourad Bey used to meet so often in my presence I never could until that night understand. When of an evening I was in my tent, and off duty, as sure as the doctor stepped in, Hassan Bey was sure to be in after he was seated; or, if Hassan came first, the Doctor was sure to follow him. And yet, elsewhere, they never were seen in companionship; but where I was the society of each seemed to have a strange fascination for the other. How they knew each other was through me. At the battle of the Alma I first met Mourad Bey; he was a volunteer in our ranks. He had held a command in that disorderly lot of blackguards, the Bashi Bazouks. When the hard work fell from the hands of Omar Pasha into those of the allies, Mourad Bey had come up from Smyrna, where he had recovered some wounds he had met in the affair between the Turks and Russians near Varna, and was known as one of the most desperate men in the army in a short time after he joined. He managed to keep with our fellows generally, but his test of following was always the place or men who were fighting. When there was a chance of a skirmish between the French and Russians, until it had been an accomplished fact Mourad Bey was never to be seen amongst us. Wherever there was anything reckless or terrible to be done, he was ready to take a share. Everyone knew Mourad Bey; everyone had some story to tell of his daring, and, in the armies congregated in the fearful leaguer, no one there was who did not recognise in his name that of the fiercest warrior in all their ranks.

Still curious enough, whether he was a Russian, a Turk, an Englishman, a Frenchman, or Italian, I had been never told. He spoke all the languages of those men with the greatest facility and purity of expression and accent. In a night attack which we made on the advanced batteries of the Russians early in the siege, I had jumped down into an entrenchment amid the enemy, and the few men who followed me were quickly shot or bayoneted in the *mêlée*. The same fate was in reserve for myself, a huge grenadier having clubbed his gun to dash out my brains, when a flash lightened above my head, the report of a pistol-shot followed, and down beside me sprang Mourad Bey, the grenadier falling across me dead. Rapidly rushing into the entrenchment came a company of our fellows, at whose head Mourad's sword gleamed ruddiest through the light of battle. The Russians had no chance before him then, and ere I could collect my thoughts the place was won. When the bloody work was over I approached to thank him for the prompt interference which saved my life. He received the outpouring of my gratitude chilly enough, and laying his hands upon my shoulder, he whispered hoarsely in my ear,

"The greatest return you can make me," said he, "is to forget this."

He turned away as he spoke. I met him often afterwards, and always made it a point to address him, notwithstanding I received but scant courtesy. I invited him on those occasions to my quarters, but he returned an evasive reply, and with all my desire to cultivate it, our ac-

quaintance progressed nothing. So we remained on this footing until a number of civil surgeons having been sent out from home, in consequence of the extent of the deceased in the camp, Doctor Percival was attached to our division. His tent was pitched beside my hut, but in the terrible storm which occurred soon after his arrival in the memorable winter of '55, his tent was blown away, and I was forced to share my quarters with him. We were so comfortable together that the Doctor did not apply for any change. The Doctor was a grave and calm man, strong and lofty in stature, very still and taciturn, and constantly occupied either in the hospital or the trenches when on duty. We were not intimates although, dwelling under the same roof. He sought no intercourse, and although courteous and gentlemanly, seemed rather a lover of his own thoughts than a seeker for society.

We had been living together in this way during a few months, when one evening as we sat at the stove in the hut, a knock came to the door. I opened it, and Mourad Bey stood before me, shaking the snow off his bearskin coat. I was surprised to meet him.

"I have accepted your invitation," he said, "at last."

"You are welcome," I replied.

I introduced Doctor Percival to Mourad Bey. They bowed and looked like men who had seen each other somewhere before. A quick and flashing glance I noted to pass between each. A hectic flush crossed the face of the Doctor, a lowering of the gaze was perceptible in the Bey. Little was said or spoken between them on that night; but regularly afterwards they used to meet in my presence. Something seemed to be between them—something that I could not fathom or catch. Their acquaintance never grew warmer than upon the first occasion. Rarely used they address each other; but still, in those times when no battle was rife, and the wounded died or rested, when duty did not claim my presence from my quarters, those two men used to meet. After I left the hut, and Dr. Percival in it, and had to move down further towards the beleaguered city, Mourad Bey never entered it; yet, regularly, and as if by concert, although I knew there was none expressed between them, to my tent they used to come, but never in companionship. So, too, used they leave it, each by himself. It was no surprise, then, to me, that on this last night of the old year, as I was in the ruined battery, that, after Dr. Percival hailed me where I crouched under the crumbled work, Mourad Bey stepped into the same place. Everything went on after as I have related until now—we three sat silent, each thinking. At last—the Doctor broke the silence again, as if he went on with his discourse.

"I never knew," he continued, "how it was that Fred Fenton and I were rivals. He was my sincerest friend, and I could have died for him; but, for all that, we were rivals. At school, we were opposed to each other in all our games, and, as our excitement rose, strove each to carry the special victory for himself. At college, we were rivals for intellectual supremacy. We both contended for the same prizes—one sometimes, the other again triumphant. Perhaps no two men were more sin-

cerely attached to each other after all. Any aid which I could give Fred, or he could give me, in our preparations for examination, was freely accorded; and, although for the time, and on the occasion, all the powers of each were put forth in contest, still, the game played out, the winner would willingly resign the honour or reward to his less successful rival. This much I must say for myself—this much I must admit for him. As we were on the last year of the undergraduate course, one morning in the autumn Fred rushed up to my rooms, and told me that his father had died in embarrassed circumstances, and he was called away at once home. We parted; he promised to write—he never wrote. I did not meet him for many years after. I had taken my degree, and, in order to perfect myself in the profession which I had adopted, travelled through Europe, and studied under the best professors of the various sciences which are collateral to medicine.

“Before I went away from England, I had sought for my friend at his old residence; but I heard there the painful intelligence that, at the sad death of Frederick’s father, his mother sank under the shock of the ruin which she found herself involved, and my friend was left alone to contend with all those difficulties inseparable from poverty and misfortune. The property was sold off in the usual course of law in such cases, and, beggared and broken, Frederick Fenton had gone away, no one knew where.

“During three years I remained at some one or other of the great continental schools of physis in France, Austria, or Germany; and at the end of that time I thought I would return, to settle down to practice, after having seen Rome. To Rome, accordingly, I journeyed, and I saw the Eternal City in the early summer.

“In the hotel where I remained there were some few English people; but two of the residents struck me particularly—they held the relation of father and daughter. Maria Weston was very fair, and very young; but of a character not rare—accommodating and pliable, in other respects perfectly amiable. I had become acquainted with her father and herself by our frequency of meeting. He was a frank and hearty old man, but stern and harsh. He seemed to believe that his daughter had only one duty to perform—and that was, utter and implicit obedience to him. She did endeavour to perform it according to his wishes; but the endeavour destroyed a character otherwise true and honest. Mr. Weston was a rigid disciplinarian—his child was motherless. He did not know how to fashion the young branch to rise into a fair and stately tree. He aimed to dominate feeling, and passion, and intellect, instead of aiming to rule, to direct, or to mould them. Human nature may be dominated, but in the effort it will be falsified. “The slave is never true. Maria Weston was dominated by her father’s slightest will in everything; and the consequence was, that she had no will of her own in her actions when he required them to be controlled by his. I saw all this—I understood it all very clearly—still, Maria Weston was very fair, and I had her father’s leave to woo and win her. I will not go over the details; we were married, and went to England. I settled down in practice in a manufacturing town, and progressed in wealth.

"My wife and I did not live happily. No word of anger, of regret, or doubt, ever fell from either of us; but day by day, from our bridal, a shadow came between us—darkened our hearth, darkened our home. I look back now into the past, and I know how easily the gloom could have been dispelled if we had willed it; but my pride would not bend to notice the coldness of my wife, and she had not the courage to stand in the light of truth. So the gulf between our hearts grew wider and wider, whilst, to any one who knew us, there never rose a sign of the great estrangement which afterwards brought sin, sorrow, and death upon us. A babe was born to us, and for awhile the light of its presence dispelled the shadow which gathered over and about us; but it was only for awhile. Maria was delicate, and her child partook of the tenderness of constitution of its mother. They had to be separated. The infant was placed at nurse amid the Welsh mountains, and my wife went to the mineral springs of Germany to recover her health.

"Months after, she came back, looking more lovely than ever I had seen her. A gleam of gladness for a day or two brightened up our home; but again came the presence of gloom upon us, and the mistrust of each other became as marked as of old. We met but seldom, except at meal-times. I was absorbed in my professional duties, which grew upon my hands, and in which I sought relief from the pain at my heart. A year rolled away, and found the breach unrepaiied. There was no more confidence between us—no more hope of its renewal.

"Why should I look into this bitter past? Why should I prolong its history? I came home one evening to find my wife gone and my home desolate. A letter on her dressing-table bade me forget her, and seek her not. Her name was appended to it. I laid it quietly on the table, and bowed down my head beside it, racked with pain, and grief, and agony.

"How that night passed and the next I know not; but the evening of the second day found me in London. A packet of letters and a portrait had revealed all the secret of my dishonoured home. The portrait was that of Frederick Fenton. The letters were written before my wife's marriage. I gleaned enough from them to know that she reciprocated his affection, but that her father was opposed to Frederick. Their correspondence was clearly secret; he urged her flight with him. Well for her she had fled, then I had been spared a great grief.

"I sought them in every capital in Europe. Thank Heaven we never met! I returned after some months' wandering, and began my old life of constant duty. I had my child brought home. She became a fair little creature, and my heart lifted up a great love that grew in my sorrow for the stricken innocent. Never was there such a balm for my affliction as this was given me. Month after month found me growing calm, if not content, with all that was. Every spare moment I could snatch was devoted to little Helen, and her young soul seemed wrapped up in mine. One year had passed thus—two had flown, and the third began—yes! the third—and fear came with it. Helen's eyes were very bright, and her cheeks very rosy of an evening when she welcomed my return. She was

not so fond of romping in her childish gaiety. A little exercise fatigued her. In any other case I should have made no hesitation in pronouncing what those symptoms foreboded, but in hers I argued with my fears, and battled with my knowledge. It was not the step of death which fluttered that little heart. No! surely, the child was growing; and so I shut my eyes upon it all, and from day to day, the change came, and at last others told me Helen was in consumption. I knew it then, I felt it then, that my darling was doomed to the narrow house, that the chancel was to close over the fair face, and that I was to be alone in the world—alone with a great sorrow, until I should tread the path by which she sped before me. At last her weakness became greater, and the hectic more continued. Her eyes now were ever lit with that unearthly brilliancy which shows the fire of life to be burning out with its own ardour. Her cheeks glowed with the fearsome flush more constantly. A cough racked her fragile frame with its cruel paroxysms, and she came no more to meet me, but I went now to her bedside. The parting hour was near. I slept not in the nights, but thought in the silence of my own chamber, how great my sorrow was, and watched for the morning, to fly from my home, and lose myself in my avocations. So time rolled by; Christmas came and went, and the last night but one of the old year came. The snow fell fast, and the wild gusts of wind swept coldly through the whitened streets, as I ascended the steps to my own house, returning after my weary day of toil and danger by the beds of death and weakness. I knocked, and as the door was opened, a woman stepped out by me. Thinking it might be some one who had been requesting my attendance, I entered the dining-room and sat down.

“How is Helen?” said I to the housekeeper, who entered.

“The same way, sir,” she replied. “She is anxious to see you.”

“I arose and went up to my child’s bedside, and clasped her pale, thin hand. Her face brightened at my presence.

“Dear pa,” she said, “I feared you would not be home in time. You know I may not stay long with you now. I dreamed but last night I had arrived at that bright place where the angels surround the throne of Him who died for us, and now I shall not be long dreaming; I have begun my journey.”

“She had been in her days of health wondrously precocious, but since her illness her words had a wisdom in them far beyond her years. Now she gazed at me out of those deep and lustrous eyes, as if she sought to read my soul. I knew not the meaning of her glance.

“‘Have I ever annoyed you,’ she said, ‘or pained you for all your kindness and love to me?’”

“‘Never! my child,’ I replied, ‘never! you were always my pride and my joy, and too good for this world.’”

“‘If I have, you will forgive me,’ she said. ‘I wish anyone had ever pained or troubled me, that I might forgive the pang or trouble now. It is a blessed thing to pardon.’”

“Dear child! the words fell upon my heart like a reproach. I was

taught the glory of faith by a babe. I had a great deal to forgive, and I never knew the blessing of making forgiveness, but stood up in my manhood darkened by pride, and saw only anger, and not pity in my soul. There were tears in my eyes, which burned my cheeks like molten lead. The barren rock needed a second blow of the prophet's staff—my heart was touched but once, when it yielded the living waters. Where was the poor sinful wanderer now, that I might feel the joy of mercy in my spirit, in saying, I too, could forgive?

"As if Helen knew what was passing in my mind, she said to me,

" 'I weary you, and you are tired enough; go and rest, but come to me again.' "

"I went from her chamber to my own, and casting myself on my knees, I prayed.

"Looking back, now, I see how wisely God orders events to our eternal good. A little child was put before me, as a child was put before wiser and better than me, for a likeness to model my spirit for heaven. The words of Him of Nazareth echoed in my ear—'Amen I say unto you, unless ye become like unto this little one, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"All that night I lay sleepless, and there came a consciousness of a strange presence in the house. I heard a soft foot on the stairs, and knew it came and went from Helen's chamber. A thought of who it might be crossed my mind, and then was dismissed. The wanderer had not come back yet, surely.

"The next morning, in the first light, I stood again by the bedside of the sufferer. She was resting, in the grey dawn, wearied with the long, sick vigil. A smile swept her face, and she murmured in her rest. Did I hear the broken words aright, and were they an endearment of her absent parent?

"I did not disturb the sleeper, but went forth. That day I had received a summons to attend a consultation fifty miles away. It was near midnight when I reached my home. The snow fell heavily as I waited for the door to be opened.

" 'What of Helen?' " said I to the servant, the moment I crossed the threshold.

" 'Oh, sir, Miss Helen is dying!' " said she, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"I heard no more, I asked no more. I ascended the stairs into the little chamber, where eternity was opening for one human soul at all events. The silence was broken by the rapid inspirations of the dying child. To her bed I directed my gaze. Pale as if exanimate she lay; the rose gone from her cheeks, the light gleaming no more in her eyes, but, as if my entrance called her back from death, she half rose, caught my hand in hers—she smiled.

" 'Mother!' " she exclaimed.

"Out of the shadow of the dim room came a woman—lowly beside the bed she knelt. Her face was pale and worn, but upon it there was

no despair written. I had seen it beautiful and radiant many a day before. It was the memoried face of the wanderer. The child took her hand, placed it in mine.

"Blessed are the merciful," she murmured, "for—they shall receive—mercy."

"My hand closed upon the hand of her who had fled from my home, and my heart opened in pardon. The child saw it all. A smile dwelt upon her pallid lips, and lit up her eyes. A sob broke from my wife.

"Hush," I said, "'there should be no sorrow here.'"

"The brow of the forgiven was bent down in prayer. I looked at my darling as the fire of life went out in its temple. There was a shiver—a sigh—and my child was an angel. One cry of grief broke from my heart, one gnash of tears suffused my eyes, and I knelt and prayed with true and humble resignation. "'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' A moment or two to grief, and then a struggle with pride for victory. It blesses me now to think that the latter nature was triumphant. I spoke to my wife.

"Come, Maria," said I, "'arise! this is the hand of God.'"

"But she did not arise. Her hand was stiff and heavy in mine. I called one of the servants over. I thought she had fainted. I rushed to the window, flung it open, and bore her to it. A stream of blood bubbled across her lips. She was more pale than the dead. She was dead. Two souls had sped together before the tribunal of the All-Just, and All-Merciful. I looked out into the night. The snow-drifts whirled in the eddies of the wind, and lay far and wide as I could see. The skies were dark and gloomy as my soul. The world seemed emblematic of the grave—the earth clad in a winding-sheet—the firmament sable as a pall. It was a picture of despair. Death within—death without, and sorrow mourning loss. Down the snow-drift came, thicker, whiter—whispers of the storm rose and murmured like a voice of agony through the trees. I resigned myself to the influences of despair around me—but hush—the clock strikes twelve. The bells peal out from the steeple, ringing in the new year. The world ceases not its revolution until the destinies of the Creator are fulfilled. Out of death springs life, out of sorrow springs gain, for God is in heaven, and orders all things. Who shall impeach his wisdom?

Often comes back to me, my friends, the memory of that chamber, where the dead lay that winter night—often in my lonely hours—but ever when the snow whitens on the hills; and surely on the recurrence of this, the last eve of the passing year. Wherever this hour finds me, by land or sea, I see again before me the faces and the forms of those I loved and lost. The one young and beautiful—radiant with the light her life never forfeited. The other with the hope of forgiveness—around her the glory of her loveliness, shadowed, it may be, by the gloom of sin and the mournfulness of sorrow—but still, each stain of earth hidden in the brightness of a great mercy. Now, far away from the tomb wherein they sleep—through the night and through the storm—through the passions of warring men on the battle

field of the armed hosts around, I have seen again the vision, and my soul has sought the dead through the snow drifts.

We were silent again when the Doctor ceased; Mourad Bey had bent down his face till it lay in his outstretched palms. The fire, almost extinguished flamed and flickered no more. I looked on my two companions and thought the strange episode over, when from the advanced trenches came the report of one rifle and then another. Quick rattled the shots. I sprang to my feet, grasped my sword, Tom Spence sounded the alarm. There was a rush and a trampling of feet, and retreating came our men from their position. With a sabre gash in his head, the officer in advance came up.

"Ready, Walton!" he shouted, "the Russians are coming up in force; they have surprised us."

Mourad Bey dashed down and rallied our retreating men, forming them in the cover of the ruined battery. In one instant the enemy were upon us.

"Fire!" shouted Mourad.

A sheet of flame answered his command. The head of the advancing line was broken. "Give them the steel!" he exclaimed; "hurrah, my men!"

Forward he dashed, the company following him. The Russians stood one moment, wavered, and fled. We followed them, and half an hour had not elapsed when we held our positions unmolested again.

I returned to the battery, and amongst the wounded and killed, who lay on the slope before it, was Mourad Bey, surrounded by some officers. A ball had passed through his chest.

"Where is Percival?" I asked of one of the group.

"Dead!" he whispered, "within the battery; he was shot through the brain."

Mourad Bey heard my question, but not the reply.

"Come here," he said, hoarsely. "Tell Percival that though I wronged him in thought, he was saved a greater wrong. Maria was to meet me at Paris, where I was serving in the French army. At first I was to have seen her in England, but I was refused leave of absence. The diligence in which she was coming upset. She received an injury in the chest, and was brought into an hospital of the Sisters of Mercy. At her convalescence she wrote to me, saying that we should never meet again. I called to see her there, but she refused to see me. I called again, and she was gone. For some time I sought everywhere I thought she might be, but we never met, nor did I know her fate until this night. She was penitent—but I—what am I?—God help me—and have mercy!" He made a sudden movement, as if of pain, and stood staggering on his feet. He placed his hand on the spot whence the blood was welling, and stretching his arms, as if to grasp at something, fell back heavily, dead. At last I knew the mystery which baffled me until then; Frederick Fenton lay before me in the corse of Mourad Bey.

I look now to the scene, and behold it pictured by fancy vividly as then. The blood-stained place—the dark group—the dead around—the sinned against, and the sinning—the solemn silence, and the snow flakes falling ceaselessly through the gloomy air of that New Year's Eve in the Crimea.

A CANAL-BOAT SKETCH.

A FEW weeks ago, when comfortably ensconced in a first-class carriage of the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland, flying along, with the hope, if all went well, of reaching my destination, the town of Galway, in five-and-a-half hours after we had left the Broadstone Terminus behind, I was not a little amused by overhearing a series of lamentations carried on by two of my fellow-travellers (elderly, nice-looking ladies) on all the terrible innovations of this age of steam—the greatest and most dreadful of all of which seemed, according to their ideas, to be the introduction of railroads into Ireland; the fearful necessity of being obliged to endure being cooped up so entirely at the mercy of two men, who might be, perhaps were, at the very moment quite under the influence of some spirituous liquor, i.e., the engine-driver and guard of the train; the danger of crossing the Athlone suspension bridge over the Shannon—there might be some vessel passing under, and the train might arrive before its time, when there would not be time to stop it or to close the bridge perfectly; then, the frightfully rapid rate of driving. “Oh! was not the dear old slow-going canal-boat so much more preferable to this terrible flying, at the imminent risk of one’s life?” One asked the question, to which the other replied a mournful affirmative; and mentally I recalled the long one-and-twenty hours of freezing in winter and suffocating in summer I had sometimes experienced in the cabin of that dear departed friend, and subscribed, in an aside, a most emphatic negative, while the old-world ladies went on descanting on its superiority. The agreeable company—the friendships for life formed there—the calling forth of the various amiable and unamiable characteristics of each traveller—the nice, homely, sociable dinners, when one had time to enjoy (?) what one paid for, not being obliged to hurry away from one’s scarcely tasted bowl of soup, with only a pair of scalded lips, when the shrill whistle of the engine summons one to continue the momentarily suspended flight; though that flight does bring one home to enjoy our dinner, with all the dear home faces beaming around the nicely roasted leg of mutton, the tender white-skinned chickens, which one has not had the pleasure of seeing undergoing the last agonies some two or three hours before, as I remember to have done once in the canal-boat long ago, on my first voyage to the “Ancient City of the Tribes:” it is so long that, being still obliged to bear the patronymic of my parents, I shall not here mention the number of years, though I was then only a school girl, going home for the vacation. The journey was pleasant enough to me then. In after years, when the world had grown less beautiful, I wondered why I found a night in the canal-boat so wearisome; and now I marvel much how it was at all endurable, now that I have experienced the delights of flying to my home, supported by the nice soft cushions, in a snug, warm railway carriage; and I have just thought I should write a short sketch of that canal voyage for the benefit of the uninitiated, and ask

my readers, would they have joined with the "aycs" or the "noes" in that carriage?

We arrived at the harbour of Portobello at a little after one o'clock, having been recommended to be early in the field, and secure comfortable seats near one of the doors of the cabin: but, early as we were, we were too late for that; as in one corner was already established a comfortable-looking Englishman, who begged he might be allowed to keep his seat by this door, as from it he could have the best view of the country as we passed along; and opposite to him was a nice, mild, lady-like woman, with spectacles on, while at the further end a silver-haired, venerable clergyman had taken his seat; and at the other side of the little fireplace was a door leading out to the captain's cabin, a stairs going up to the deck. Here, by this door, my sister and I determined to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The cabin was a long, narrow apartment, along either side of which ran a bench, covered with red moreen, and hard enough to have been stuffed with paving stones, but I believe it was really with chopped hay, and capable of accommodating on each seat fifteen uncrinolined individuals, who might sit there comfortably enough on a cold winter's day, with a roaring turf fire in the small grate, as I have done more than once, while the boat was being slowly forced through a sheet of ice, several inches in thickness. But this was a hot holiday before the time when St. Swithin commences the performance of his kind (?) office for our sins; and this same paved bench was, when night closed around, to serve us thirty poor travellers in the stead of beds, whereon to stretch our weary limbs. Well, between the seats ran a narrow table of about a foot-and-a-half in width, which was now covered with the small parcels of the passengers—books, boxes, baskets, dressing-cases, and, oh, horror! a cage, containing a fine singing canary.

After the boat had commenced its motion, and when all the passengers had taken their seats, we ascended on deck to enjoy the fresh air, and admire the splendid action of the three spanking steeds ambling along the bank, (the towing-path is, I believe, the technical term,) and which, fastened to our mode of conveyance by a tolerably thick rope, propelled it through the dark waters at the rapid rate of about three miles an hour. Several of the inmates of the down-stairs region had also turned out on deck, amongst them was a timid-hearted youth, who taking me under his guidance, introduced me to the second cabin, the company of which seemed preparing to be very merry and jovial, with the aid of a piper and a fiddler, who were already plying their art, and trying in vain to silence the squalling of some three or four unfortunate infants whose lungs had not yet got accustomed to the fumes of tobacco smoke with which this second saloon was half filled. One of the babies and its mother particularly attracted the attention of my companion; it was a fat, obstreperous urchin of about two years of age, struggling, and nearly overpowering the fragile being who tried to hold it. Half-clad, pale and worn, her large violet eyes filling with tears, spoke volumes for the sadness of the life with which their expression was eloquent too, as she turned them sadly to her nearest neighbour, a dark, sallow man, who was trying, in broken English, to make her

understand that he would conquer the wild spirit of her lovely boy if she would entrust him to his care. The tobacco fumes being too strong for my lungs also, we only paused for the moment while Mr. Blake explained the Italian's kindly intentions to the wearied mother, and saw a grateful smile for a moment light up her lovely face. Then, we reascended to the deck, and in doing so, must needs pass through the kitchen, where Mr. B. drew my attention to the two large pots steaming away on the fire, and watched over by the helmsman (who did not need neglect his own particular duty at the moment, the fire being close by his station,) in the absence of the grinning cuisinier, who was at present engaged leaning over the rail, and, as appeared to me, regarding the loveliness of his countenance, as reflected in the cool, tranquil depths beneath, but alas! on closer inspection, I found him more usefully employed in expediting the death throes of three or four animals of the feathered kind, which Mr. B. assured me, were the fowls destined for our dinner at five o'clock; and to my eager question of would there be anything beside, he replied by pointing to the one pot, which already contained a fine leg of mutton, and in which the still bleeding chickens were soon to be its companions. By the way, I wonder did that able inventor of ways and means for cheap, expeditious, and easily accomplished cookery, M. Soyer, ever discover, that long before his day, or the terrible Crimean campaign, we, poor uncultivated Irish, had practised the art of cooking a variety of comestibles in one vessel, without anyone, in eating, being able to find out that there was a mighty great lack of saucepans on board of the Grand Canal Co.'s vessels. At five o'clock it was announced that the contents of the two "bilers" were spread on the ample board below, and on our again adjourning to the saloon, there were my acquaintances of the bloody heads, looking plump, and tolerably white, on a dish in the centre of the table, but with them, any further intimacy I entirely eschewed. At the foot was a large dish of bacon and cabbage, while at the head, a splendid leg of mutton, smothered in carrots, parsnips, and turnips, stood its ground, nor did it stand there long. Whether its flavour was improved by the mixture of juices emanated in boiling, from its several companions, or whether the salubrious breeze blowing from the canal, had sharpened the appetites and teeth of the company, I know not, but judging from the appearance of the dishes when leaving the table, I should say none of them but Mr. B. and myself had discovered the secret of the chickens. The dinner hour was well-timed to take place, when for several miles we glided peacefully along, our progress uninterrupted by any bumping up or down, or knocking against the sides of those terrible locks, at the first of which my sister had nearly fainted from real fright, and had to be supported into the air by a gallant captain of a line regiment, who was accompanying a stern-looking father to Shannon Harbour, and who at first was much engaged in cursing his hard fate at having allowed himself to be trepanned into such "an infernal hole," much to the horror of the mild lady in spectacles, who evidently seemed to consider him a Jonah, and I fear wished him in the same comfortable quarters where the disobedient prophet found himself located. This lady and I

were fast progressing in friendship until when after the dinner cloth was removed, and hot water and glasses, with the other appendages, appeared, I declared my intention of having a small share from Mr. B's tumbler, declining the kindly offer of the Reverend Father Maguire, who being a follower of Father Matthew, but not being able, for his health's sake, utterly to abstain from all spirituous drinks, had supplied himself with a small phial of the essence of peppermint, which he proceeded to mix in a tumbler of hot water, and drank, after offering each of us a glass of it, as composedly as did his companions their more favorite beverage—whiskey.

Our return to the deck, from this mixture of odours, was indeed delightful; the air seemed fresher, and the delicious perfume of the heather, wafted towards us on the evening breeze, was sweeter than it had ever seemed before.

Oh! it was pleasant, sitting on that low seat, looking into the calm, dark water, through which we moved so silently and placidly along, with the clear, broad sky above, and the dark Bog of Allen stretching far away on either hand, with its patches of orange moss lichen, shining out here and there, like the gold setting of a bog-oak ornament, and beyond the bog, in the distance, might be seen green fields, dotted with cattle, and blending beautifully away with the blue hills of the Queen's County; and, as the evening advanced, the landscape assumed almost an Italian character—though my saying so mightily amused the afore-mentioned gallant captain, who, of course, had been in Italy, until we were joined by Father Maguire, who to my great joy, agreed with me. "Yes," he said, "I have seldom seen those clouds of peculiarly lovely rose and gold, in a northern sky, shedding their rich glow over all the earth around us—I could almost fancy myself in Italy; this quiet moving through the still waters, and the intense repose and coloring of the landscape—see yonder group; can anything be more perfect than the attitudes there? The man indolently leaning against the dark turf clamp, scarcely turns his eyes toward us, while the bare-footed girl with her gown pinned up, pauses in her work of filling the turf-kish, with her hand raised to shade her eyes for the better viewing of the party on board; and like his master, the sleepy horse stands unheedingly, with turned-back ears and half-closed eyes, while the shaggy yellow dog flies barking at the heels of our scarcely more lively steeds—it is truly a beauteous landscape." But its beauty and the explanation thereof were alike wasted on all our companions save the knitting lady, and even she began to gather up her balls and move toward the cabin, where the tea-urn awaited us. Immediately after the disappearance of this beverage, the cabin-boy again entered, bearing two large candelabra, which he fastened by straps to the ceiling, and then proceeded to provide each passenger with a pillow. Who was it? some great tragic author, who, when his natural genius failed him, was wont to aid his creative powers by supping off underdone pork. He had never experienced a night's repose on a pillow in a canal boat, or he would surely ever after have spared his digestive organs at the expense of the less serious suffering of a large amount of crick in the neck. They were little hard rolly-pollies about

two inches in height, and the covering and stuffing were of the same materials used in the benches on which we all sat ourselves down with our pillows—one before each passenger, on the table whereon he was expected to place his weary head and be as comfortable as possible, now with both the doors carefully closed, the six windows ditto, and hermetically sealed with large wooden shutters slid out over them. I cannot answer for the sensations of my companions; but I remember a strange kind of numbness in my head when, after a few hours' restless slumbering, in which I had been several times held up by the chin to look at London, and obliged to walk several miles, bearing on my head a heavy pail of water, to be hung for a murder I, of course, had not committed; at the end I started up with a cry and escaped the hangman's hands, thereby disturbing the knitting lady, who took up her pins and went on as if she had never left off. I still feel the hot steaming air with which the apartment was filled, in which the long-wicked candles burned dim and dismal, and the walls, my clothes, everything seemed imbrued with the breaths of our still sleeping companions. There was close by me a window, and, noiselessly as possible, I slid back a small piece, thereby rousing the light-sleeping mistress of the canary, who sharply requested it should be closed again; her dear little bird would be ruined by the night air. She was safe in a snug corner herself: the other lady smiled despairingly, and signed to me to obey, which I reluctantly did by closing the glass; but the shutter proved rumbunctious, and for no effort of mine would again move out of its groove; but my shaking of it at length aroused Mr. Blake, who sat by me, and, in starting suddenly back, was kind enough to test the skin of his cranium by running it through a pane of glass. Oh! was there not a commotion? Nearly all the sleepers were awakened; some by the crash of the glass, others by the exclamation of despair from the mistress of the dear little bird. Some rejoiced over the catastrophe, whilst others were loud in their complaints and forebodings of all the rheumatics and sore throats which were to follow; and, in the midst of it, some of us, my sister and I included, made our escape to the deck. There we found that the beautiful sunset of the previous evening had not foretold truly, when we hoped from it a continuance of dry weather. There was now a light, drizzling mist; yet we preferred remaining out until our lungs had gotten slightly purified. But, in order to do this, it was necessary to have an additional muffling. We had not thought of fetching in our cloaks when last on deck; but we remembered to have left them on the seat, where we vainly sought them now; but, after some looking about, my sister spied a red plaid shawl she recognised peeping out from under the large tarpaulin which protected the luggage from the weather, and she seized the corner to pull it out; but it would not come for the gentle force, so she was constrained to try again more fiercely, and more fiercely was she resisted by a hoarse growl from within, which speedily sent her to the farthest side of the deck. However, we reflected that there had been no ferocious animal visible on board, and thought we might together proceed to the attack, which we did, and were now received by a growl of a more taugibio

form, in the shape of a hearty "d— you!" accompanied by the appearance of a heavy booted foot in a not very friendly attitude. Our amazement was not much diminished at being informed by one of the boatmen that it belonged to the captain, who had gone to sleep under the tarpaulin. This man assisted us in our efforts to awake the captain to a sense of the true owner of his blanket, but only received a larger supply of growls and curses; and so failing of success, we were even obliged to take refuge again in the long oven below—there to see the rest of the night passed more tolerably, as Mrs. Holt and I entered into a partnership of our pillows, and placing them on the seat, one on top of the other, with a large cloak of her's above them, we slept very comfortably, with our foreheads in rather close proximity, to the evident horror of my knitting friend, and, with my legs stretched along behind my sister, it was not a bad arrangement. She had taken possession, and made herself very snug in the corner vacated by the Englishman, who had gone on deck to see the country, and came in shivering at eight o'clock to breakfast, not at all in love with our Irish mists; though his enjoyment thereof had caused him to escape the delightful music with which the sleepers in the cabin had been regaled by that sweet minstrel in the cage, the canary, for the two preceding hours. When it commenced its matutinal hymn, Father Maguire had mildly suggested a covering over the cage as a silencer; which suggestion was received in such bad part by its gentle mistress, that his reverence was fain to take refuge under the mists above, from whence he now returned, with his kindly face bearing a very solemn expression, which diffused itself over every face round the table, when he told us that, in his brief absence, he had been called upon to hear the last confession of one of the second cabin's passengers, a most interesting young woman, who had suddenly burst a blood vessel, and now lay sleeping the deep slumber which no sound of earth would ever disturb, in the captain's little cabin. He added, that she had a child with her, a fine boy of two yearsold, who clung steadfastly to an Italian man, who, all the other passengers said, had been most kind and attentive to the dying mother all the journey. Then Mr. Blake and I recognised the pale and beautiful woman whose worn features and weary eye had attracted us in the second cabin when we visited it. In after years, I heard the story of her life. Carefully and tenderly nurtured in her youth, to die alone amongst strangers in the after-cabin of a canal-boat, tortured and smothered all that last night of her sad life with the noise of bagpipes and fiddles, the air filled with tobacco smoke and whiskey! The good priest ended his short account of the mother's death by a petition for a subscription for the little orphan she had left, which was warmly responded to by all on board. The breakfast passed over silently, with only a few complaints of the nonfreshness of the eggs, and with a slight exclamation of horror from the young officer, when, in passing through a lock, a bumping of the boat against its side sent a scalding cup of tea, which he was handing my sister, streaming down over his trousers. I should like to ask him now which is pleasantest, that warm bathing of his knees or the sculling of the lips in a cup of coffee at Mul-

lingar? But I have never seen him since. He left us about two hours after at Shannon Harbour, where he changed into the fly, or fast boat, for conveyance across that noble river, and on to Ballinasloe; and a delightful change it was, notwithstanding the five minutes of terror we endured while one of the horses, which was new to the work, proving restive, and displaying a strong inclination to kick a passage for itself and companions through the frail wooden bridge over which they were passing, and which I conceived to be the sole barrier between us and eternity. I understand it did once happen that, in crossing the Shannon during a strong gale of wind, the boat got separated from its conveying steeds, and being blown over and away down the stream, all on board of her who could not swim perished in the blue waters. But we got safely across, and in two hours more were landed, with thankful hearts, at Ballinasloe, where we bid adieu to our companions, shaking hands, and hoping we should ere long meet again, and renew our acquaintance of the night. Many of them I have since met and recognised, but been recognised by none—not even my kind friend and pillow-sharer, Mrs. Holt. By having a carriage to meet us at Ballinasloe, we escaped the long wearisome drive on Bianconi's car, which started from the point of the boat's arrival as soon after that as possible; that is, when the walls of luggage had been built up and securely fastened by ropes, which took some time to do, and often had to be repeated on the road. Then, the giving way of the sustaining cords caused a very disagreeable lurching of the said wall to take place; thereby sometimes endangering the limbs of one or two gentlemen of an aspiring nature, who wished to exalt themselves above their neighbours by seating themselves on top of the luggage, and resting their feet on the shoulders of those below. But I am not on Bianconi's car to-day; that would occupy some seven or eight hours longer, along a dusty, and generally bleak and ugly road, which we traversed in our lighter vehicle in half the time, and alighted at our home in a little more than five-and-twenty hours after our departure from Portobello. Five-and-twenty, and five-and-a-half! Oh, noisy and unpicturesque, "long may you reign;" as we Galwegians say, and far may your kingdom be extended, you sociable, comfortable iron road! and for comfort and safety, though not for cheapness, you, Midland Great Western of Ireland, are certainly the King of Railroads.

THE DREAM AND THE REBUKE.

Enor was selfish; her ambition grasped
 At the whole world; for she desired to be
 Its sole inheritress and occupant,
 That she might rule it, and, thereby upborne,
 Dread not a rival. So, on New Year's night,
 Her mother dead, but living in God's grace,
 Lifted her hands before the Living Light,

And prayed her erring child might be unyoked
From the foul wickedness that filled her heart.
Then from the threshold of the Heavens there stole
The solemn angel of our nightly rest,
And touched her lids with darkness and she slept.

So from that misty depth of sleep she woke,
The rain upon her eyelids, white and frore,
Like double moons half rimmed with dusk ec'ipse.
The breathless hollow of the kindling dawn,
With one clear star trembling within its palm,
Fainted along the levels of the east.
Far in the chilly twilight a great cloud
Loomed mountain high, with alabaster sides,
And gusty terraces of frozen snow,
Like the broad canvass of some windless ship
Becalmed on the green seas below the moon.
And Enor, rising, leant her cheek awhile
On her veined hand, and questioned thus herself—
"What Land is this?" and knowing not the clime
Lapsed into thinking silence.

Then a bird,

Like to a pulsing rainbow, from the branch
Of a great citron jewelled with ripe fruit
Scattered his crystal prayers upon the morn
That gathered slowly, eastward of the isle,
Paving the frore seas with unresting fires,
And Enor, with her hand close to her cheek,
Listened in peace. Slowly from out the west
The land breeze from the cedared shores blew faint
And past a promontory, purple beaked,
Flocks of white pigeons from the blossomed cliffs
Plunged upward through the glory of the dawn.

Still sang the bird

On the green citron tree, in Enor's ear,
Music that touched the sense like gusts of prayer
Blown from the open gates of Paradise.
And from the bosky hollows of the woods,
From echoing aisles columned with sculptured trunks
Of massive maple and unflowering elm,
Trickled the tired moan of exhaustless streams
Flooding their broken lightnings round the stones.

Then Enor rose,

Scattered her rich locks o'er her shoulders round
That flashed like lilies through the tangled reeds
Goldened by Autumn on the river's brim.
And o'er the silent lawn and thro' the dews

And fragrant meadows of that wondrous land
 Passed to the upland, hooded in grey cloud.
 Nor shape of man or woman crossed her path.
 The deer, with white starred foreheads, in the copse
 Tost their brown antlers through the rainy boughs,
 Then vanished in the fern. The lotus plant
 Breathed its dreamy odours on the air.
 Clustered with rich fruit seeded, at the core,
 Green vineyards danced among the knotted trees.
 The orange all aflame, with lamps of fire,
 Bent to her palm ; but onward went Enor
 Until the misty wind her forehead blowing
 Brought happy tidings of a fountain close,
 And soon the flash and tinkle of a brook
 Shot on her eye eye and ear.

Close, she beheld

A round of palms ringing a bubbling well,
 Frothing like troubled diamond. As she neared
 A snow cloud of columbines, from the brim,
 Rose like a rushing mist up to the waste
 Where the pale dawn had folded the last star.
 Then, crossing her chill forehead, she knelt down
 On a brown rock graven with bended knees
 And wept in her distress ; and stooping low
 Saw the rich heavens and the pointed palms—
 Saw her own face, stained with the dews of sleep,
 Far down the broken chrystal of the well ;
 And praying inwardly she dipped her hand
 Into the frigid lymph, and, thirsting, drank.
 And lo she woke unto her waking sense
 And heard her sister's lute amid the leaves,
 Saw the sun dancing on her chamber wall,
 And Christ, our Saviour, smiling on her dreams.

Thus runs the burgher's legend. From the hour
 She woke unto the world, Enor became
 Gracious in all kindly offices,
 And so unselfish that when Death, at last
 (God's second minister of dreamless rest),
 Came to her side, the happy birds of Heaven
 Found not a crumb to gather on her floors.
 The holy Poor hung garlands on her tomb,
 And on the gravestone, slabbed above her dust,
 Her epitaph is graven—CHARITY.

CHRISTMAS IN THE FIRE; OR HOME AND NO HOME.

A FAIRY TALE WITHOUT FAIRIES.

"WHERE shall I dine this Christmas?" said Frank Raymond, a confirmed bachelor, who, though blessed with a good mother and affectionate sisters, preferred eating his roast beef and plum-pudding anywhere rather than at home. We speak of home in the sense of the "maternal roof," for Frank had long ceased to live there; and why his tastes led him to choose for his company people who had not a drop of his own blood in their veins, in preference to those who had nursed him in infancy, and had experienced with him all the joys and troubles of childhood, it is impossible to decide. But that the same feeling dwells in the breasts of many roving bachelors at this moment no one will deny; and it is not a little remarkable that a young man who has been some time abroad in the wide world will make any excuse rather than visit what should be his home. "Where shall I dine this Christmas?" In answering this question, Frank was assisted by reference to his pocket-book, which contained the names and addresses of several friends, who had invited him to partake of the annual feast. "I won't dine with Johnson!" he cries (passing in review the claims of each to his consideration;) "he is always growling at his wife. Nor with Jackson, for he is always quarrelling with his cook. I won't try Tomkins again, for the last time I was there I paid for six months' dinners in the money I lost at cards. I don't care to go to Jenkins's—he gives bad wine; nor to Simkins's—he gives no wine at all. I won't go to Burke's—he has too many children; nor to Blake's—he has no children at all (and I like a *few* juveniles at holiday-time). I won't go to Maguire's—he always gives boiled beef instead of roast; nor to Murphy's—he always gives roast turkey instead of boiled. I shan't risk O'Hea's again—he keeps a bad cook; nor O'Shea's—he keeps no cook at all. I won't go to Cogan's—he sends one away too early; nor to Hogan's—he makes one stay too late. I can't go to Hanagan's—he has a daughter, who expects me to marry her, and she has no money; nor to Finnigan's—he has a son, who wants to marry my sister, and he has no money. I'll go to my uncle Tom's; no, I won't—it's too slow. I'll patronise my Aunt Martha; no, I won't—it's too fast. Where *shall* I dine? Strongbow asked me to come to him if I had 'no better engagement'—that looks shady. Longbow begged me to dine with him if I didn't object to a *plain* dinner—that looks suspicious. Daly was too pressing; Bailey was too lukewarm. If I go to Nokes's, Stokes will be jealous. If I neglect Reynolds, he will be offended, for I *promised* him; and (now I think of it) so I did Barton, and——. Confusion to all the invitations! People don't ask you in the same way at Christmas as they do at any other time. I won't dine at all this year; and either everybody will be offended or nobody will be."

Such was the resolution formed by Frank Raymond, after taking counsel with himself for a good half-hour, in his solitary room in Marlbo-

rough-street, a few days before Christmas, when the subject of his soliloquy generally occupies the attention, more or less, of every single young gentleman who has not, or who acts as if he had not, a home to go to at that festive season. That he intended to act up to his resolution there can be little doubt; and whether he did so or not, will be seen as the story proceeds. On the same night that he gave vent to the above reflections, he was hastening towards home (*his home!*) wet to the skin, and perishing with cold, when, to his great astonishment, he was accosted by a sailor, who had just emerged from the direction of the North Wall. The man's voice, he thought, was not unfamiliar to him; but he did not claim any acquaintance with him, as he had no recollection of his name, and, of course, he might naturally be deceived in the supposition that he had met him before.

"Rather late for you to be absent from your ship—is it not?" said Frank, after satisfying himself that, although the man had addressed him somewhat abruptly, he meant no harm to him.

"It is late," replied the sailor; "but were it the very dead of night, instead of approaching midnight, the vessel should not hold me a moment longer."

"Ah! how is that?" inquired Frank. "Any epidemic on board, or any contagious disease?"

"The worst of all diseases," he replied—"a mutiny; and, whilst all the rest of the crew were afflicted with it, I contrived to escape; for I did not see the sense of exposing my life to danger because the captain was too fond of drink, and the men were trying to get the ship into their own hands. So, I watched my opportunity, when there was a slight lull in the storm, and seeing two or three small boats a few yards to the stern, I slid down the side of the vessel into the water, depending upon chance to save myself from drowning. I swam to one of the boats, and soon pulled ashore."

"In point of fact, then, you have run away from your ship?" said Frank.

"I have," said the sailor.

"And are near your own home?" inquired Frank.

"I don't know about my own home," replied the tar; "for I never had one since I lost my father. No; when I say home, I mean my native city of Dublin, where all my family were born, and wherein I was brought up to be a respectable landsman, not a poor, outcast seaman, who never knows what a comfortable fireside is; and, as to a brother or sister, to give him an encouraging squeeze of the hand, why, he might as well be out of the world for all the good the world is to him in regard to family affections."

"And how came you to leave your home," said Frank; "you, who seem to think so much of family comforts and affections?"

"I left it," replied the seaman, "because I would not be a burthen to my poor, broken-hearted mother, who was reduced to a very dependent position on the death of my father."

"And has your father been long dead?"

"Three years this Christmas."

"Do you mean that he died on Christmas-Day?"

"He disappeared on the morning of Christmas-Day, and my mother afterwards received news of his death."

"Great powers!" exclaimed Frank, as by this time he arrived at his own door; "what a strange coincidence is this! The story is like that of my own family; but surely it is more than three years since——. (He had now entered the little room on the ground floor, which bounded the whole of his worldly possessions, by day as well as by night; and the conversation having gradually assumed a tone of peculiar interest and significance, he very naturally pressed the sailor to follow him.) "It is more than three years since"——

"Since my father," said the sailor, interrupting him, as the light of a candle now enabled them to see each other with tolerable distinctness, "was threatened with prosecution for alleged acts of sedition; and, mortified at the charge, he fled the country. It might be more than three years, but it was on a Christmas morning that he went away; for he could not bear, he said, that a sword should be hanging over him on a day which had always been devoted to rejoicing. My poor father!"

"And *mine*!" exclaimed Frank, as he passed his hand across the sailor's forehead, and scanned the manly and expressive, though bronzed and careworn, features of his brother, whom he had long lost, and who he had reason to think was dead.

"Is this Frank Raymond?" cried the sailor, recovering from the paroxysm of joy which the recognition had produced. "Is this my brother Frank, whom I never bade 'good bye to,' because I knew he wouldn't let me go, if I did?"

"Is this my brother Terence," cried Frank, who calmly said, 'good morning,' to his mother and sisters, as usual, and went off, no one knew whither, without leaving a mark or a sign by which he might be traced? It is Terence Raymond, though much changed; and I am Frank Raymond, perhaps equally changed, though not by the same causes."

A change of clothes for Terence was immediately determined upon by application to Frank's wardrobe; and this task accomplished, the two brothers sat down, and began a conversation, which lasted till they retired to rest.

In the morning a discussion took place between them as to the mode of proceeding they should adopt during the day. Frank suggested that Terence should at once hasten to see his mother, who would be grieved beyond measure if she discovered that he, whom she had thought lost, had been some time within reach of her without making it his first duty to gladden her eyes by his presence. It was agreed that Terence should delay his visit to his mother until Christmas Day, and that Frank should accompany him to her, and join the domestic circle at the family dinner. But still the question, "Where shall I dine this Christmas," remained to be answered.

Frank sat himself down immediately facing the fire—one foot on each

hob, his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes resting intently upon the smiling embers, which rapidly inspired him with romantic thoughts and gentle promptings, ending at length in a fit of musing, such as every man has more or less experienced, who has found himself the sole occupant of a room, with the sparkling, well-kindled fuel winking and dancing before him. Gradually he became lost in a fit of abstraction, which completely severed him from the outer world, and riveted his attention on one absorbing subject—the hopes and joys of Christmas. Oh! could he, the almost unconscious musser, once again witness the scenes he now remembered, how amply would he be repaid for all his past troubles, and how gladly would he follow that brightest of bright stars which led him back to his now-neglected home—neglected in fact, though not altogether in thought! Such a boon would indeed be more than he deserved; and yet, the visions which he saw in the peopled fire now glowing with life before his eyes, seemed to tell him that he was neither hoping nor expecting what could never be vouchsafed to him. He saw in the moving embers every object which could haply be associated with the spirit of Christmas, and in the midst of all stood forth his long lost father. Opposite to him sat his devoted mother, sacrificing her own enjoyment to the happiness of her little ones, two of whom were clambering about her neck. There might possibly be a tear in the mother's eye, but it was a tear of joy. Next came dear sister Lucy, with her beaming eyes and thoughtful brow, radiant with vivacity and youth, and fragrant with all the charms of modest worth, sitting to and fro, like a sylph in the sunlight, and dropping flowers as it were, on her way. The form of the gentle girl seemed almost too aerial for substantial existence; and could the genius of the future have communed with her heart, he would, perhaps, have left her untouched in her maiden simplicity. The same tender and loving creature still held her wonted place in the fire-side circle at this mirthful season—joyous and animated as of yore; but a degree more thoughtful, no doubt, and wearing upon her pure face a few traces of care which the battle of life had left there. She was no longer the sister Lucy of blushing childhood; but still, to the rapt visionary who now beheld her, she was the same glittering drop in the cup of happiness—the same electric spark which communicated itself with a genial glow through the family chain. But not *a* one had Lucy returned to the home of her childhood on this momentous occasion; for at her side there sat the chosen companion of her life—the proud sharer of her cares and blessings—the adopted of her heart, and the guardian of her innocence—a happy and faithful husband: an addition to the accustomed group, which the erratic youth had never before borne witness to. It could not, then, be the Christmas of his earlier days, for, at that time none were present save those who claimed kindred with the family. But Heaven ordained all things for the best, and who should say that the present anniversary was not the happiest of all? And there was kind, tender-hearted grandmother too! in her accustomed corner, smiling at the youthful gambols, and contributing her oft-repeated tales as a moral to

the play which all were engaged in acting; when suddenly, to her great consternation, and the amusement of the rest, cousin Robert, not in a state of poverty and starvation, but all fresh and blooming with light and life, appears upon the scene, wheeling before him a huge snow-ball, which he calmly deposits upon the hearth-rug, and ere it begins to melt, conveys it back to the garden whence it came—and there comes uncle Peter, too, his face radiant with good humour, and his pockets (depend upon it) filled with nuts—a fact which is speedily verified by a loud, cracking noise, such as uncle Peter's eccentricity alone could produce. Presently the whole hearth seems embroidered with roasted apples, nuts, sweetmeats, oranges; dried fruits, and all the various concomitants of a homely feast. A bowl of steaming punch ornaments the centre of the table, while the glasses jingle around it, and the entire room, as with a touch of Harlequin's wand, is instantly alive with song and dance. "A merry Christmas" is shouted on all sides; care is driven from the door; joy and contentment are proclaimed; and the presiding genius of the hour keeps the cheer alive with a hearty good will, which is vigorously responded to by everyone. But where is brother Terence all this time? "Ah! there he is," exclaims the youth. "Terence, I see you at last, bounding into the room with a spring as elastic as it was wont to be when you bounded out of school, and casting yourself with pride and gratitude at the parental feet! Terence! welcome Terence—my long-lost brother, welcome!"

"Hollo!" shouted a loud voice behind him, accompanied by a vigorous tap on the shoulder—"hollo, Frank! What ails you? Lost in a reverie, or buried in a brown study? Do you see any odd charm in the crackling embers?"

"Is it you, Terence?" cried Frank, shaking off the dreamy abstraction which had almost rendered him unconscious of his brother's presence.—"Why, I have been thinking of you; and as to my seeing any odd charm in the crackling embers, may I be branded as an impostor, if I have not witnessed our Christmas Day in the fire with all the vividness of reality. I saw everything—everybody—father, mother, sister Lucy, grandmother, cousin Robert, uncle Peter, you, Terence—all, as it used to be in days gone by. I cannot, will not, believe that what I have just seen is merely the offspring of a diseased imagination. No, Terence; my brain is clear, and my mind sound and healthful. But yet, how strange it seems! Is it some mysterious power that has been given me to see into the future, and to anticipate events which are to be; or is it——"

"Nonsense!" cried Terence, interrupting him. "Don't indulge these hallucinations; but listen to me. To-morrow is Christmas Day, and each of us must prepare a little present for our mother, and one for sister Lucy."

"Dear Lucy will have a participation in her gift, for she is married."

"Married! And I not to know it! Why was I kept in ignorance of this fact?"

"My dear Terence," said Frank, "how was it possible for you to know it until your return home? Your whereabouts has always been a profound

secret to everyone. But what shall the presents be?" he added. They paused awhile.

"Stop!" exclaimed Terence, as a happy thought suddenly occurred to his mind. "My brain has been in such a whirl since I left the ship, and I have been so much bewildered by what I have seen and heard, that I had omitted to tell you a very important and profitable part of my adventures in the East Indies. You know that I was there at the close of the last mutiny in that country, when the day of spoliation had arrived, and the gorgeous temples of the Hindoos were exposed to open plunder. In the excitement which invariably attends warfare, brutal outrages were committed on the persons and property of the unhappy natives; and it was my good fortune to rescue a young woman, the daughter of a noble family, from the hands of the soldiery. Her parents marked their sense of gratitude to her preserver by presenting me with a necklace of great value, several solid pieces of gold, and a large handful of diamonds and pearls. You saw I carried a small wooden box when I came ashore—but perhaps you did not observe where I placed it?"

"I was so overjoyed to see you," said Frank, "that I could not possibly fix my thoughts or attention on anything else."

Terence immediately took from under the bedstead a box, such as he had described, and, opening it, displayed to the astonished eyes of his brother, a costly collection of objects, which amply confirmed the statement he had made.

"No more need be said," exclaimed Terence, "respecting presents to our mother and sister. Here is an abundance to choose from; and I am too happy, Frank, to place it in your power to be my joint donor." He then handed to Frank two choice specimens of jewellery, begging him to allot them as his own judgment might dictate, according to the respective ages of the intended recipients; and afterwards selected two other articles of corresponding value to be presented by himself.

"But Jane ought not to be forgotten," said Frank. "Poor Jane, over whose head Christmas has now so many times flown."

"Poor sister Jane!" replied Terence. "I'm afraid I had forgotten her; and am delighted that you have brought her so opportunely to my mind;" and he apportioned to Jane a handsome bracelet.

It was waxing late in the evening, and Frank had gone to the street door, to ascertain the state of the thermometer ere he determined whether he should remain at home or seek the society of his bacchanalian friends abroad. He had just closed the door, resolved not to leave the house that night, when there came a gentle tap, which on answering, he found proceeded from his mother's waiting-maid, who handed to him a letter to this effect:

"MY DEAREST FRANK—Many a time have you disappointed your poor mother when she has made every preparation to receive you; but I will not reproach you, as I am bound to make every allowance for the weaknesses of youth. My only object in sending you this hasty line, is to beg

of you to come as early as you can to-morrow, and be prepared to experience a surprise at the presence of one whom you little expect to see. Can it be possible that there is a 'probability,' as you say, of my dear boy, Terence, being amongst us? Would that it were so! God bless him! and God bless you, dear Frank.

"Your affectionate mother,
"THERESA RAYMOND."

"Ha!" exclaimed Frank, throwing the letter to his brother. "This promises well for the realisation of my vision in the fire! What would you say, Terence, if all should be as I saw it. Eh?"

"That henceforth I shall believe in miracles," replied Terence.

"Well," continued Frank, "it is clear that I am to meet some one whose presence, it is said, will be a surprise to me, and why should it not be my father?"

"Heaven send it may be as you predict," said Terence, "but my mind refuses to realize the possibility of such a happy event."

"The problem will soon be solved," said Frank; "and, in the meantime, suppose we get to bed in reasonable time, so that we may be better able to meet any trials of strength which may fall upon us to-morrow."

This wise suggestion was forthwith put in practice; and Frank had not been long in bed ere he fell into a deeply contemplative mood—a mood which prevented his going to sleep, and which worked his brain to such a state of tension, that he conjured up forms and images of the most fantastic character.

Suddenly his mind descried two highly-wrought pictures, which seemed to occupy the entire space of the wall opposite to him. One represented a family group, in which peace and contentment were typified by an allegorical design, such as the ancient masters were wont to employ; and the other told the story of the prodigal son. Presently a dark shadow appeared to be thrown over the latter *tableau*, whilst the former was illuminated with a brilliancy which enabled the dreamer to scan the lineaments of every face, and to read the moral intended to be conveyed. And now, while his eye-balls were strained to witness all that the mind compassed, he thought he saw a fairy-like figure, decorated with holly and mistletoe, come from behind the canvas, and point to a corner of the first picture, in which were written these words—"Here let your heart find rest." Then he heard the sound of music; at first loud and gay, and afterwards subsiding into a soft and plaintive melody, which tranquillised his spirit, and caused him, by degrees, to sink into slumber, when fairy dreams took possession of him, and wafted him to regions of mundane bliss.

Frank said not a word to his brother in the morning in reference to the phantasmagoria of the previous night; but he assumed the most cheerful tone he could, and really deported himself as if he intended to do his utmost towards the promotion of a happy Christmas. He pondered much, however, on the significance of the words which he had seen in the

picture, "Here let your heart find rest," and he could not but reflect that when King Christmas appeared amongst us, he not only found a home in every heart, but endeavoured to restore a heart to every home.

It was a bright, crisp morning, and all external appearances were such as, of late years, we have been more accustomed to see depicted by the artist than by the hand of nature. The smiling sun, the icicles at the window, the sparkling snow on the ground, with scarcely a foot-print to be seen, the shivering wights with empurpled noses and benumbed hands, the scraping of the door-steps, the sparrows on the eaves, the ice in the water-jugs, the stoppage of navigation on the river, and all the various indications of seasonable weather were at once manifest.

The two brothers set off on their journey homeward (a distance of about four Irish miles,) at a pace which soon warmed their young blood. As they approached the maternal home, they involuntarily stopped for a moment to notice a party of skaters, whose antics seemed to produce more than ordinary amusement, and the spectators had assembled in such numbers that no little danger seemed impending. Suddenly the ice gave way where a knot of boys were congregated, and one of them was plunged into the stream. All was terror and excitement, and there was not a calm face to be seen in the throng, until a gentleman somewhat advanced in years, stepped forward, and at considerable risk to himself, brought the poor boy to the surface, when his life seemed to be ebbing fast. Loud cheers resounded on all sides, and to the great surprise of Frank and Terence, the boy was conveyed, at the request of his preserver, to their mother's house, which was only a few paces distant. "Heavens! who can the gentleman be?" they exclaimed simultaneously, (for the crowd that followed was so numerous that they had been unable to take particular notice of his face). "Great Powers! if it should be my father!" said Frank; "and yet I fear it cannot be; for his hair was black, and not only is this gentleman's hair grey, but he wears a long beard, which my father never did. Surely, he cannot have changed so much in a few short years."

"No," said Terence, "that white beard cannot belong to my father; and yet the generous act he has just performed is well worthy his noble nature."

They had now entered the house, and when they heard the philanthropic gentleman giving instructions for the treatment of the rescued boy, they could no longer doubt that their father had been restored to his home.

There stood the father and his two sons face to face, and before any of the ladies of the household made their appearance, the recognition was completely ratified. Both the young men sank on their knees in a paroxysm of joy, and then, rising, they kissed their parent's forehead, and poured out their gratitude to his Divine Preserver for having so unexpectedly restored him to his sorrowing family. "Boys!" said Mr. Raymond, when he was fully able to express himself, "this is indeed a

happy moment to me, for I never thought to see you again, and as to Terence, I had heard that he had fallen a victim to the perilous occupation he had chosen. Your mother, as you may well imagine, was quite overcome at the thought of my timely return; but I doubt not she will now be in a condition to receive you. Follow me up stairs, and it shall be my proud task to prepare her for the event." It is hardly necessary to describe the scene which followed—the expressions of joy and pain incidental to such a meeting—at such a time, and under such circumstances, must be left to the imagination of the reader, who will readily picture to himself the almost prostrate mother, the proud and grateful father, and the tearful smiles of the children. The sight was indeed worthy of the festive occasion.

Mr. Raymond now explained to his sons what he had already told his wife and daughters, viz—the history of his career since his departure from Ireland—how he (greatly to the astonishment of Terence,) was in India during the mutiny, and was so nearly being amongst the victims that it was thought he was dead—how, at length (having been the means of saving a Hindoo family from destruction) he had received a large pecuniary reward, and had been otherwise prosperous—how he could not write to his family because he was for a long time in the most distant parts of the country, and he did not choose that the agency of the post should give to his political enemies an opportunity of knowing that he still existed—how he had endured great privations, until fortune favored him, and how he had resolved not to return to the land of his birth until he should be in a condition to defy his persecutors, if any yet remained. All this was made known to the rejoicing sons in language befitting the occasion, and which served as a happy prelude to the festive event of the day. Each was now prepared for a merry meeting, and protestations of love and attachment were uttered on all sides.

The hour for the banquet has now arrived, and the party are assembled in the dining-room. The presents already spoken of, and many more, have been placed before the seats of the intended recipients, and all is cheer and good-humour, the table being prepared and the guests arranged according to the suggestions of Frank, who had followed the plan marked out when he saw the vision of Christmas in the fire. Each member of the company has already found mention in this narrative; and it need now only be added, that Frank's prediction was fully verified. All was as he had hoped, and believed it would be, and even uncle Peter and cousin Robert (whose venture on the gold regions had terminated much more prosperously than it began) kept up their old character of arriving as late as they could, conveniently with decorum—the former chuckling at the thought of the mirth he *intended* to diffuse around, and the latter flinging his jests across the table with all the ease and light-heartedness of bygone days. We say not a word about the "snow-ball," for we believe it was understood that, by grandmother's express wish, Robert had consented to dispense with that part of the evening's amusements; but he made amends for the sad defi-

ency by a series of practical jokes, in which each received a full share of the honors.

"Frank," said Mr. Raymond, when the fitting moment arrived, "as my eldest son, I must call upon you for a toast, or sentiment—something which shall touch the feelings of all."

"Now then, Frank!" exclaimed Terence, "You have been ruminating on Christmas with great solemnity this year—give us the result of your thoughts."

"Were my thoughts as strong as my will," said Frank, "I should respond to my father's wish with very little doubt as to my success, but as it is, I fear my inability to execute the task. However, the greatest among us can do no more than his best; and I will do mine. "May we long live to cherish the joys and blessings of home, and to sympathise with those who have no home. May the happiness of to-day be the harbinger of continued pleasures to come; and may an inscription ever appear over the domestic hearth in these words—"Here let your heart find rest."

These sentiments received the cordial and vociferous approval of the entire party; in them we have found a moral to our story.

G. H.

JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D.

ON the 9th of December, 1861, Irish learning suffered what may be truly pronounced an irreparable loss by the death of Dr. JOHN O'DONOVAN, admittedly the greatest Celtic scholar of the age; whose special and profound knowledge of the ancient language and historical monuments of Ireland will, in all probability, be never equalled in our own or future times.

This distinguished Irishman was a member of a branch of the important Munster clan, styled by old native writers, *Ui Figeinte*, or, Sons of the Woodman; who claimed to be descended from Owen, surnamed "the Splendid," king of the southern half of Ireland in the second century. The clan's territory was that portion of the present county of Limerick to the west of the river Maigue; and the tribe-name of *Ui Figeinte* is said to have originated in the fourth century, from a soubriquet then given to their chief Fiacha, seventh in descent from King Owen.

The head of the clan, towards the close of the ninth century, rendered himself conspicuous by his determined opposition to Brian Boru; and from him, who was styled *Donndubhan*, or, Donovan, signifying literally the black-haired or black-complexioned chieftain, the tribe took the name of *Ui Donnabhain*, or descendants of Donovan.

Early in the thirteenth century, the O'Donovans were driven by the

Anglo-Normans from their territory of Ui Figeinte, and located themselves in the northern part of Corca-lee, the O'Sullivan's county, on the south coast of the county Cork.

It is unnecessary here to enter upon the details of the several ramifications of the tribe of O'Donovan: such as, the Clan Cahill O'Donovans; the O'Donovans of Banlahan and Castle Donovan; O'Donovan of Caldurraghe; O'Donovan of O'Donovan's Cove; the Clan Lochlin O'Donovan; and the O'Donovans of Wexford; each of which has, in its time, produced various individuals of local importance.

About the year 1616, Edmond, son of Donnell O'Donovan of Banlahan, county Cork, slew the eldest son of O'Sullivan, chief of Beare, in a dispute which occurred relative to the boundaries of their respective lands. To escape the vengeance of the O'Sullivans, Edmond O'Donovan fled to Leinster, where he found an asylum in Kilkenny, with William Burke of Gall, or Gaulstown, whose daughter, Catherine Gall Burke, subsequently became his wife. The Gall Burkes of Kilkenny descended from the same ancestors with the De Burghs, Earls of Clanrickard; but in Cromwell's time they lost their lands by adhering to the king's cause. Several of them subsequently entered into foreign armies, and, by their distinguished conduct, obtained letters of nobility in Poland, Germany, Spain, and Austria. From Edmond O'Donovan and his wife, Catherine Gall Burke, sprang numerous descendants; among whom was Edmond O'Donovan, father of John, our great scholar.

Edmond O'Donovan, a large, strong, and very courageous man, was born in 1760, at Kilcolumb, in the barony of Ida, county of Kilkenny, and removed thence in 1763 to Atateamore, in the same barony. In 1789, he married Eleanor Hoberlin, of Rochestown, county of Kilkenny; and on the 26th of July, 1809, his fourth son, John O'Donovan, the subject of our present notice, was baptised at the Catholic chapel of Slieveroe. During the Peninsular war, Edmond O'Donovan prospered in his farm, in consequence of the high prices paid at that time for agricultural produce; but when he died, in 1817, his family was left in poor circumstances.

John O'Donovan was in his eighth year when his father died; and to his father's brother, Patrick O'Donovan, he owed his early education, as well as the acquirement of a taste for study and historical reading. Patrick O'Donovan, although in humble circumstances, had been in foreign countries, and had acquired a considerable amount of scholarship, to which he added a complete knowledge of all the old traditions and folk-lore of Kilkenny, Carlow, and Wexford, which especially attracted the mind of his nephew John, whose delicate constitution disenabled him from engaging in employments requiring much bodily strength.

His relatives appear to have been anxious that he should qualify himself to enter the priesthood; but although he made some of the preliminary studies, he soon decided on not entering holy orders. By the advice of James Scurry, or O'Scoraidhe, a respectable Kilkenny farmer, with whom he became ac-

quainted at Dublin in 1826, O'Donovan studied Latin and English writers on history, philology and grammar; and in 1828, he commenced the compilation of a grammatical work on the Irish language. Scurry, it should be observed, had gained some character as a Gaelic scholar, having published an Irish version of a popular religious work, and composed a treatise on the Irish language, printed by the Royal Irish Academy.

James Hardiman, author of the excellent "History of Galway," published in 1820, was intimately acquainted with Scurry, and after the death of the latter in 1828, he employed O'Donovan to copy documents, either connected with his business as an attorney, or with the Irish Record Commission, on which he was then engaged. O'Donovan learned much by his connection with Hardiman, who was perfectly conversant with all the printed works on the history of Ireland, and possessed also an extensive knowledge of the unpublished Anglo-Irish legal records. Amongst those who at this time looked up to Hardiman as their senior in historic learning and in years, was George Petrie, whom O'Donovan justly designated the father of Irish antiquarian research, always declaring himself to be his pupil and follower.

The Ordnance Survey of Ireland had at this period been just commenced under Colonel Thomas Colby of the Royal Engineers; the charge of the Survey Office in the Phoenix Park being committed to Lieutenant Larcom of the same corps, who conceived the grand idea of making the work embrace every species of local information relating to the country.

O'Donovan's connection with the "Survey" originated, we believe, under the following circumstances. Lieutenant Larcom, having determined to acquire sufficient knowledge of the Irish language to enable him to have the apparently strange local names correctly engraved on the maps, applied to Mr. George Smith, the well known Ordnance publisher, to find him a competent instructor. Smith consulted Hardiman, who brought forward John O'Donovan, and the latter was at once engaged to teach Irish to Lieutenant Larcom, by whom his great scholarly capacities were soon recognised.

To settle the orthography of the names on the Ordnance Maps, Edward O'Reilly, author of the "Irish Dictionary," had been employed; and, on his death in 1830, O'Donovan was regularly engaged in the topographical department, the direction of which had been entrusted to Petrie. At the house of the latter in Great Charles Street, Dublin, an office was formed for carrying on the historical business of the department, the first movements of which were to elaborately examine every printed document and accessible Irish manuscript, extracting and arranging according to districts and localities the information thus obtained.

In 1830, Petrie was fortunate enough to acquire an autograph copy of the "Annals of Ireland," by the Four Masters, extending from the year 1172 to 1616, which manuscript he generously transferred to the Library of the Royal Irish Academy. The chronology and topography embodied in this work having been found invaluable by the historical depart-

ment of the Survey, O'Donovan in 1832 commenced to translate it into English, and completed the task in the ensuing year—from which time he laboured steadily in the collection of materials for copious illustration. In the famous "Dublin Penny Journal," established by Petrie and Cæsar O'way, appeared, in 1832, O'Donovan's earliest printed essays, in the preparation of which he was assisted by Petrie, who publicly acknowledged his obligations to the young student for the many invaluable extracts from Irish MSS., which gave such importance and weight to the treatises which he submitted to the Irish Academy on Ancient Irish Military Architecture; on Irish Bells; on the Antiquities of Tara Hill, and on the Irish Round Towers.

After the publication of the Ordnance Maps of the County of Londonderry in 1833, the preparation of the Ordnance "Memoir" of the Parish of Templemore was commenced, and prosecuted with so much assiduity, that the preliminary portion of it was printed and presented to the British Association when it met at Dublin in 1835. The same work, considerably enlarged and amended, was published in a handsome quarto volume in 1837, the portion devoted to the History and Antiquities having been contributed by Petrie and O'Donovan.

About 1836, O'Donovan was despatched by the Survey to visit in succession every county in Ireland, with the object of noting and recording all the existing remains of antiquity. Eugene Curry, at this time resident in Limerick, was by Mr. George Smith brought into communication with O'Donovan, who fully appreciating his acquaintance with all the old Irish manuscripts then extant in Munster, became his friend and correspondent. The historical department of the Survey, about 1837, engaged the services of Curry, who has always been ready to acknowledge the early friendship exhibited by O'Donovan towards him in directing his attention to various branches of learning which he had not previously cultivated. By the direction of the Ordnance, O'Donovan visited, we may say, every townland in Ireland, thus acquiring an amount of knowledge of Irish topography, and an acquaintance with local traditions and dialects, never previously nor since attainable by any individual.

In these journeys, and in settling the orthography of the names in the Ordnance maps, he was mainly occupied till the sudden and unexpected dissolution of the topographical section of the Survey in 1842. In that year he had published a series of essays in the "Irish Penny Journal;" and almost at the same time appeared the first volume of the publications of the Irish Archaeological Society, containing an ancient Irish historic poem, edited by him, with an English version and notes.

We must here digress to observe that the Irish Archaeological Society, which has effected the most important services ever rendered to the historic literature of Ireland, was originated in 1840 mainly by the exertions of the Rev. James Henthorn Todd, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin. It would be difficult to estimate the extent to which Irish learning has been advanced, by the labours and influence of that most accomplished scholar,

since the year 1837 when he became acquainted with O'Donovan, to whom he ever continued to be a steadfast and sterling personal friend.

The Archaeological Society published in 1842 O'Donovan's edition of the "Battle of Magh Rath," and subsequently his "Account of the Tribes and Customs of the District of Hy Many, commonly called O'Kelly's Country, in the Counties of Galway and Roscommon" (1843), followed, in 1844, by his elaborate "Account of the Tribes and Customs of the District of Hy Fiachrach or O'Dowda's Country, in Sligo and Mayo." His "Grammar of the Irish Language," an octavo volume of 460 pages, the first scientific and really valuable work ever published on this subject, appeared in 1845. In the same year he contributed some important documents to the "Miscellany" of the Irish Archaeological Society; and in 1847 he was called to the Irish Bar, at which, however, he never practised. At this period, O'Donovan was mainly occupied with the preparation of the *Leabhar na Geart*, or Book of Rights, for the Celtic Society, then recently founded; and, in passing through the press his edition of the Annals of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from 1172 to 1616, the formidable risk of publishing which had been undertaken by Messrs. Hodges and Smith before the commencement of the dreadful Irish famine. The three first volumes of the Annals, extending to upwards of 2,500 large quarto pages, was published in 1848; and in the same year O'Donovan's edition of the "Book of Rights," a work of the highest importance and value, was issued by the Celtic Society. For the latter association he contributed a body of valuable topographical notes to the first volume of the Rev. Matthew Kelly's translation of "Cambrensis' Eversus;" and he also edited the "Miscellany" of the Celtic Society, published in 1851. The latter year was memorable in O'Donovan's career for the completion of his edition of the Four Masters, by the publication of the two volumes, embracing the earlier portion of the Annals to the year 1171, at which date the three volumes issued in 1848 commenced. To detail the merits of this, the grandest and most learned historical publication ever edited in these countries by an individual scholar, and undertaken by a private publisher, would occupy more space than our present limits admit. The work extends to upwards of four thousand large quarto pages, the index occupying eight hundred closely printed columns.

The high value of O'Donovan's labours was soon recognised by all competent judges, Trinity College, Dublin, conferred on him an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; the Royal Irish Academy presented to him their highest prize, the Cunningham Gold Medal; and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin elected him—the only Irishman who ever obtained that high distinction—an Honorary Member.

It will here naturally occur to the reader to ask, what amount of substantial appreciation did O'Donovan, after attaining to such literary eminence, experience from the representatives of Royalty in Ireland, and from the wealthy classes of the people, to the elucidation of whose history he had devoted himself? It is a painful truth, but one

which it would be unjust, as well as unwise, to attempt to conceal, that, like other Irishmen of high distinction in various departments of knowledge, O'Donovan received no sterling support or recognition from the high and opulent in his own country; and, while large sums were weekly lavished in Dublin on trifles of the hour, the great scholar, whose profound works had in every part of the world obtained a respectful recognition for Irish learning, was permitted to remain at home obscure and unnoticed, except by the few who knew how to value his labours and to appreciate his character. Under these circumstances, O'Donovan accepted a pension of fifty pounds per annum on the Government Literary List; while, for a stipend of a hundred a-year, he was obliged to devote much time to the preparation of lectures, to be delivered by him, as Professor of Celtic Languages, in the Queen's College, Belfast.

At this period, he had almost decided on emigrating to some new country, where, by the exercise of his talents in a different line from that in which he had hitherto been engaged, he hoped to obtain better prospects for the children growing up and around him. Fortunately for learning and for Ireland, but, unhappily for himself and his family, O'Donovan decided on remaining in his own country, when Government appointed him, with his fellow-labourer, Eugene O'Curry, at very moderate rates of remuneration, to work daily at transcribing and translating the ancient and obscure Irish legal institutes, known as the Brehon Laws—a task which no other living men were qualified to undertake.

To this work he applied himself with his characteristic assiduity and self-denial—never sparing an hour for relaxation or society, and devoting to the promotion of Irish learning, and to the education of his children, much of the time which Nature required for repose.

Among the great scholars of the world, there never was one more disinterestedly attached to learning for its own sake than O'Donovan. His vast accumulated, philological, topographical, and archæological knowledge was always cheerfully placed at the disposal of inquirers; and his gratuitous contributions to *journals specially devoted to these subjects* were numerous and invaluable. The total absence of pedantry, and the straightforward simplicity of his character, made for him a friend of every one with whom he had even casual intercourse; while those who held opinions opposed to his on many subjects were unanimous in expressing the unlimited confidence they entertained of his exalted integrity and honour.

To the early numbers of the "Hibernian Magazine," O'Donovan contributed the papers on the "O'Donnells in Exile," "O'Reillys at Home and Abroad," and others, exhibiting his great and familiar acquaintance with Irish family history. For the Irish Archæological Society and Celtic Society, he edited in 1860, from the manuscript of Duaid Mac Fírbis, belonging to the library of the Dukes of Burgundy, "Three Fragments of ancient Irish Annals." Towards the close of October last, he concluded revising through the press for the same Society, the Irish topographical poems, written in the fourteenth century by O'Dugan and O'Herin, his

annotations to which display, we understand, his vast special knowledge of the origin and peculiarities of Irish personal and local names. This work will, we believe, be very shortly issued to members of the Irish Archaeological Society, for which admirable body, meriting the warmest support of every Irishman, he completed, some time before his last illness, a translation of the Calendar of Native Irish Saints, commonly called the "Donegal Martyrology." The last work which he undertook, was to translate and edit the narrative in the Irish language, of the mysterious withdrawal of the Earls of Tirone and Tirconnell from Ireland to the Continent, in the year 1607, known in history as "*The Flight of the Earls*." For many years O'Donovan and several of his friends had vainly endeavoured to obtain from St. Isidore's, at Rome, a copy of this unique and most interesting historical document. At length by the great exertions of a Catholic clergyman, to whom Irish literature is under many and important obligations, and whose personal attachment to O'Donovan was equalled only by his unbounded admiration of his labours, a facsimile tracing was procured of the long-desired narrative, and the arrival of the first leaves of it in Ireland, about the middle of last October, excited the most intense interest amongst those who understood the value of such a document.

An attack of severe rheumatism, in the second week of November, obliged O'Donovan to confine himself to his house, but it was generally supposed that his indisposition was not of a serious character. Becoming more seriously affected after about fourteen days, his friends grew alarmed, and the most eminent physicians in Ireland were called in. After some days it was generally believed that the disease had been overcome, and that his restoration to complete health would soon follow. However, on Monday, the ninth of December, he was again attacked, and at half-past twelve on the same night, he expired, having some days before received, with edifying piety and resignation, all the last sacraments of the Catholic church.

"And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God. *an.*

It would be difficult adequately to describe the deeply painful sensation which the unexpected death of O'Donovan excited among the educated classes in Ireland, who, having long regarded him as the great depository of the ancient language and history of their country, now felt as a national calamity the removal from the scene of the only scholar, whose place could not be filled, and with whom certain branches of Irish learning may be said to have perished.

On the morning of Thursday the twelfth of December, the remains of O'Donovan were accompanied to Glasnevin by a cortège composed of the most eminent men in Ireland, in the departments of literature, science, and art, including the President and Officers of the Royal Irish Academy, preceded by their mace-bearer, carrying their corporation mace, covered

with black crape, a formality never conceded to any but personages of the highest distinction. The Committee of the Cemetery, publicly expressed their appreciation of the merits of the great catholic scholar by assigning for his tomb, a place in the most select and valued part of their grounds, next the grave of John Hogan, the famous sculptor.

O'Donovan's limited circumstances did not enable him to make any provision for his family, consisting of his wife and six young sons. To initiate a movement to raise a fund for their benefit, a special meeting was held on the 14th of December, by the Council of the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, under the presidency of Lord Talbot de Malahide, and a committee, comprising many of the most distinguished personages in Ireland, has since been formed for the purpose of opening a public subscription for the proposed object.

That Irishmen will feel it a sacred duty to respond to this movement scarcely admits of doubt, and we are also confident that the entire weight of the nation will be brought into action, to have allocated to the representatives of Dr. O'Donovan, an augmentation of the pension conferred on himself. The latter grant, if at once made, as we trust it may be, unsolicited and emanating voluntarily from the government, would be a just and graceful act, not likely to be soon forgotten by those who recognised O'Donovan as one of the greatest scholars ever produced by these countries, who, by his eminent attainments in Celtic Philology, combined with profound and unprecedented knowledge of the archæology and historic topography of Ireland—as displayed in his many published works—was mainly instrumental in obtaining for native Irish learning a recognised and important position in the literature of the world.

"In the present age of superficial historical works, it would," observes a recent writer, "appear at first incredible that a single scholar should have accomplished so vast an undertaking, especially when we recollect that he has given to the world the most comprehensive and profound treatise extant on the Hiberno-Celtic language; and his invaluable contributions to the publications of the Irish Archæological and Celtic Societies extend to many thousand pages. It would be unjust to compare him with Du Chesne, Dom Bonquet, Mabillon, Muratori, or other editors of Continental historic literature. Their path was smooth in comparison to the labours of Dr. O'Donovan. He had no printed precedents to guide him, save such as were calculated to mislead; no compilations, save those of ignorant and delusive writers. He was thus obliged to contend with the obscure and obsolete idioms of a peculiar language, and to seek his authorities and illustrations among our unclassified and unindexed Celtic monuments—half-effaced by the accidents of time, and which would still remain unintelligible and inaccessible to the literary investigator but for the labours of himself and his erudite associate, Eugene Curry. In fine—whether we regard the industry and impartiality of the original compilers, the immense learning and research of the Editor, or the exquisite typography of the volumes, it must be admitted that these *Annals*, as edited by Dr. John

O'Donovan, form one of the most remarkable works yet produced in the history of any portion of the British Isles. The mass of information which they embody constitutes a collection of national records, the value of which can never be surpassed. To the student desirous of obtaining a correct knowledge of the history of the Hiberno-Celtic race, the work is indispensable; while in it only will the philologist find materials for tracing the progress and various stages of the last remnant of the Indo-European language. Standing thus alone, it must maintain a high place among the great literary monuments of the world so long as the study of history continues to retain the charms which it has ever possessed for men of cultivated and philosophic minds."

In the dedication of the Annals, O'Donovan expressed the gratitude which he felt for the encouragement he had experienced through his labours from the Marquis of Kildare, the Earl of Dunraven, the Rev. J. H. Todd, Dr. Petrie, and his old attached friend, James Hardiman; addressing whom, he observed, that he had decided committing the work to the world under their names; "for," he added, "you have stood prominently forward to promote the cause of ancient Irish literature at a period when it had fallen into almost utter neglect, and have succeeded in rescuing a very considerable portion of our history and antiquities from the obscurity and oblivion to which they had been for some time consigned."

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THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER IV.

SORROWFUL DISCLOSURES.

"Good morning, Dame Trenchard," said Alice; "I am come to make further acquaintance with you and your cottage, and to know whether I can be of any use in rendering the latter more comfortable."

"God bless you, my dear lady!" replied the good woman. "I am fully grateful for your benevolent intentions."

"Do you live alone?" continued Alice.

"A little grand-daughter is my solace and companion; the last survivor of all my kith and kin."

Having seated herself in a high-back oaken chair, Alice glanced round the room, and was surprised at seeing, instead of that indigence she came prepared to relieve, marks of substantial comfort. The furniture was old, but in trim condition. A rough wooden time-piece stood on the mantel-shelf, over which hung divers specimens of foreign gewgaws, Indian caps of various fashions, and other baubles of the like description, all arranged with studied order.

"You have many pretty things here," said Alice.

"Ah," replied Mrs. Trenchard, with a sigh, "they are treasured remembrances of days passed by."

"Have you lived any length of years in these parts?"

"I was born in this parish, and have spun out my long life almost entirely within its boundaries."

"And what have been your employments? how did you pass your youth?" said Alice.

"My youth, dear lady, as well as my after-life, was shadowed with many troubles, the narration of which would scarcely suit the ear of one so young and happy."

"Say not so, my good woman," continued Alice; "I will listen with pleasure to anything you have to tell me. I love to hear of past times, let

their complexion be grave or gay ; so begin, and make me acquainted with your childhood, and what occurred to disturb its merry course."

"The first circumstance that made an impression upon my girlish days was the consternation occasioned by the destruction of St. Andrew's Priory, a rich and flourishing monastery, not far from this. It spread desolation from one end of the parish to the other. The people could hardly believe in the truth of their senses when they saw the beautiful building torn down before their eyes, and the good men who lived there in peace turned adrift. To the poor man it was the greatest calamity under heaven. The aged, the blind, and the cripple, who had found comfort in the assurance of a daily meal at the gate of the monastery, were now left friendless, unpitied, to starve and die in the hedgeways, or to wander about with haggard looks, cursing, in their despair, the royal author* of so much misery ; and, though many a long year has passed since that disastrous event, and I was a child at the time, it nevertheless returns as vividly to my mind as if it had been the work of yesterday."

"But these starving poor," said Alice ; "did not the gentry of those days come forwards and relieve them ?"

"They did so, and rendered all the assistance that laid in their power ; but it fell very short of the demands required for so many. All those, also, who were employed on the domains of the Priory were thrown out of work, and many driven, through destitution, to evil practices and the roads. The lives of travellers were no longer safe ; desperate men, urged on by starvation, waylaid and robbed them."

"Who lived at Tregona in those sad days ?" inquired the young listener.

"Sir Ralph Trevillers ; one of the best men who ever breathed, but whose Christian spirit had taught to drink with resignation the cup of sorrow to the very dregs."

"And what could occasion a call for such painful submission on the part of a man of his condition ?"

"Oh ! my dear lady, you are young, and know little of what men may be subjected to for conscience sake. It was the destiny of this ill-fated gentleman to see a much-loved relative, the Prior of the Charter House, conveyed to the Tower ; and finally, to behold him yield up a life of self-denial and charity, on the gallows at Tyburn !" Here, the good woman paused a moment, and her saddened countenance bespoke the feelings of her heart.

"But," said Alice, much interested at her story, "was there no exertions made to avert his dreadful doom ?"

"Such endeavours would have proved fruitless ; everything concerning him was viewed in an unfavorable light, though a more loyal man did not exist."

"How happy I feel," said Alice, "that such fearful times should be over."

Dame Trenchard shook her head mournfully, but said nothing. The significant gesture did not escape the eye of Alice, and the strong words she had overheard in the study rushed to her mind.

"Did your father live in the service of Sir Ralph Trevillers?"

"He did so, and filled at the time above referred to the situation of household steward, whilst I had the care of his young daughters. I remember well the period when my dear master returned from attending the last moments of his attached relative. He was no longer the same man. Silent, and absent—all pleasures seemed indifferent to him. He would try sometimes and shake off his apathy by the occupation of building almshouses, and seeing after the poor in every possible way, on his extensive estates; but his health and spirits were gone!"

"Had he a wife at that time?" said Alice, with feelings of pity.

"No, he had not. Her angel-spirit had already fled to another world a few months previous, leaving behind her two sons and two daughters, for whom my poor master seemed alone to live. The times continuing, however, to press heavily on his domestic arrangements, he abandoned Tregona, and expatriated himself from his country for ever. Since those days, his son, Sir Algernon Trevillers, has occasionally visited his domain, but not to make any length of stay."

"And is the present Sir Algernon Trevillers like his late father?"

"Yes, my dear lady; so like, that when I first saw him after he had grown to manhood, I could scarcely persuade myself it was not my late master standing before me. The same voice, the same countenance, and above all, the same goodness and consideration for everyone. Years have continued to roll on, and Sir Algernon is himself the father of an only child."

"What made him part with his paternal estate?"

"That is not in my power to say. Various reasons are assigned for it; but whatever they may be, Sir Algernon is fortunate in having transferred the loved home of his ancestors into such worthy hands as those of Mr. Marsdale."

Alice was silent. She perceived that the good woman knew nothing of the pending lawsuit, which her father had commenced against Sir Algernon, and felt unwilling and ashamed to allude to the subject. She had listened with so much interest to all Dame Trenchard had been saying, that she had forgotten the length of time that had elapsed since she started on her expedition to the cottage, and knowing that her brother wished to leave that same day, and that she might miss seeing him, she took a hasty leave, and hurried homewards. She had not proceeded far when she perceived her father approaching. He was walking slowly, and appeared lost in thought. When suddenly perceiving his daughter, his countenance brightened up with pleasure.

"Where have you been, dear Alice?" said he. "I have not seen you since the morning."

"You were so engaged," replied Alice, "with Humphrey and his learned colleague, that I felt sure you would not perceive my absence."

"What! not miss my pretty Alice, when she has kept out of my sight half the day. I came here purposely to seek her."

"I have been paying Dame Trenchard a long visit."

"I believe she is a good sort of woman," said Mr. Marsdale; "I find she is much respected in the parish: but what detained you so long?"

"We had a good deal of interesting conversation respecting the Trevillers family."

"Whose family?" said her father.

"That of the good Sir Algernon Trevillers." A momentary pause ensued, when Mr. Marsdale turning towards his daughter, requested her attention to what he was about to say; and then asked her whether she had forgotten what Mr. Justice Sandford had said, respecting this strange family.

"There must be something very much amiss," continued he, "to induce people to shut themselves up, and shun the society of their well-wishing neighbours. Indeed, I fear for more reasons than one, that Sir Algernon Trevillers is not the man that I could wish to associate with, therefore, the less said about him the better."

Alice, who had proposed to herself the pleasure of relating all she had heard from Dame Trenchard, was greatly disappointed at this unexpected injunction, and could not refrain from boldly asserting, that she was confident Sir Algernon was a good man, notwithstanding he was pertinacious on the subject of the disputed piece of land.

Mr. Marsdale made no answer, but walked on thoughtfully.

"Where is Humphrey?" said Alice, by way of changing the theme.

"Your brother has already left us, but will return again shortly. He is anxious to see this awkward law business terminated, and will remain in London till it comes before the courts."

"I think," said Alice, "he might have waited to wish me farewell."

"You have already forgotten that you took yourself away out of the reach of us all for the greater part of the day. But dear Alice," continued her father with a smile, "you are a little severe on your brother Humphrey; I have remarked this several times; you should consider with what laudable zeal he exerts himself, and with what perfect disinterestedness he debars himself of every domestic pleasure, when his duty calls him away. I doubt whether I could give as good a reason for the absence of your elder brother."

"Oh! dear father," replied Alice, warmly, "I hope you do not think Gerald in any way unmindful of your kindness, or of your social comfort; his letters breathe every right and duteous feeling towards you, and good wishes for us all."

"Well, well," said Mr. Marsdale. "I have no doubt they do; but that is no reason why a father should not wish to see more visible proofs of this filial devotion. Why does he absent himself for so long a time from us all?"

"He will certainly return before winter—he has almost promised to do so, and I am confident he will not break his word."

Alice continued to plead in favour of her elder brother when they reached home; and retiring to her own apartment, collected her scattered thoughts of the day, and despatched them in a long epistle to Gerald Marsdale.

CHAPTER V.

ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

At an open casement, gazing in thoughtful mood at the far-distant landscape, stood a middle-aged man of tall and noble bearing; and though his brow betrayed something of an unbending spirit, it was tempered by a calmness of expression, which seemed to mark resignation, as well as firmness of character.

Attired in a black velvet doublet, with sword and belt, according to the fashion of the day, we here introduce to our readers the late proprietor of Tregona, Sir Algernon Trevillers.

"Do you see anything approaching?" said a beautiful girl, rising and nearing the window.

"No Urcella, nothing. I was only watching yonder curling smoke, winding up the valley, till it lost itself in the wide expanse. I was likening it to the idle boast of man, and the nothingness to which all worldly pursuits tend."

"True, dear father; even yon little vapour teaches us a lesson. But at this moment my mind is so engrossed with the happy thoughts of seeing my uncle arrive at the Priory, that I can think of nothing else."

"Alas! dear child," replied Sir Algernon; "I wish I could feel the same satisfaction. My happiness in seeing your uncle, is so completely overbalanced by the dread and anxiety that must accompany the pleasure, that it becomes almost a matter of pain to me to think about it. Indeed, I have done all I could to dissuade him from making so perilous a visit. But such is his zeal to serve us, and that in a manner of all others the most important, that no dangers for himself would stand in the way of his doing so."

"Will he reside with us?" inquired Urcella.

"That we shall arrange later. You know my wishes—discretion and silence."

"Do not fear, dear father. Your wishes are commands for me. My sole happiness has ever been in learning to give you pleasure; and in this matter the duty is imperative."

"Well said Urcella; I see I can safely rely on my dear girl," replied Sir Algernon, affectionately embracing his daughter; "Amidst all the misfortunes of my house, I know how to prize the few blessings left me, and you, Urcella, are not amongst the least."

Sir Algernon being at this moment called away on business, Urcella again resumed her seat ; and taking up her embroidery (the peculiar design of which denoted its use for the church), she commenced busying herself with its entangled threads with patient earnestness.

Whilst thus engaged, we will say a few words respecting this beauteous dame and the members of her family.

Urcella was the only child of Sir Algernon Trevillers. Her features were cast in nature's fairest mould. Her mother, who was an Italian, died at her birth, an event which proved a source of the deepest and most lasting grief to her father. Educated abroad, she united the fascination of the foreigner with the solidity of the British character. To her father her devotion was extreme : no trouble or exertion was too great to afford him a moment's pleasure, and call back that cheerful smile which the misfortunes of his house had all but banished. With Sir Algernon resided also an only surviving sister, Mistress Anne Trevillers, a gentlewoman of a sweet placid disposition, and to whom he was much attached.

Sir Algernon had resided chiefly abroad. His adherence to the ancient creed of his country, had induced him to follow his father's example, and expatriate himself from its shores, to escape the pressure of the penal laws, and that distrust and suspicion which fell upon those who did not choose to conform to the new order of things. In the mean time his large estates in Cornwall were neglected and fell into decay, making him desirous of parting with them ; which sale he at length effected, (though at a considerable loss) to Mr. Marsdale.

The long absence of Sir Algernon from Tregona had made him almost a stranger in his native land ; his father's people were dispersed, many dead and gone, and those few who remained to welcome him home, were destined to see their happy prospects turned into disappointment, by witnessing the old family place pass into the hands of strangers.

We will now return to Urcella, who had suddenly laid aside her embroidery to watch from the casement the movements of her father. He appeared to be reading with much attention a letter to his sister, Mistress Anne Trevillers, both having stopped on their way across the terrace for the purpose.

"What can have occurred to engage my father's attention so deeply ?" thought Urcella ; "can it refer to the coming of my uncle Francia, or is it some fresh vexation from the Marsdale family ?" In the midst of these conjectures, Sir Algernon entered.

"I will follow your advice, my good sister," said he, addressing himself to Mistress Anne ; "I will use no unnecessary harshness, but I must be firm, or I may have cause to rue it." Upon saying which, he seated himself at a table and commenced writing.

Urcella looked enquiringly at her aunt, who, taking her aside, informed her that her father had received a letter from her cousin Geoffry, requesting to be again admitted as an inmate of the house. "But do not alarm yourself," added Mistress Trevillers, smiling, "we have decided against it."

"Thank heaven!" said Urcella in a low tone, "how could he venture to make such a request?"

Before Sir Algernon closed his letter, he read its contents aloud, which ran as follows—

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—For such I hope still to call you, notwithstanding the unaccountable way you have attempted to forfeit all claims to my affection—Your communication of this morning has both surprised and pained me. It is now nearly three years since you were a member of my household, and after the strong reasons that made it necessary for us to part, I marvel not a little that you should ask to be allowed to return again. When your lamented mother, in her last moments, intrusted you to my care, I took you to my home, treated you with the affection of a father, and did my utmost to instil into your mind those principles of virtue and honour necessary for your own happiness and that of others. How my exertions were responded to, we both know too well. But of this enough. You tell me you are reformed in your conduct, and have become a changed man. God grant this may be true; but I must have proof of it, substantial proof, before I again run the risk of admitting you once more under my roof. Your pursuits, amusements, opinions, differ in every way from those of myself and family. We have nothing in common, and now that I understand we differ also in creed, it is better that we should live apart. You say in a postscript to your letter, that your exchequer is exhausted, and that you hope I will compassionate it. I will not reproach you for this flippant way of asking for money, but I will enquire what you have done with the ample supply secured for your use by the testament of your father, which was considerably more than your circumstances needed? Where is this gone to? I have enclosed a small sum for any urgent demand; but remember, this is the last time I can give ear to a pecuniary request of this kind. If it is repeated, you will oblige me to tell you in plain terms, that I have neither the means nor the inclination to encourage habits which lead to extravagance and ruin. Distressed as I have been at the course of life you have hitherto pursued, still I will not be blinded to any amendment that may show itself in your future conduct.

"Your poor mother's memory is too dear to me not to feel an interest in the welfare of her son, and to hope that having arrived at a mature age, he may feel the impropriety of his conduct, and endeavour to give proof of the same, by following those paths of virtue and honour which shed so bright a lustre on the brief days of his lamented parents.

"ALGERNON TREVILLERS."

After perusing the foregoing letter, the reader need scarcely be told that the young man to whom it was addressed, had been left to the guardianship of his uncle, Sir Algernon Trevillers; that he had repaid his care and kindness by the utmost ingratitude, launching forth into all the folly and extravagances that could be met with both abroad and in his own country; and having wasted his patrimony, was now appealing to his late guardian for assistance.

"What can he have done with his money?" said Mistress Anne Trevillers.

"Done with it? lost it at the gaming table," replied Sir Algernon bitterly. "His propensity to that dangerous pursuit has always betrayed itself. Let us speak of him no more. I trust I have done with him for ever." As he was uttering these words a domestic entered, saying that the minister of the parish requested an interview. Sir Algernon, whose mind had been somewhat ruffled by the receipt of his nephew's letter, felt disinclined at the moment to receive the advances of one whom he felt assured could have little sympathy with him in any way; but at the request of his sister, Mistress Anne, who said he was held in high esteem by all those who knew him, he was desired to be shown in.

"Allow me to apologise," said Mr. Treverbyn, bowing respectfully, "for not having sooner paid my devoirs at the Priory. The very urgent duties that call me daily amongst the poor of this extensive parish will, I hope, plead my excuses for this apparent neglect on my part."

"Certainly, sir," said Sir Algernon, coldly, "pray be seated."

Mr. Treverbyn was not surprised at the chilling welcome he received; he attributed it to his intimacy with those who were carrying on a vexatious suit against him, and turned the conversation upon the picturesque beauties of the Cornish coast. In doing so, he made allusion to a grove on the Tregona estate, which was then cutting down to open the prospect.

"So those poor old oaks are doomed to fall," said Sir Algernon, with an expression of regret.

"Yes, they are. Young Mr. Humphrey Marsdale, who is considered to possess much knowledge of the beauties of landscape scenery, has recommended their removal."

"Is this young Humphrey the eldest son?" inquired Sir Algernon.

"No, he is not. The eldest is named Gerald; he is travelling at this moment in foreign parts, but is expected back soon; he is a young man of the most upright and generous disposition, but somewhat reserved, which contrasts with the stirring energies of his younger brother, who is thought to possess considerable abilities, and consequently is permitted to influence his father in his affairs."

"Is this young man much at home?" inquired Mistress Anne Trevillers.

"Occasionally only; he is well skilled in the law, and has much to do in that line."

"Does Mistress Alice Marsdale like the country?" said Urcella, who, for the first time, ventured to address a question.

"Mistress Alice likes the country, and the country likes her," said Mr. Treverbyn. "She is kind and amiable to every one."

"But," continued Sir Algernon, returning to the former subject respecting the sons of Mr. Marsdale, "does this young Humphrey conduct his father's private affairs himself?"

"He does so, and is considered fully competent for the undertaking."

"Then, I presume, it is to him that I am indebted for more than one not very courteous communication," said Sir Algernon.

"I may be mistaken," replied Mr. Treverbyn, fearing he had said too much. "I believe there is a certain Mr. Grills who occasionally assists him in his law business."

"Might I enquire," said Mistress Anne Trevillers, "whether the old building at the east end of the Hall is still standing?"

"It remains in the same state as when Mr. Marsdale bought the property, and I trust it may not be removed, as it has much beauty in its architecture, and appears to have been originally a place of worship. Mr. Humphrey has, however, suggested to his father the turning it into a Tennis-court. (Sir Algernon bit his lip, but said nothing.) "I trust," continued the minister, "that he may change his mind. We have seen a little too much of these kind of lay appropriations of ecclesiastical structures of late years; no good can come of it."

"I am glad to see that we coincide on this point," replied Sir Algernon, "as I thought the frequent sight of so many consecrated buildings, some in ruins, others converted into secular purposes, had made men indifferent to these matters."

"You would greatly misjudge my feelings," said Mr. Treverbyn, "if for a moment you imagined that I was callous to the works of destruction that have taken place in this country. I deeply deplore such proceedings; and though I am a minister of the Reformed English Church, I hope I am not unmindful of the good belonging to that we have laid aside. I sincerely regret the downfall of so many of its estimable institutions, and frequently lament the mistaken policy of strengthening our position by such unwarrantable means."

"Well said; and may God bless your charity, dear sir," replied Sir Algernon, rising and offering his hand. "It does one's heart good to hear such sentiments from a quarter whence different opinions might naturally be expected to emanate. I hope we may become better acquainted with one another in future."

"I hope we may," rejoined Mr. Treverbyn, surprised and touched at the warmth of Sir Algernon's manner. "I am fully sensible of the favour you do me, and I trust that we may not only become better acquainted, but that I may continue to deserve your esteemed approval."

On retiring from the Priory, Mr. Treverbyn could not refrain from running over in his mind all that had passed. The insinuations thrown out on a former occasion concerning the proprietor by Mr. Sandford, had only made him the more desirous of seeking his acquaintance, that he might himself be able to form his own opinions, and approve or disapprove according to circumstances. One thing had certainly struck him forcibly, and that was the change that a few sincere expressions of his own had wrought in the entire demeanour of Sir Algernon: they appeared quite to change his character. What if he should actually be one of the proscribed members of the Old Faith?—Such a thing is possible, but not very probable, thought the minister. For the rest he was pleased with his visit. There was something in Sir Algernon's dignified deportment that commanded respect; whilst it was impossible not to admire his handsome, though,

melancholy cast of countenance, which, when lit up by a smile, seemed to bespeak every noble quality. In fine, he was altogether more gratified than otherwise with his first approach towards the inmates of the Priory.

Some little time had now rolled away since the estate of Tregona had passed into the hands of Mr. Marsdale, and he still considered that he had every reason to congratulate himself upon his purchase; for, with the exception of the dispute about the spot of ground (which of itself was a mere trifle, and one which he was in daily expectation of hearing settled one way or the other) he was considerably gratified with the advantages and increasing beauties of his new domain. It was here in this picturesque retreat that he hoped to pass the remainder of his days, in the enjoyment of better health, and that peace and quiet so congenial with his natural inclinations.

Mr. Marsdale was a man of simple habits, and of a kind-hearted, amiable disposition. The only defect that shadowed his blameless life was the blind partiality he entertained for his son Humphrey, whose abilities, whilst they called forth his admiration, often induced him to drop into views, and follow advice, which, had he consulted his own feelings, he might, have rejected instead of approved. His gentle daughter Alice was his constant companion. His affection for her was unbounded, and she returned his love by the most endearing and kind attentions.

Mr. Treverbyn was also a frequent guest at Tregona, where his never-failing affability had won for him the respect and esteem of Mr. Marsdale. Thus, in the full enjoyment of the tranquil pursuits of a country life, did the time pass on, till the intelligence reached Tregona of the termination and loss of the pending suit. This information somewhat disturbed the harmony that had previously prevailed; not that Mr. Marsdale was either much grieved or much surprised at his defeat, for Master Merris had frequently predicted the probable result; but he was considerably annoyed at the bitter disappointment it had given to Humphrey, who, after his boasted assurances of triumph, felt not a little mortified at the turn the affair had taken, and gave vent to his vexation by throwing unfair charges against his adversary. His communications to his father complained of treachery, and of having been charged with wilful misstatements; that this ungenerous line of conduct had been traced to Sir Algernon himself, who had also kept him in the dark upon certain points of which he ought to have been made cognizant. In fine, his displeasure was such that he was led to throw out an insinuation, that he had every reason to believe it was in his power to bring forward a series of charges against Sir Algernon which would make him rue the day on which he had first heard the name of Marsdale.

Such were the sentiments contained in Humphrey's letters, and in the same spirit of indignation were they received and fostered by his indulgent parent. To imagine for a moment that his son should have been guilty of mistaking facts was impossible; his veracity had never been questioned. Mr. Marsdale was therefore imbued with the certainty that he had been unfairly dealt with; and, under that impression, he made up his mind to afford his son every assistance that lay in his power, either at the present

moment or at any future one, to bring forward the charges hinted at, and which, if proved, would enable the world to judge of the kind of man his son had had to deal with.

Master Merris, who was well acquainted with the warm temperament of his *ci-devant* pupil, left him to cool at leisure; but at the same time, used every means in his power to soften those feelings of asperity towards Sir Algernon, which Mr. Marsdale had imbibed from the above forcible appeals of his discomfited son, and this he at length succeeded in doing, by the assurance that it was not unnatural for a young man under the sting of disappointment, to look with suspicion on the means adopted by his adversary in proving his case. But that any unfair advantage should have been taken against him, was most improbable; indeed, Humphrey would himself discover his error sooner or later.

In this strain did he soothe the indignation of the fond parent, and establish a lull, which after a little time, had every appearance of becoming permanent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GOVERNMENT DESIGN;

OR, A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

AFTER struggling with the vicissitudes of a journalistic life in this country, until he was becoming grey in the newspaper service, my esteemed friend, Andy McShane, at length attained the summit of his ambitious hopes in a correspondentship in London, together with an appointment on one of the daily papers in that metropolis. Many were the troubles and difficulties he had to contend with in the first instance, but he soon surmounted them, and he became in time an accredited and valued representative of the journal to which he belonged. He commenced his London career in a police court—no insinuation is here intended—I mean as a reporter, whence he went through the various gradations which characterize that very eccentric and responsible occupation, until he succeeded in entering Parliament—not as a member, if you please, but still in his professional capacity. His duties were heavy, his pay was light, and he was therefore too happy to continue writing his bi-weekly letter to the Dublin paper with which he was associated, in order to eke out his precarious income. It was once said to the writer of this little sketch by the celebrated French author, Jules Janin, that he had written the weekly *feuilleton* for the *Journal des Debats* one-and-twenty years without once failing (“*sans manquer une fois*”) and in a corresponding degree it may be stated of Andy McShane, that he had supplied a letter twice a week to the “*Dublin Denunciator*,” without once disappointing the conductors or readers of that highly influential and widely-circulated journal. But, to his shame, or perhaps rather to the credit of his modesty, be it said, he sometimes failed to publish incidents and events in which he himself had played a conspicuous part, and which ought to have “found their way” into the

Denunciator, and thence into every other paper in this news-devouring kingdom. I am reminded of this condemnatory fact, by the recollection that the following piece of Andy's London experience would have been buried in oblivion, had he not chanced to detail the circumstances to me at the time they occurred; and I shall not, at this distant date, be accused of compromising his position by relating them, especially as he has since gone the way of all flesh. Poor fellow! he became a responsible member of a company established for sanitary purposes, and fell a victim to an unhealthy climate, which he had been compelled to visit in the discharge of his duty. But fortunately for his respected memory, my own memory is good, and hence I am enabled to give this little narrative with as much minuteness as if I were detailing my personal experience.

It was during the time of the Crimean War, when all the English and Irish papers were teeming with exciting and interesting disclosures, and when the government was naturally on the *qui vive* to avoid letting our continental neighbours know the secrets of its movements. But the principle which applies to the nature and desirability of "forbidden fruit," is also applicable to governmental doings which are intended to be "enveloped in mystery" (as my friend Andy would have said during his dominion at the London police court) and hence the gentlemen of the "fourth estate" were ever anxious to obtain information, such as they could turn to account in proportion to its "exclusiveness," and to the studied reserve of those who possessed it. The knowledge of a popular move on the political chess-board had many a time put more guineas into the pocket of a newspaper writer, than he could have gained in a succession of weeks through the ordinary channels, and it is hardly to be supposed that Andy McShane, astute diplomatist as he was, could be either too proud or too wanting in courage to enter the arena, where others had already distinguished themselves. For, let it be understood that your newspaper proprietors have no reason to care how information is obtained, or whence it comes, provided they get it; and, if "exclusively," a thousand times the better, both for them and for him who supplies it. Andy was dining one day at a restaurant not very far from Charing Cross, and was meditating whether his limited exchequer would admit of his indulging in the luxury of a glass of wine, (beer being his usual beverage,) when his friend Captain Scupper, who was then actively employed in connection with the Admiralty, entered the room according to custom, and invited Andy to partake of a bottle of port with him, a liberty which the latter would not, upon any account, have taken with Captain Scupper; but nevertheless, he forgave it, and graciously accepted the offer. The bottle was scarcely uncorked ere the gallant and generous captain opened a conversation upon the state of affairs in the Crimea, and observed that he supposed a bit of well-authenticated news from the seat of war, or on any subject connected with the war, would be invaluable to a newspaper at the present moment.

"Indeed it would," replied Andy, hoping and thinking that the captain's remark was preliminary to something in the shape of intelligence, which he intended to convey, "and the proprietors of the leading journals

don't mind what they pay for it, provided they receive it from reliable authority."

"Well," said Captain Scupper, "I have just come from the Lords of the Admiralty, and if you will call for pen, ink, and paper, I will dictate to you a piece of news which has this moment been communicated to me, and which, I should think, will produce a very acceptable sum of money."

"A thousand thanks, my dear captain," cried Andy, "but how shall I repay you for your trouble and kindness?"

"Hang your payment!" said Captain Scupper, "I don't *sell* such things, I *give* them, and this is quite at your service, but you must not say from whom you received it."

"Trust to my honour and discretion," replied Andy; and Captain Scupper immediately related to him the fact that the government had, on that day, chartered from the ——— company a number of steamboats to proceed direct to the Black Sea on a secret mission connected with the war, and that the vessels were to be manned under circumstances of a very formidable character, etc. I do not pretend to recollect the exact terms of the communication, but it will be sufficient for me to say that the information thus given to Andy McShane, involved some direct disclosure of a proceeding on the part of the British government, and he accordingly committed it to paper with the greatest eagerness and anxiety.

"Now take that round to all the papers," said the good-natured captain, "and I'll warrant you will return with a purse full of money and your reputation in the ascendant."

Andy did not anticipate quite such desirable results as the captain predicted, but his acknowledgments were not the less warmly expressed, and he suggested that the best course for him to adopt would be to offer the "paragraph" to the *Times* exclusively, as it was possible he might get more for it by that means than if he allowed *all* the daily papers to make use of it.

Captain Scupper observed that McShane had only to pursue that course which he thought most profitable to himself, and he should be perfectly satisfied, but again he reminded him of the absolute necessity for keeping the "authority" a profound secret.

Andy then proceeded on his mission, direct to that gloomy and almost inaccessible corner, east of Temple Bar, where the most gigantic doings of the newspaper press are performed daily, and whence the most valuable news is disseminated through all parts of the globe, with as much precision and regularity as if the establishment were in the very centre of the two hemispheres, instead of being so remote and inconvenient, that advertisers (whose name is legion at the said office every hour in the day,) often jeopardize their prospects in finding it. Many extraordinary discoveries have been made since the days of civilization began, and not the least remarkable must that discovery be to the traveller who seeks the *Times* Newspaper Office for the first time! To thread the Maze at Hampton Court, is an agreeable and even easy pastime, compared to the task of threading the mazes of lanes and alleys which lead to that wonderful emporium of intellectual and commercial worth, situated in Printing-house Square. But, sug-

gestive as the theme is, it must not tempt me into a digression. To Andy Mc Shane the route to the *Times* office was easy enough, and the moment he arrived there, he despatched a note to the editor, saying that he was in possession of an important piece of government information, (which he communicated to him in the strictest confidence, fully assured that he would return it to him in the same spirit if he did not use it), and that it was at his *exclusive* service, for a consideration, should he feel disposed to accept it. He did not desire an interview with the editor; but merely solicited the favour of his decision; and this promptly reached him in the shape of a negative, accompanied by a formal expression of thanks. Surprised and disappointed as he was, Andy was nothing daunted, for he felt certain he should be otherwise treated at the — office, where he was better known and appreciated. Thither he proceeded forthwith; and having made his terms for the publication of the intelligence, it was accepted with thanks, and appeared in conspicuous type, in the — on the following morning.

The paragraph was amongst the topics of conversation for the day; but other matters of equal moment soon presented themselves, and Andy McShane thought no more of the government or of government news than he thought of the wars between the Medes and Persians, or of the state of Rome under the rule of the Cæsars. The information he had conveyed to the — having been paid for, he dismissed it entirely from his mind, and wisely turned his attention from the past to the present, an operation in human laws which is well understood by newspaper writers, who, whatever their achievements may be, seldom, if ever, "think on what they've done," beyond the immediate moment. Each succeeding day brings forth some fresh topic wherewith their minds are occupied, and the sayings and doings of yesterday are entirely banished by the work which is cut out for the morrow.

Some few days had elapsed since the little occurrence I have recorded, when the amiable partner of Andy's joys and sorrows hastily entered the room where, as usual, he was deciphering hieroglyphics for the forthcoming paper, and presented to him with trepidation, a letter of most alarming dimensions, bearing a seal as large as a crown-piece, and the ominous inscription, "On Her Majesty's Service."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Andy, with very natural curiosity, "what *can* this be about? I hope it's nothing serious."

"Serious!" said Andy, minutely examining the address, to see if any mistake had occurred, but *not* adopting the only infallible means of satisfying all doubts, by opening the letter, "serious! what can any body on her Majesty's service have to say to me of a *serious* nature? But—well, it certainly is strange, the seal is that of the Commissioners of Police. What can they have to do with me?" By this time Andy was tempted to undergo the task, not of breaking the seal, but of cutting the paper which surrounded it; and while this operation was going on, poor innocent Mrs. Andy, all pale and trembling at her husband's side, was fain to say, "Police! good heavens! Andy—what have you been doing to get into the hands of the police? They are not going to take you up, dear—are they?"

it never for a moment occurring to her unsophisticated mind that when the police are bent upon making a person prisoner, it is not exactly their custom to give previous notice of such intention. But Andy at last mastered the contents of the letter, which briefly expressed a wish on behalf of her Majesty's Commissioners of Police, that Mr. McShane should appear before them at Whitehall, with as little delay as possible.

The perusal of this document by no means pacified the disturbed senses of Mrs. McShane, who saw in it nothing but visions of the jail and punishment of guilt; but Andy, on the contrary, was greatly inclined to the belief that the letter boded him good; for he knew he had not transgressed the law, and he had long been endeavouring to secure an appointment under government through the influence of a friend, who, having assisted the then Home Secretary over a five-barred gate while hunting in South Wales, was rewarded by a clerkship in the very office to which our friend had been summoned.

"I shouldn't be surprised," quoth Andy, "if they are going to offer me an appointment. I know there is a vacancy in the office."

This suggestion found some favour in the eyes of his wife, who, however, immediately started a discussion as to the pros and cons of a change in their position.

"We are very well as we are," said the lady; "and we might go farther and speed worse."

"In any case," sagaciously observed the expectant though almost bewildered husband, "I must go before the commissioners, and that immediately, be the result whatever it may." So saying he hastily donned his hat, and in an instant was in the street.

"Andy," exclaimed his anxious wife, as he proceeded on his way to the grim quarters of the police authorities, "what shall I do if they send you to prison?"

"Prison!" replied Andy, smiling, "there's no fear of that; I never was intended for a jail-bird; though I have not many feathers to fly with. Look to the better side of the picture, and fancy your fortune is made."

In a brief space of time he was under the same roof as the all-important functionaries who desired his presence, and with whom Mrs. Andy could not associate aught that was otherwise than productive of mischief. Having sent in his card to the commissioners, he was immediately ushered by some four or five policemen before the chief of the department, who was seated at a table which so completely hemmed him in from the outer side of the room, that it would have been impossible to reach him without resorting to some gymnastic contrivance which would not very well become so awe-striking a place. Andy felt, of course, somewhat nervous and agitated at finding himself in the presence of so much magisterial dignity; but the Commissioner was so surprisingly bland and polite that he soon felt perfectly at his ease, and "took a chair," as requested, with calm composure and satisfaction.

"I have sent for you," said the chief, "by command of one of Her

Majesty's ministers." ("Ministers," thought Andy, "I am in the ascending scale. It was only 'commissioners' in the letter.")

"I feel honoured by the compliment," said Andy, with a respectful bow.

Up to this moment the commissioner had continued writing, for he had a huge sheet of paper before him, which portended some important state business, such as would not admit of even a moment's delay; but he now dropped his pen and elevated his eyes to a level with those of Andy.

"It is not intended as a compliment," said he. "Her Majesty's Commissioners of Police are not much in the habit of paying compliments."

"May I beg to be informed, sir?—"

"You are connected with the daily press, I believe," said the chief, interrupting him.

"I am, sir."

"In what capacity?"

"In every capacity comprised under the word—reporter."

"Have you ever done anything for the government?"

"That is precisely what I have been wishing to do for many years past."

"How? in what way?"

"I have been trying for an appointment."

"I think you are at this moment farther off than ever from obtaining one."

"Indeed, sir! I am sorry to hear that," said Andy, beginning to perceive that his business with the Police Commissioners was not designed to be quite so agreeable as he had hoped.

"I mean, sir," resumed the high official, "have you ever supplied any news concerning the government and its proceedings?"

"Yes, in a general way I have written a great deal about them. The government is fair game to a newspaper, I believe."

"What, to shoot your quills at, eh?" remarked the chief, venturing a joke which was not lost upon the experienced ear of McShane, who tittered a response, and proceeded to say that his duty was rather that of a reporter than a writer.

"That is to say," observed the commissioner, "you supply information rather than original articles."

"Precisely so, sir."

"And how do you obtain your information?"

"In various ways, and from various sources. But as regards the government——"

"That's just the point I want to arrive at," said the chief, eagerly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, feeling somewhat mystified by the unaccountably inquisitive tone in which the commissioner was addressing him, "what am I to understand that you desire to learn from me?"

"Do you ever supply any news regarding the Admiralty?"

"I have done such a thing occasionally."

"And who was your informant on those occasions?"

"I cannot answer the question in general terms; but if you allude to any particular event——"

"I allude to a recent occasion, when there appeared a paragraph in the ——, disclosing an intention on the part of the government to send steam-ships for a secret purpose to the Black Sea. May I ask if you wrote that article?"

"I did, sir," replied Andy, whose mind up to this moment did not in the remotest degree revert to the transaction above related; but who now was suddenly awakened to a sense of his position; and recollecting the strict injunction he had received from Captain Scupper "to keep the authority a profound secret," he put himself on his guard, resolved that the wily commissioner should not catch him in his inquisitorial net.

"From whom did you derive that information?"

"With all respect, sir, I must decline to give up the name; for I was bound to secrecy in the matter. Besides, it is not *usual* with the newspaper press to reveal its sources of information."

"This case is exceptional, Mr. McShane; and Her Majesty's government are resolved to punish the offender."

"I should hardly have thought so trifling a matter worthy the attention of the government at such an important crisis as the present," said Andy, taking courage, as he perceived the trap which had been laid for him, and feeling that if it was sought to treat him as a hero, it would be well for him to act like one.

"*Trifling* a matter," repeated the commissioner, haughtily. "It is my duty to tell you that you have been guilty of a very heinous offence, and all I request of you is, that you will name to me the person on whose authority you committed it."

"Being, as I said before, bound to secrecy," replied Andy, with perfect self-possession, "I cannot satisfy your wish, without the consent of my friend; and therefore, I must beg of you to indulge me with a few hours for consideration."

"Be it so," said the commissioner; "but pray bear in mind that, if you do not accede to the request of her Majesty's government, the consequences to you will be of a very serious nature, involving, perhaps, your liberty, and in some measure, the liberty of the press."

"Her Majesty's government," said Andy, as he was leaving the room, "are certainly resorting to a very unusual mode of proceeding; but they are entitled to my fullest respect; and I shall have the honor, Sir, of communicating with you to-morrow morning."

Andy's first impulse, on quitting the room, was to seek Captain Scupper, and ask his advice in the matter; but he knew not where to obtain access to him until dinner time; and in the meanwhile he pondered over the strange and mysterious scene in which he had been made to play so prominent a part. His reflections were rather agreeable to him than otherwise; for he knew he had committed no sin, and he thought that if the government intended to elevate him to the dignity of a political martyr, they would be thrusting greatness upon him, such as he could never have

aspired to. Was he to be sent to the tower like Sir Francis Burdett? or to prison like a political felon, or to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms, like Mr. Washington Wilks? In any case, his name would go forth to the world as an offender against the State, and posterity would learn from his history the dangers which the newspaper press had to encounter in the 19th century! Envidable fate! He would rather have foregone the profit which he had derived from the offending paragraph, than that the honor he was likely to receive should be denied him. But now came a question which had not hitherto presented itself to him;—by what mysterious agency had the government discovered that he, Andy McShane, had furnished the perilous information to the ———? Had they found out the name of the authority from whom he obtained it, there would be little ground for surprise; but that any person high in the councils of the State should, under such circumstances, have gained access to the penetralia of a newspaper establishment, was to him astounding, as it was, perhaps, unexampled.

Arrived at home, he found his wife in great trouble and anxiety, fearing he might be prevented by the strong arm of the law from returning to her, but her wonted spirits were soon restored when she observed her husband in a state of unusual excitement and exhilaration.

"It's all right," said Andy, embracing the lady of his heart.

"Have you got it, Andy?" inquired the interesting little wife, thinking that Andy, when he said "It's all right," meant to signify that he had gained the looked-for appointment.

"No, I have not exactly got it," said Andy, in great glee; "but I expect to get it very soon."

"Get what?" asked Mrs. Andy, with increasing anxiety. "A government appointment?"

"No, a government prosecution," replied Andy. "But don't let that alarm you, for it will be a fortune to me."

"A fortune and a government prosecution!" cried the innocent wife, who, with true womanly discernment, could only appreciate words according to their ordinary and proper signification. "Don't torment me with your mysteries;" saying this she looked into his face with an earnest solicitude which caused him to adopt a more serious tone of language; and he related to her briefly all that had passed, concluding by saying that he must immediately hasten to Captain Scupper to ask his advice and assistance, preparatory to his returning an answer to the Commissioners of Police—an answer which, he doubted not, would speedily lead to his arrest.

Not many minutes had elapsed ere he was again at the same table as Captain Scupper, who was taking his dinner at the usual *restaurant*, and at the usual hour. Having explained to that gentleman the particulars of his interview with the commissioner, and the result, the gallant captain told him to be firm in his refusal to give up the name, and not to omit sending a letter to that effect on the following morning.

"They can do nothing to you," said the captain.

"Can't they arrest me?" said Andy.

"Not a bit of it," replied the captain; "what for?"

"For publishing information said to be injurious to the State, and treating her Majesty's government with what the law calls, constructive contempt."

"No fear," said the captain, "they will not make a political martyr of you this time. They have other things to attend to."

"But I should not care if they were to make a martyr of me," replied Andy, whose natural and national appreciation of the ridiculous, led him to believe, that a government prosecution against a newspaper writer would, at least, be productive of considerable amusement, if not of honor and renown.

"However, I'll hold you harmless," said Captain Scupper, who knew full well that if any one was in jeopardy, it was himself, because in his good-nature, he had imperilled his position with the government in order to serve a personal friend,—*"Sit down,"* he continued, *"and write to the commissioner at once. Of course he has now left his office; but you can forward the letter to him early in the morning."*

Andy did as he was advised, and immediately addressed a letter to the chief Commissioner of Police, stating that, having consulted the gentleman from whom he had received the information which had produced the displeasure of her Majesty's government, he had come to the conclusion *not* to give up the name of that gentleman. He had formed this resolution with the profoundest respect for the government, but in the exercise of his judgment as a man of honor; and whatever the consequences might be, he was prepared to meet them.

A communication to this effect was despatched to the office of the commissioners on the following morning, and Andy awaited the result with some anxiety, the prevailing idea in his mind being that a "molehill" of which it had been attempted to make so huge a "mountain," ought not to be thus suddenly checked in its growth. To his disappointment, however, and to the satisfaction of his timorous wife, he heard nothing from her Majesty's government, or her Majesty's commissioners of Police; and upon making inquiry at the ——— office as to the means by which his name had been revealed, in connexion with the affair in question, he was informed that one of the Secretaries of State, being a proprietor of the paper, had ascertained that he was the writer of the paragraph, and had accordingly instructed the Commissioners of Police to use their efforts to discover the primary offender. Thus was everything explained—not much to the credit and dignity of the English government, perhaps; but it must be admitted that in times of war, a breach of privilege, such as had been innocently committed by Captain Scupper, might lead to very mischievous consequences, and hence, it was not altogether inexpedient to guard against the occurrence of a similar error in future.

As a reward to Andy McShane for the manly courage he displayed, Captain Scupper procured him the appointment which, unhappily, as before stated, ended in his death; and in regard to the captain himself, it was not long ere his association with the Admiralty ceased; for circumstances had since occurred which caused "suspicion" to fall upon him, and he, alone, became a victim to the "Government Design." G. H.

OLD DUBLIN—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

CHICHESTER HOUSE, the historian of Dublin tells us, having fallen into decay in 1727, the Irish Parliament determined to have it demolished, and new houses erected on its site. The condemned building had been a hospital, palace, and senate, successively, and was the theatre of some notable events in the social and political history of the country. In the beginning of the seventeenth century it was the residence of Sir Arthur Chichester, who played a conspicuous part in the plantation of Ulster. Subsequently it fell into the possession of Sir Samuel Smith; then of Sir John Borlase, the justice to whom Owen O'Connolly, in 1641, communicated the projected seizure of Dublin Castle; and in 1661, the first Irish Parliament summoned after the Restoration, sat within its walls. In the reign of Charles II. the house was formally purchased by the crown, for the use of the two houses of parliament, at a rent of about £180 per annum. Charles II., having died in a truck bed speechless, but we have reason to hope, penitent, James II., a sovereign capable of great things, but a coward in heart, and a waverer in disposition, succeeded. The revolution, with William III. at its head, drove him from a throne which his vacillation disgraced, and the House of Orange held levees at St. James's. Another Irish parliament was summoned, and again Chichester House was the scene of their deliberations. The assembly was exclusively composed of English colonists and their descendants, as an act had been passed in 1691 by which Catholics were excluded from the discharge of senatorial functions. In 1703 the old house witnessed a singular spectacle. Butler, Malone, and Rice, three Catholic barristers, appealed at the bar of the House of Commons against the violation of the treaty of Limerick by an act passed to repress the growth of Popery. Commons and Lords naturally turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances; and "the Irish," says our historian, "regretted too late having laid down their arms on the faith of a treaty which, although solemnly guaranteed under the Great Seal of England, was, as on former occasions, observed no longer than suited the purposes of the stronger party."

In 1728 the workmen commenced the demolition of the house, whose every stone was a history, the surveyor-general, Thomas Burgh, having laid a plan of the projected building before the then Lord Lieutenant. In February, 1729, the first stone of the superb and imposing pile which lies to the east side of College-green, was laid with befitting pomp and ceremony by the Lords-Justices, surrounded by a brilliant gathering of the notabilities of the metropolis. Primate Boulton went through the formality of removing a prop from the white block, in which was deposited a silver plate bearing a Latin inscription, on which the reigning monarch was mentioned as "the most serene and most powerful, George II.," the customary imposing usage of placing contemporary coins in a cavity of the stone was scrupulously observed; and thus the glorious temple which was afterwards to witness a nation's glory and a nation's shame—the extremes of exultation and misery

—was begun. A grave doubt remains as to the architect by whom the building was designed. The plans unquestionably were furnished by Pearce, then "surveyor-general of his Majesty's works;" but it is stated, and on reasonable authority, that he obtained them from Castle, the architect of Leinster House. Between both stools our researches fall to the ground, and we are lost in the quagmires of probabilities. It is to be regretted that we do not know with certainty the name of the man who conceived one of the noblest ideas which has ever been "translated" into architecture. As a national glory, the building stands unrivalled. The beauty of its proportions, the simple, austere grandeur that pervades the mass, the absence of even legitimate meretriciousness, as well as the originality of the whole, form a structure which challenges comparison in Europe. Under the ordinary conditions of daylight, it appears noble and imposing, but it is at night, when the moonlight falls upon arch, and pillar, and pediment, mellowed with the weather-stains of a century, that the tender and melancholy splendour of the building is fully revealed; the great flood of brilliance falls into the quadrangle of the vast eastern portico, muffling up the sides in dusky swathes of shadow, whilst the colonnade to the north appears to dwindle off into miles of perspective. Critics condemn the richly ornamented Corinthian portico of the House of Lords, and its erection would have been inexcusable had not taste and uniformity been obliged to give way before the necessities of the locality. In 1782, the peers having determined on the addition of new buildings to the original trunk, Gandon's plans for a portico were accepted. The site of the new erection presented a steep declivity; and as it was impossible to build upon it an Ionic portico, whose horizontal lines (cornices, basements, windows, &c.), could have been carried on at the same level with those already in existence, without seriously damaging the general effect, the difficulty was surmounted by adopting the Corinthian order in the addition. The latter cost no less than upwards of £20,000. It was originally approached by two steps; and with the circular wall connecting it with the central portico, contributed largely to the appearance of the whole. It is a subject of frequent regret, that the wall and porticos have not a greater elevation; that they look stunted and out of proportion. It should be remembered, however, that this defect arises from the circumstance of the original architect having contemplated no addition to his plans. Remedy is out of the question; the diameters of columns increase in a ratio with their height; and who ever dreams of improving the Parliament Houses by increasing the elevation, must first make up his mind to pull the entire structure to pieces. In 1787, a fit of artistic extravagance seized the Commons. They resolved upon adding a fresh portico to the west side of the building. Circumstances favoured the *Plebs* so far, that they were able to erect one in harmony with the original design; and to increase the beauty of the pile, they had it connected to the centre of the house by a magnificent circular colonnade and wall, twelve feet distant from each other. This was the last change effected by the Irish Parliament. The figures above the southern portico are from designs by Flaxman.

Of the interior of both houses we have been furnished with a graphic and complete description by eye-witnesses. The central door of the great portico led into a vast and splendid hall, known as the Court of Requests. This was usually crowded during the session by constituents, lawyers, undertakers, deputations from the country, and witnesses summoned before either house. The Commons was a circular room, surrounded by sixteen Corinthian columns, springing from a cylindrical base, and supporting a hemispherical dome. The strangers' gallery ran around the pillars; and on the floor benches, for the accommodation of the members, were ranged in concentric circles, one rising above the other. The Lords' was an apartment forty feet long by thirty feet wide. It was enriched at both ends with Corinthian columns, and covered with a trunk ceiling. At the upper end was a niche in which was placed the throne. John Wesley, who saw it in 1787, says, that in splendour it exceeded that of Westminster; "but," adds the pious man, "what surprised me above all, were the kitchens of the House, and the great apparatus for good eating." This is genuine philosophy. The Lords', we may remark, was hung with tapestries representing the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Derry. They were manufactured by Robert Baillie of Dublin, and valued highly.

The House of Peers must have presented an uncommon spectacle of pomp and magnificence on the occasion of the viceroy's visits. From the Castle to College-green, his excellency's way was lined by the military; a squadron of cavalry preceded the carriage; and the cortège moved forward to the strains of music and the discharge of ordnance. These were great fête days in Dublin, when the wealth and rank of the provinces poured into the city, when the land was rich in many of the elements of public prosperity. We can fancy the multitudes, ever greedy for a show, whether it be Punchinello or the Queen of Sheba, surging around the base of old Trinity, filling up the approaches of Dame-street and Westmoreland-street, and spreading like a black sea around the walls of the Parliament House. There were cheers, and vivats, and wavings of hats and handkerchiefs, as the viceregal chariot appeared amid the blare of twenty trumpets, and the glitter of uniforms, and the flash of bayonets. Having entered and robed, his Excellency was conducted to the chair of state in the House of Lords. The peers, spiritual and temporal, stood around, the bishops in their sleeves and aprons, the lords in their cloaks and coronets. When the bills which had passed both houses had received the royal assent, the chancellor, kneeling, received permission from the Viceroy to summon the Commons. That duty was discharged by the Usher of the Black Rod; a tumultuous rush of feet was heard in the corridors, and in a minute the commoners, pushing, struggling, and fighting for way, rushed into the viceregal presence. Those who have seen the delirious scramble of an English House of Commons on similar occasions, may form a faint conception of a scene, when the Usher of the Black Rod would have his heels chipped off, and the Sergeant-at-arms be treated as an illegal obstruction. The royal assent was given in French; and when the ceremony had concluded the peers would retire to

disrobe, and the viceroy would get down to his carriage, and the pageant stream back to the Castle.

In 1739 Henry Lord Santry was tried before the peers for the murder of a man in Palmerstown. The event caused no small sensation in Irish society, and the proceedings were surrounded with all possible pomp and circumstance. College-green was occupied by the military; the battle-axe guards were stationed in the passages and approaches of the house; and the city constables took care of the demeanour of the mob. Santry was fetched from gaol in a hackney-coach. The Chancellor adopted a more pretentious mode of conveyance; for we are told that he left his house preceded by twelve bare-headed gentlemen, his sergent-at-arms and seal bearer, the Black Rod carrying his Grace's white staff, the King of Arms carrying nothing. His grace himself was sumptuously arrayed in a rich gown, the train of which was borne by gentlemen. The cortège, which consisted of several carriages, each drawn by two horses, was brought up by the judges in their crimson and ermined dresses. When his grace reached the house, there was an immense bunch of ceremonies to be got through. When he had bowed to all the peers, all the peers had to return the compliment with interest; his chair was placed upon an ascent of one step only; a stool was provided for the accommodation of the purse, (by the way when did the king's chancellors cease to be the king's almoners?) King-of-Arms and Seal-bearer stood on his right hand; Black-Rod and Sergeant-at-Arms on his left. The king's commission was presented to him on bended knees; and when proclamations without end had been made, the prisoner, preceded by the headsman, bearing an axe painted black to within two inches of the edge, was placed at the bar. Then the headsman took his place beside the accused, holding the axe as high as his neck, but with the edge turned away from his lordship. It was the custom to hold it thus until the prisoner should have been acquitted or found guilty, in which latter case, the axe's edge was immediately turned towards him. Bowes, then solicitor-general, prosecuted, and his lordship was found guilty, with a recommendation to the royal mercy. He was reprieved at the intercession of the Lord Lieutenant, and subsequently received a full pardon. The peers subsequently tried Viscount Netterville for the murder of a man named Walsh. The prisoner was acquitted in the absence of legal evidence. Robert, Earl Kingston, was put on trial in May 1798, for the murder of Colonel Fitzgerald, and was also acquitted.

In 1759 the country was suddenly alarmed by the report of a contemplated union with Great Britain. Such a prospect, distasteful as it was to the nation at large, was specially unpopular with the citizens of Dublin, who wisely foresaw, in the transfer of the legislature to England, the death of enterprise and the destruction of trade. Directly the report obtained circulation, the doors of the House of Commons were besieged by crowds of citizens, who manifested by their demeanour a deep sense of injury, and a resolution to guard the national rights. It must have been a strange scene; for when Rigby, the Lord Lieutenant's secretary, came out to quiet the

people's apprehensions, he would not be listened to ; and the president of the second greatest assembly in the world had to come forward. Mr. Ponsonby, the speaker of the house, was one of the most popular politicians of the time ; and his disclaimer, backed up by the secretary's declaration that an act of union should receive his opposition, tranquillized the people. The tumult had scarcely subsided when the citizens had their suspicions awakened afresh by a motion of Rigby, which proposed to empower the Viceroy, in case of public emergency, to summon a parliament without the usual notice.

In the twinkling of an eye the indignant Dubliners rushed to the house, possessed themselves of the approaches, and administered to the members, as they passed, an oath enjoining fidelity to the constitution. Mr. Gilbert's description of this scene is graphic and full of colour. He tells us that the mob laid hands on Rowley, a wealthy dissenter, who was suspected of harbouring intentions prejudicial to the nation ; that he was stripped and narrowly escaped drowning ; that Lord Inchiquin lost his periwig and red ribbon, and nearly lost his life from an impediment of speech ; that the English Bishop of Killala and the Lord Chancellor were dragged from their coaches and obliged to take the oath twice. Anthony Malone, coming out of the house, was stopped and questioned, and one of the ringleaders having just dipped his hand in the channel, insisted on shaking that of the honourable member. The demonstration culminated in a joke, which for point and malignity was never equalled in the popular excesses of the French. Entering the House of Lords, the citizens seated an old woman on the throne, where they compelled her to smoke tobacco. The sarcasm was directed against the imbecility of the peers, who were strongly suspected of designs inimical to the public liberties. The journals of the House of Commons were saved from the flames, only because they recorded the great triumph of 1753. A gallows was erected for Rigby, but he fled the city, and thus escaped the death of a malefactor. In the evening the populace was dispersed without loss of life by mounted troops. When the commons had recovered from the terror inspired by those proceedings, they passed all sorts of resolutions guaranteeing the inviolability of their privileges. The Lord Mayor and sheriffs were summoned before the house, and reproofed for their negligence, and warned to be more diligent in concerting measures for the personal safety of the members.

Sir Jonah Barrington gives us a complete and splendid picture of the interior of the House of Commons on the ever-memorable day on which Grattan, then at the full height of his great powers, moved the "Declaration of Irish Rights." Over four hundred ladies were seated in the gallery of the dome, the majority of the auditors belonging to the peerage. The body of the house was crowded with members ; and when the Speaker took the chair at four o'clock, the eye could scarcely have rested on a more brilliant and imposing spectacle. Grattan was in the Volunteer uniform, and as he rose not a whisper was heard in the mighty rotunda. When he had finished, and the almost universal affirmative of the legislature had raised Ireland for a brief moment from the position of a dependant to the

rank of a nation, self-erect and free, the applause which rang through the house was communicated to the thousands who thronged College-green, waiting in dignified expectancy the issue of the day; and the city rose up in jubilee. The evening was devoted to public feasts and celebrations; and as night closed over the metropolis of a self-emancipated people, the sky was illuminated by the reflection of a thousand fires. This was in 1782; and yet only seven years elapsed and the project of a union with England was openly debated within the same walls. Again the people clamoured at the doors within which a pack of mercenaries were huckstering away their liberties; again the women of Ireland crowded into the mighty dome, and watched with flushed cheek and swimming eye the struggle between patriotism and corruption; and once more the people conquered. When the vote of the house decided the question, a loud cry of exultation burst from the gallery; many females being so overpowered from emotion as to fall into hysterics. When the house rose, the populace took the horses from the Speaker's carriage and drew it home in triumph. Some persons pursued Lord Clare with the professed intention of yoking him to it, and he had to take refuge in a recessed doorway in Clarendon-street, where he presented a pistol at his tormentors, by whom the threat was received with shouts of derision. Mr. Gilbert tells us that whilst 707,000 persons petitioned against the debated measure, only 3000 petitioned in its favour.

Every tool of corruption was plied to secure a majority for the government. The most splendid offers were made to seduce needy men of talent into a betrayal of their country's interests, but they were scornfully declined. It was not until 1800, when the house had been packed with mendicant English and Scotch adventurers, when the cabinet had resolved to spare nothing in order to prostitute the patriots, and buy over the indifferent, that the crash came which upset the constitutional card-house. Bribes were held out under the name of compensations for losses resulting from the removal of the seat of government to London. Every peer returning a pliant member was to receive £15,000 in cash, exclusive of election costs; every member who had purchased a seat, was to have the money returned to him by the treasury. Besides, all members who should lose by the union, were to be recompensed for their losses; and to carry out this gigantic scheme of fraud, a million and a half of the public money was placed at the disposal of the minister. Amongst the recipients of such infamous wages, we are told that Lord Shannon received for his patronage in the Commons, £45,000; Marquis of Ely £45,000; Lord Clanmorris, a peerage and £23,000; Lord Belvidere, a *douceur* and £15,000; Sir Hercules Langrishe, £15,000. Mr. Gilbert tells us that the Anti Unionists subscribed £100,000 to purchase seats, in order to counterpoise the rotten accessions to the ministerial interest in the House. Private liberality, however, was no match for the resources of a minister who had an empire at his back; and the liberty of the Irish nation was voted away on the morning of the 8th of April 1800, by a corrupted majority of 43, procured by the outlay of £3,000,000!

All is over—" *Fermez les rideaux.*" The Black Rod may break his wand, and the Sergeant-at-arms pawn his mace, and the Speaker may go home, and the Chancellor send his wig to the museum. The minor functionaries shall receive for compensation a share of the £32,000 voted for that purpose; but the pomp and circumstance have departed, perhaps for ever; and they shall shine no more in the gorgeous pageants of which the House was the centre. Tighe and Grattan, and poor Egan, with his large heart and short stick, and Bowes Daly, the polished and chivalrous gentleman, and James Blackwood, whose subsequent honours could not improve the nobility of his character, and O'Donnell, who would be informal, and move that the Act of Union be burned, may linger for awhile at the threshold, as the oil-lamps begin to flicker around the college walls, and the mists of June steal over the city. Soon they too shall have gone, and not a sound be heard in the rotunda, except the carpenter making chests and counters for Mammon. Only three years ago, and the Duke of Rutland, the dead Viceroy, was waked in the House of Lords. The room was darkened and hung in superfine mourning; waxlights blazed upon the coffin and on the arms and orders of defunct nobility. There were canopies and plumes, and mourners for the hiring; and in the midst of all lay the dead man in triple armour,—cedar, lead, and mahogany. Now they are going to lock up the house and place the keys in the custody of an old woman who shall take fees for opening the doors to visitors, and exposing to their eyes the chamber in which forty-three noblemen sold their country for a consideration. Trinity College shall get the chandelier of the commoners, and the Irish Academy be presented with the speaker's chair. Foster, the last speaker of the House, has the mace which he refuses to give up to the government, until the body that entrusted it to his keeping shall demand it. "*Fermez les rideaux,*" cried Rabelais, "It is all over."

On the "abolition" of the Irish Parliament, it was proposed to convert the House into lecture halls for the use of Trinity College. The suggestion was rejected on reasonable grounds, and the Bank of Ireland purchased the place, subject to a ground rent of £240, for the sum of £40,000. In its then condition, the House did not suit the requirements of a gigantic banking concern, so a circular wall was run up between the centre and extremities of the buildings, with Ionic pillars and niches alternating on the surface. So it stands! The great tide of Dublin life—narrow indeed when compared with that of Paris or London—flows by its walls day after day; the sentry walks his rounds in the classic porticoes, and the fruit girl sells oranges on the steps; on no side is visible the emotion which the monument of a great moral assassination ought to be capable of inspiring. Enthusiastic hearts and eyes may repeople its halls and courts with the pomp and pageantry of a coming legislature; in which, by the way, the blare of the Viceregal trumpets is never heard, nor is the thunder of orthodox cannon resonant, but for the great mass there is no dream, no foreshadowing. The popular bulk, we are told, has taken to Mr. Emerson's "substantialities," and is satisfied with three per cents.

A QUEER STORY ABOUT LITTLE MEN AND MIGHTY TREASURES.

* * * * *

It rained hard; the road was more than a foot under water; so we stopped at the Harp and Eagle, and made ourselves at home for the night. And when dinner was over, and we lighted our cigars, in came the sick man, with the pale face and bright eyes, which so frightened Sarah.

"Now," we said, "for your story."

"Shall I begin at the beginning?" asked the sick man.

"What else would you do, now?" says the landlord of the "Harp and Eagle."

"Well, then," said the sick man, "be all attention, for it may be a long time before I again allude to this subject. Well," he continued, "it is a fact well known to the people of these parts, that our family is second to none in age and respectability,—that is, in so far as being 'residents' since before Queen Bess's time, and always paying our way, as honest people should do, to the last—very last farthing!—as the landlord here knows right well. Such being the case, of course you will not be astonished when I tell you that from the days of Queen Bess, down to my own days, our family had a 'hankering' after leprahauns, and the leprahauns after our family, and there has scarcely been a leap year from the time of the first of our family, whose name was Roderick O'Lennan of the Hills, to the present year, that some little affair of honour, love, capers or pranks, has not been played on either side. Of course, our object always has been to come at the golden store of the leprahauns, and to adopt every possible means to attain that end, and you would scarcely believe all the bother and trouble those same leprahauns have brought on us even within the last hundred years or so. In fact there is not a book in Ireland would hold an account of the doings on both sides. So not to weary you with tales which would make the hair of your head stand erect—all facts, mind—true as the gospel,—I will just tell in as few words as I possibly can, my adventures with the leprahauns, from the effects of which,—as you see for yourself—I have not yet recovered.

"On this very night five weeks, after my supper and prayers, I went to bed. It was early; I could not sleep, so lay just as much awake as a 'March hare' for several hours. At last and long run, I was about to doze when I heard a voice to call 'Phil Lennan, Phil Lennan!' I turned on my back in order to be certain, and again the voice said, 'Phil Lennan, get up! go at once to the Hare Gap; it is day-light; get up! up! up!'" I remembered that I had some snares set on the furzy ditch, for the hares, and thought that some neighbour had discovered them. Well, the short and the long of it is, I got up, opened the door, and went out towards the Hare Gap. The morning was fine, the sun had scarcely risen, the grass was damp yet firm under foot, on account of a slight frost. I

passed through the Hare Gap, looked at my snares, one of which I found full,—removed the hare, and retraced my steps. Well, just as I was passing through the Hare Gap, which is a large flat, placed between two furzy hills, what did I see? jewel and darlint! but—the Lord guard us—a little man smoking a short pipe. He was scarcely as big as a sod of turf, wore shiny polished top-boots, spurs, knee-breeches with ivory buttons and silk side strings, red coat with swallow-tails, gilt buttons, and a green velvet collar, white waistcoat, blue neck-handkerchief, cocked hat and a frill to his shirt; his skin was tan coloured, his eyes were blue, his moustache was white and old looking, his eyebrows were yellowish like; he wore a wig with a long twisty tail, which was tied by silver strings to two bright gold rings which dropped from his ears backwards on his shoulder blades; his fingers were bright with diamonds and jewels, and he carried in his right hand a small white stick with a golden head and a long nose; under his left arm he carried a little bugle with silver keys, and in his left hand a turkey red pocket-handkerchief, and a pair of spectacles; the latter he rubbed with the turkey red pocket-handkerchief, and placed on his nose, when he observed me.

“‘Good morrow, Phil Lennan,’ said the little man; ‘you’re at work early.’

“‘Good morrow kindly to you,’ said I.

“‘Do you know,’ said the little man, ‘that I have a great regard for the family of the Lennans? on my honour I have, although you, Phil, likely think to the contrary; on my honour I have.’

“‘Then,’ said I, ‘if you wish us so well, why not give us some of your ould stale gold, as you know we often strove to get it from you. Why not give us a few thousands, even?’

“‘Just so,’ says the little man; ‘the fact is, I never keep cash by me, and for the last two or three hundred years I would have given wealth to the Lennans, but for that great fact.’

“Now I remarked that, during the time the little man spoke, he was in the act of placing his spectacles in a tortoise-shell case, and at last he put the case in his white waistcoat pocket; he also removed from his fingers some of the diamonds, loosened the tail of his wig from the silver cord and large ear-rings, and then tied the turkey-red pocket handkerchief tightly round his hips, after the manner of a man disposed for an encounter. He then tucked his swallow-tails towards the front of his chest, and pinned them to the pocket flaps of his fancy white waistcoat. ‘You seem prepared to give me the slip,’ said I to the little man.

“‘Pon my deed, indeed I hope to do so,’ he replied; ‘good bye to you, Phil Lennan.’

“And as he spoke, off he scampered in the direction of *Glen Heather Mountain*, which rises in the neighbourhood, you know of the Hare Gap Hills. ‘Stand,’ said I, ‘if not I’ll catch you!’ ‘Catch if you can,’ roared the little man. ‘I’m off,’ said I, and so I was. On ran the little man; on I ran after him. Over wall, drain, and hare-hole cleared the little man, without dirtying his boots! But he was not a bit more won-

derful indeed than myself, who, before the little man reached the summit of *Glen Heather*, was within a few yards of him. 'Will you give in?' said I. 'Fudge, Phil,' he replied. 'Will you once?' said I to the little man. 'Gammon!' he replied. 'Will you twice?' said I to the little man. 'Bosh,' he answered. 'Will you the third and last time?' says I to the little man, (whose tongue was out from pure exhaustion). 'Fiddlesticks, Phil,' says he. 'Then you'll be sorry,' says I, as I threw the dead hare, which I held up to this time, before him. It tripped him up; he fell, he rolled, the hare rolled, both rolled together, and what do you think, but the next thing that met my view was the hare running down *Glen Heather* towards the foot of *Slieve Bloom* on three legs, and the little man seated on her back. Of course I felt sorely cut at the sight; but when the little man turned his head towards me with his thumb on his nose, I determined to have satisfaction, so I scampered like wind after the three-legged hare with the little man on her back. The hare not being used to the saddle, went in a direct line down the hill. She seemed to have forgotten the zigzag way of running under ordinary circumstances. Of course, she did not run quickly, as her hind legs were longer than the solitary front one. Consequently, I expected that the hare would tumble heels over the little man, or that the little man would tumble head over the hare. Both catastrophes occurred; the little man tumbled, the hare tumbled, both tumbled over, and over, and over till they arrived at the foot of *Slieve Bloom*, where they were stopped by the little stream which divides the two hills. I was there soon as the hare and the little man, and as both got a "souse into the stream, and sunk to the bottom, I was just in time to save them from "watery graves." You would be delighted entirely to see the grip I took of the little fellow, first by the back of the neck, then by the heels, which I elevated and wriggled in order to remove the water from his chest. He was speechless for two hours, but ultimately came to, as you shall hear.

"Where am I?" says the little man at last.

"You're here, safe and nearly sound," says I; 'you had better stir yourself.'

"Phil Lennan," says the little man, 'go home; I am obliged to you for your kindness.'

"Of course you are; but do you forget you have given me a run of nearly sixteen miles across those mountains. Are you going to settle with me, say if you are not? I will bring you home and put you in the empty blackbird's cage, or cut your head off, and give it to the young greyhounds," I replied, pulling out a tobacco knife.

"Come back," said he, 'where's that cursed hare?'

"Gone to dry herself," I replied, as we turned our steps towards *Glen Heather*, I taking good care not to take my eyes or hands off the little man.

"We had better sit and rest," said the little man, as we reached the top of *Glen Heather*; 'you have me nearly choked.'

"You have me nearly tired to death," I answered, 'and if I sit down now, let it be on the understanding that you settle with me.'

“ ‘Agreed,’ says the little man, ‘sit.’ He seated himself on the top of a large stone, and on its corner I sat, never for an instant relaxing my hold of him.

“ ‘Do you play music?’ asked the little man.

“ ‘I do—the trump,’ was my reply.

“ ‘In an instant he took from his breeches pocket an ivory-mounted silver trump, and commenced to play some air which I did not understand.

“ ‘Stop that!’ says I. ‘Put your music into your breeches pocket; don’t think that music and blarney will do this time; settle with me at once, or off goes your head for the young greyhounds.’

“ ‘Phil,’ says the little man, ‘you are jesting. Would you touch a little fellow like me? so very little, Phil; so very old, Phil; and yet so very well looking, Phil. Nevertheless, with a very large family, Phil. I was of age the year before the flood—am married to the sixteenth wife, and have given jointures to all my children, wives, and grand-children; so am very, very, very poor, Phil Lennan.’

“ ‘Now, I thought he was ‘spinning,’ so said:

“ ‘You were born before the flood. Why were you not drowned? do tell me that?’

“ ‘Very true,’ replied the little man. ‘I would have been drowned *to-day* but for you, Phil. I would have been drowned *then* but for something else. Of course I was one of the good people, who floated and got dry land in this neighbourhood, where I have ever since resided.’

“ ‘Do you tell me that?’ says I.

“ ‘Pon my deed in deed, I do,’ says the little man, as he took the short pipe from the cuff of his coat, where he had it in a small leather case, filled it with tobacco, and lit it by means of the sun’s rays and a diamond ring, which he wore on his first finger.

“ ‘No matter, give me a trifle, or off, I say, goes your head,’ says I.

“ ‘How much will do you?’ says he.

“ ‘As you are poor, give me only fifty thousand pounds,’ I replied.

“ ‘Wont fifty pounds without the thousands do you?’ says he.

“ ‘In a minute my tobacco-knife was out, and the blunt back of it drawn across his neck.

“ ‘Hold hard,’ says he; ‘I will give you a check on the bank for the money.’

“ ‘No check on the bank. I must have the yellow gold,’ I replied.

“ ‘Nothing short of it?’

“ ‘Nothing short of it?’

“ ‘Wont you take off something? fifty thousand is a great deal of money,’ says the little man.

“ ‘Well, yea, take off four or five pounds,’ says I.

“ ‘Thank ye,’ says the little man. ‘Come this way’—(pointing with his little white stick to a deep hollow which is on the top of Glen Heather, and which appears dug out like a bowl from the solid rock) I held him very tightly, as I expected he would play on me. At last we stood in the centre of the hollow!

" 'Those are my coffers,' says the little man, as he pointed to the rocks all round. He then took the little bugle from under his arm, and gave a blast through it. Presently the fronts of the rocks fell forward like so many window-shutters, and exposed large heaps of gold and silver, diamonds and jewels! Here little men were shovelling silver and gold in heaps. There little men were counting gold and diamonds. Here little men were melting, by means of large kitchen fires, whole blocks of real solid gold. There they were paying out to other little men and little women. Here they were receiving dishes-full of brooches, ringa, gold watches, bracelets, silver spurs and silver-mounted riding-whips, and also nailing bad money to the counters.

" 'Pay Phil Lennan fifty thousand in gold,' says the little man to a small gentleman who had a writing pen behind his ear.

" 'Done, sir' says the gentleman, and fifty leather bags marked £1,000 each were placed before me.

" 'Stop,' says the little man; 'have you any money about you, Phil Lennan?'

" 'Not a stiver,' I replied.

" 'No matter; take five pounds out of No. 1 bag,' says the little man to the gentleman with the pen in his ear.

" 'Done,' says the gentleman, as he, with a dab of a brush, changed the mark on the No. 1 bag to £995.

" 'Remove your money,' says the little man, as he gave another blast through the little bugle. Presently the shutters were up—the rocks resumed their former appearance, and the fifty bags of gold, the little man, and myself were the only interesting persons and things in the bowl.

" 'Remove your money,' again says the little man.

" 'Impossible!' I replied. 'You will have to get it carried for me.'

" 'Well, well, I suppose I must,' says the little man. 'I will do so on one condition.'

" 'Name it,' says I.

" 'That you second my son, 'Heather-top,' the best pugilist in Ireland, who has been challenged by 'Strawberry-Sam,' of St. Helens, in Wales—stakes ten millions aside.'

" 'Do you tell me so?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'When is the fight to come off?' I asked.

" 'T-day' answered the little man.

" 'Where?' 'Here.' 'What! Here! You jest.' 'I never do,' replied the little man. 'I would not ask you for such a favour, but I have learned from my secretary, that my son's trainer and second is not expected to live, having sprained his left molar tooth, and has not rallied from the shock occasioned thereby, so we'll be in a pickle I fear.'

" 'You tell me that your son is well up in the science,' I asked.

" 'Would delight you,' replied the little man.

" 'You must be in some need of refreshment,' said I to the little man, after a pause.

"'Not a bit of it. I breakfast at three in the morning, and dine at three in the afternoon,' he answered.

"'And where do you deal for your provisions and groceries?' I asked.

"'Every where—all round about,' he answered. 'You see,' continued the little man, 'my family, though large, is not extravagant, nor are they fond of dainty dishes. So during the spring time, we put up with a sufficiency of new milk, mushrooms, and winter fruit; during the summer and autumn months, we can have what we wish—strawberries, blackberries, peaches, pears, and corn, and what not. During the winter months we live on hawa, mountain dew, and the provisions stored during harvest time. In fact my dear sir,' continued the little man, 'we are seldom short of food, or essentials, to keep our frames intact, and to my own certain knowledge there are folk who carry higher heads than we carry—that could not honestly say so much.'

"'Sarra doubt about that part of your story,' I replied. 'But hold, what's this?'

"'Here they are! my son 'Heathertop' and his backers—'Strawberry Sam,' his second and backers. The referee—the members of the sporting club, the ring in general, and the ropes and stakes in particular,' says the little man with much excitement, and standing on his toes to have a good view of the comers, some of whom were dressed like the little man, but had on top-coats and warm mufflers, two musical bands were seating themselves round the top of the rocky bowl, (they played the finest music I ever heard during my born days,) whilst several hundred of the boys and girls of the leprahauns—the commoner sort, it would appear, sat between the bands and the ring. In the twinkling of an eye the stakes were down in the solid rocks, and the ropes were attached to them! Whilst all this was going on, of course the "strangers were introduced to my little man and to myself as the second of his son 'Heathertop.' I, all the time, keeping a grip of my prisoner, and an eye both to him and to my clear, yellow gold guineas in the fifty bags; for although I heartily admired the 'manly science of self-defence,' the thoughts of the great heaps of money were dearer to me. At length a little bell rang, and into the centre of the ring instantly was thrown a carrot-coloured velvet cap, with a gold band on it. This was followed by a vegetable-green coloured velvet cap with a gold band on it, then a vegetable-green-and-gold little man entered the ring—whom I at once knew to be of the family of my little man; then a carrot-and-gold little man entered the ring of course. I at once knew this to be the Welsh 'Strawberry Sam.' On another ding of the little bell, a fat well-to-do-looking little man, dressed as white as the driven snow, entered the ring. He held some papers in his hand, and my little man told me this was the referee. He was known by the surname "Snow Ball."

"'Then the Snow Ball said, 'Cracked Walnut,' as second to 'Strawberry Sam,' take your place! Immediately a smart-handed-looking little fellow dressed in snuff-coloured breeches, and in his shirt sleeves, stood by Sam's side. Then the Snow Ball again said—wherever he heard it, I don't know—

'*Phil Lennan* as second to *Heathertop*, take your place.' 'I will,' said I, 'on two conditions.'

"Name your conditions!" says the referee.

"The first is that the money here, which is mine, be placed convenient to me inside the ropes," I replied.

"It is against the fundamental rule of the ring," says the referee. "It is against the rules; but we, as referee, grant you this condition," continued Snow Ball.

"The second condition is," I continued, "that I have the privilege of bringing my little man here, the father of the young gentleman *Heathertop*, inside the ropes, and retaining him as at present."

"Such a request was never before heard of," says the referee. "But we, as referee, grant it on the proviso, that such arrangement be not to the prejudice of your principal," continues Snow Ball.

"I 'gree to the proviso! and now for it," says I, entering the ring.

"At last the referee finished the reading of the paper rules, then said, 'Seconds, toss for corners.' Immediately the snuff-coloured second, who was not more than a foot and a half in height, came towards me, put his hand in his breeches pocket, and drew out of it a new two-shilling piece. 'A single toss, or two, of three, mate,' says the little snuff-coloured man. 'A single toss,' whispered my own little man. 'A single toss,' says I. "Cry," says the snuff-coloured little man. 'Harp for Ireland,' says I, as up went the silver. 'You won the toss,' says the referee—"a good beginning"—A cheer from our backers followed the announcement.

"How will you place your man," says the referee, 'side or back?'

"Say back," whispered my own little man, whom I still gripped tightly. 'Back to the sun, Mr. Referee,' says I.

"Good again, sir," says the referee. 'Places,' says the referee, (showing us at the same time our positions) 'are you ready, gentlemen?' continued the referee.

"Wait a minute," says I, 'my money, you know, has to be placed in my corner.'

"Just so. Boys, shunt those bags to this corner of the ring," says the referee, pointing to my corner.

"Done," says a thousand voices; and sure enough, the fifty bags of solid gold were at my elbow.

"Ready, gentlemen?" says the referee.

"Ready," says the snuff-coloured little man.

"Ready and willing," says I.

"To it men," says the referee. At these words, both 'men' walked to the centre of the ring, embraced, 'shook hands, and parted,' to their own corners.

"And now the excitement, within and without the ropes, was at a high pitch. Cheers were given for the 'red,' cheers were given for the 'green.' Wagers, ranging from one hundred sovereigns to one and two millions, were offered and taken on 'first blood,' both sides, whilst whole kingdoms were staked on the final issue of the fight. And now, only now,

I glanced in thought on the position in which I was placed. Talk of prime ministers, Houses of Commons, and Lords; what was their responsibility to mine, only think of it. The hope or the despair of kingdoms, aye, of the *five* quarters of the globe, to be nursed on the knee of Phil Lennan. Talk as you will, Phil Lennan did his duty, though he lost the fifty thousand pound, and found what he did not at all bargain for—pains, aches, and a sore heart!

"Well, to make a long story short, my chap drew the first blood, and sure enough it did spout out of the red fellow like mad; but the red fellow, next bout, gave my man a thump on the forehead, which made the mountains all round about echo with the sound, and my poor lamb sneeze so continuously, that he got quite stupid, and would not have been able to 'go in' to time, had I not remembered that when I was a child, my poor old grandmother—Heaven be with her!—used to stop my sneezings by pressing firmly between her fingers the bones of my nose—an operation which I performed successfully on 'Heathertop,' who fought manfully, showed the greatest possible amount of 'science,' and ultimately 'licked' the 'Walshman,' who although possessed of a considerable amount of pluck, was in the ninety-sixth round, shot by a 'fair underhand,' over the ropes, and pasted, flat as a pan-cake and stone dead, against the side of that large rock which lies on the surface (but overhangs at a distance of about one hundred and two or three feet) the ring wherein we fought. (I will point him out, for his friends said there was no use in removing him) when I have strength sufficient to ascend the hill.

"Of course there was a great 'Hubbub' on the part of the foreigners, most of them got up such a queer chatter, that I was quite bewildered; of course, too, there was money galore handed about, and bits of paper, in the forms of I O You's, and the like.

"'Shall I throw up the sponge?' says the snuff-coloured second, very much excited.

"'There is scarcely an occasion,' says the referee, 'Heathertop' is the victor, after a well-fought ring,' he continued. 'Such is the decision of your referee.'

"The joy on our side was boundless. Such shaking of hands, shouting, capering and embracing. 'Heathertop' was chaired round and round the ring. I, holding fast my own little man, was next taken off my pins by a couple of hundred of the Leprahauns, and chaired round the ring, whilst thousands of voices cried, 'Three cheers and one cheer more for Phil Lennan,' the bands all the time playing 'St. Patrick's day in the morning;' oh! it was all a grand sight, no matter what it cost.

"'Phil Lennan,' says my own little man, taking me by the hand, 'I feel deeply indebted to you; and if I ever have the opportunity of showing my gratitude otherwise than in bestowing on you a few thousands of 'filthy lucre,' no doubt but I shall make use of such opportunity. And,' continues he, 'Phil Lennan, if it were not for the strong prejudice you hold against eating or drinking with us, nothing in the world would prevail on me to allow you to leave this place, with your fifty bags of bright gold guineas,

without dining and having a dance with us. You know,' continues the little man, 'I must show hospitality to those Welsh foreigners, who, you see, are brushing and cleaning themselves all round; and if I could, 'by hook or by crook,' prevail on you—you that has saved the credit of my family, and kept up the honour of old Ireland, by causing my boy to lick, clean and decent, the foreigners, to stop with us for the heel of the day, I would feel quite delighted.'

"Just as he stopped speaking I heard a loud rumbling noise by the side of a ledge of rock which was convenient to me, and as I turned my head round to see what was the cause of it, saw a little door-like opening, through which came twelve little men, dressed in cream-coloured livery, with red bindings on their coats and small-clothes. They wore white stockings and buckled shoes; they all appeared young, and every mother's son of them had his hair filled with flour. The first of them blew through a trumpet as he came out. Presently there stood in the centre of the ring an immense mahogany dining-table. Then he gave a second blow on the trumpet, and the eleven other men in the twinkling of an eye, put a large table-cloth, plates, knives and forks, spoons, glasses, and twelve large dishes of smoking and beautifully-smelling eatables, also twelve large bottles of whiskey on the table! Next the little man gave another blow on the trumpet, and large, soft, padded seats with backs, appeared all round the round table! Then the same little man took from his side pockets little slips of paper, and placed them all round the table. He then gave three very loud blasts on the trumpet, and retired inside the rock. Presently the most beautiful music in the world commenced, and over one hundred of the finest dressed ladies you ever set your born eyes on, each accompanied by a little man, took their seats at the dinner-table. Most of the little men I knew as those engaged in the late fight; but the ladies I had never seen before.

"Ah! do stop with us,' says my little man.

"Would there be any fear?" says I. 'If hunger can make a man stop I can't see how to get away.'

"Of course you must be both dry and hungry, and you deserve to be both, if you do not take what's going,' says the little man.

"True enough for you,' says I, nearly gasping from the beautiful odour of the dishes, and the whiskey bottles, which were now uncorked. 'But mind!' says I, 'you shall continue my prisoner until my money is at home, safe and sound, as I took you fairly in war.'

"Unquestionably,' says my little man; 'and,' says he aloud, 'place the best seat in our dominions at the head of the table, and to my right, for Mr. Phil Lennan.'

"Done,' says a number of voices.

"Well in due course I took my seat to the right of my little man, and next his most beautiful lady. The whole family were all attention and politeness to me; I neither wanted for spirits, wine, nor the most dainty bits on the dishes. The lady was very chatty, and seemed to know as much about our family as I did myself. Healths were drank, toasts were given, and ultimately liquor was flowing from end to end of the table.

Nearly every man, woman, and child (myself excepted) got drunk. Still the music was playing most beautifully, which caused, of course, some of the folk to dance and caper, though scarcely able to do so. The liquor, I said, was of the best; so, unfortunately for myself, as each man dropped dead drunk under the table, I was sure to drink "his health and an early uprise to him." My own little man was fast asleep, and evidently had an easy conscience, as there was not a budge out of him. I was sitting quietly on the top of a crockery hamper, when the lady says to me: "Phil, would yez like a nate diamond ring, for somebody you know?" "Not the slightest objection, darling," says I. "Then pull it off my middle finger," says she. I caught it, but 'twas so tight that I had to stand up and pull away with all my might. In the twinklin' of an eye off it came, sure enought, and back went myself, head over heels into the crockery.

"I was tripped up, and got landed on my head under the large mahogany table. I remember no more! what became of me afterwards I don't know. What became of my money, little man, and all, I have no notion of. All I do know is, that it was long after night when I was discovered, cold and speechless, at the distance of ten or twelve yards from the edge of the ring, and holding in my hand my short, thick hunting stick.

"And now," continued Phil Lennan, "as you all know the cause of my sickness well as I do myself, and as the night is far advanced, I will take my leave, with your permission," getting up and buttoning his coat.—"What I should have done," says Phil, "was first to get home the gold, and then come back to the party. The difficulty of killing two birds with one stone was well illustrated in my case. However, better luck next time. Good night to you all!"

R. L.

HANNIBAL'S VISION OF THE GODS OF CARTHAGE.

[“In his sleep, so he told Silenus, he fancied that the supreme god of his fathers had called him into the presence of all the gods of Carthage, who were sitting on their thrones in council. There he received a solemn charge to invade Italy.”—ARNOLD'S *“Rome,”* chap. xliii.]

I.

I SWEAR to thee, Silenus, it was not an idle dream,
When the gods of Carthage called me by the Ebro's rushing stream,
When I stood amid the council of the deities of Tyre—
And I felt a spirit on me—the spirit of my sire.

II.

You know if I am fearful, yet I quivered when I saw
The mighty form of Kronos, full of majesty and awe—
His glance was far and lifted, like one looking into space,
When he turned it full upon me, abashed, I hid my face.

III.

I heard the Thrones communing, in a language strange and high—
Words of Earth and words of Heaven, in opinion and reply ;
Names and actions all familiar, cherished secrets all untold,
Were mingled in their councils with the unknown and the old.

IV.

The prayer I prayed at Gades, the boyish oath I swore—
The slaughter at Saguntum which slaked the thirsty shore,
The tribes we smote on Tagus, all the actions of my youth,
Passed bodily before me, till I trembled at their truth.

V.

Then a deity descended, and touched me with his hand,
And I saw outspread before me the fair Italian land ;
Its interwoven valleys, where the vine and olive grow,
And the god who touched me, speaking, said gently—Rise and go !

VI.

But I knelt and gazed, as gazing I would have aye remained—
This was the destined labour—this was the task ordained—
As like a dragon breathing fire, I was loosed to overrun
These gardens of all flowers, these cities of the sun.

VII.

Where on snow-fed Eridannus the sacred poplars grieve,
Where the artists of Etruria their spells and garments weave ;
By a lake amid the mountains, by a gliding southern stream,
Hosts and consuls fell before me ;—I swear 'twas not a dream.

VIII.

We smote them with the sling, we smote them with the bow,
Libyan and Numidian, and Iberian footmen slow ;
And the elephants of Ind, and the lances of the Gaul,
Bore the the standard of our Carthage, victorious over all.

IX.

I heard the voice of wailing ; I heard the voice of Rome,
Then I knew my day was waning, I knew my hour was come ;
For to me a bound is given by the gods whom I obey,
And the wail of Rome must usher in the evening of my day.

X.

But I swear to thee, Silenus, since the vision of that night,
When all the Tyrian deities were given to my sight,
I cast no look behind me, I nurse no weak desires
For the lovely one I quitted, for the palace of my sires.

XI.

The daughter of Caluso, whose beauty thou hast seen,
The ample halls of Barca, are as visions that have been ;
The beloved ancestral city, with its temples and its walls,
Has no message which my spirit from its destiny recalls.

XII.

Beyond those peaks of crystal, my path lies on and on,
Where the gods have drawn the channel, there must the river run ;
For me, a tomb or triumph, exile or welcome home—
But the Dragon of the vision must work its work at Rome.

T. D. M.

Montreal, December.

HUNTING DOWN THE WALRUS ;

OR, A SUMMER CRUISE AMID THE ICEBERGS.

CHILDHOOD and boyhood passed tranquilly away in my pleasant home by the Shannon side ; but as manhood approached, a host of undefined dreams and wild longings after adventure thronged my heart and brain, and exercised such an influence over me, that, though I struggled manfully against them for a time, I was at length conquered. I soon gratified my passion for adventure after a somewhat singular manner. Near us there lived an old gentleman by the name of Dick Blennerhasset, who in his youth had been an officer in the navy. Captain Dick, as we used to call him, was an old and tried friend of my father's, and during his visits to our house, the stories he was in the habit of telling me about his adventures had no small share in exciting my imagination. With him I was an especial favourite, for I was strong, active, and courageous, and in our frequent boating excursions together on the Shannon, I showed such an aptitude for everything nautical, that he was wont to declare, with several asseverations which shall be nameless here, that I was born to be a sailor. And a sailor I was determined to be in good earnest.

In vain did I beseech Captain Dick and my father to let me go on one of these voyages. They were both inexorable. But, nevertheless, I was determined to be off by some means or other. It was May eve, and Captain Dick had come over to bid my father good-bye, for the Kathleen was to sail next morning, should the winds permit. Again I made the modest request of which I have spoken ; again I was flatly refused, this time with a stern threat from my father, Heaven forgive me, his harsh tone only rendered me more obstinate in my determination ; so I left them to finish their punch, and stole quietly to my bed-room. There I packed up all my warmest clothing in a bundle, and with it cautiously decamped from the house, and made my way to the shore opposite which the Kathleen was lying quietly at anchor, with no one to watch her, for the crew were

all away at their different homes, bidding their friends farewell. I took a small punt which lay by the shore, rowed it outward, and in fine, after letting it drift quietly down the river, found myself upon the deck of the *Kathleen*.

The first object almost that my eyes lighted on was a tub of biscuits lying against the side of the vessel. From this I took an ample supply, and after abstracting a jar of water from several that lay near, I took my treasure down to the hold. As well as I could judge, it was about day-break when Captain Dick and his crew came on board. By their cheery voices I knew that the weather was favourable. At length the *Kathleen* was in full sail down the river, and after about three hours, I knew by the sound of waves from outside and the bounding motions of the vessel, that she was rounding Loop Head, and dancing out into the open sea. Oh! how I longed to be on deck, but the certainty of being sent back ignominiously by Captain Dick, kept me quiet in my dark and narrow lodging.

On the morning of the fourth day, my biscuits and water being gone, I resolved, come what would, to brave the anger of Captain Dick. He was standing near his cabin door as I walked boldly on deck. A cry of surprise from some of the men who observed me first, made him turn round. There I stood, pale and worn, confronting him, however, with a bold face. I shall never forget the look he gave me. Had a thunderbolt fallen and shivered the deck of his beloved vessel, he could not appear more astonished and confounded. After a roaring volley of nautical oaths, his next impulse was to seize a rope's end.

"You young lubber," said he, pausing, for he saw that I was not to be trifled with, "what will you do, when an hour hence I'll put you in on the shore of Donegal, and send you home to your father?"

"I'll never go home alive!" answered I boldly. There was a kind light in the old hero's eye at my determined manner, which was not lost upon me, for I knew his every mood. "Captain Dick," I continued, following up my attack, "you often said I was born to be a sailor. Let me go with you this once, and I promise I shall never offend either you or my father again!"

"Egad!" said he, shaking his head, "I suppose it must be so now. Into the cabin with you, and get your breakfast," continued he, severely, "and I'll see about a letter to your father telling him what you have done, and all about you."

Into the cabin I went, followed by the wrathful Captain Dick. After breakfast, during which I explained to him my mode of living in the hold, he sat down and wrote a letter to my father, promising the latter to bring me back safe from my Arctic adventures. We were now passing Tory Island, and I began wondering as to the fate of the letter, when our commander ordered the course of the *Kathleen* to be changed so as to run in towards the shore of Donegal. From a village there the letter was forwarded to the next post town, and in course of time, as I learned afterwards, it arrived safely at the Shannon side, and quieted the apprehensions of my father with regard to my disappearance.

We sailed again for the far north. The wind was still fair, and on the morning of the fifth day we saw the sun rising from between the Western Scottish Isles. The gigantic crags of St. Kilda towered upon our left about mid-day, and as night fell we came in sight of the rocky mass of Suliker looming before us in solitary grandeur over the desolate waste of waters. Here the wind, after veering round, blew almost a gale from the westward, and we were forced to change our course; for instead of holding on straight for the Faroe Isles, as intended, the Kathleen ran before the wind to the Shetlands. Towards morning the wind abated, and when the sun rose we were in the little bay of Lerwick, the capital of those islands. From this we took our departure in the evening with a fair wind, which happily continued till, on the 24th of May, after passing Rost, one of the Loffoden Islands, we sailed into the Folden Fiord, and cast anchor opposite Rorstad, a small Norwegian village.

In sailing into the Folden Fiord, the scenery is inconceivably grand and terrible. On the left are the Loffoden Islands, with their tremendous precipices, some detached rocks of them rising like naked and jagged spears thousands of feet over the waters of that wild sea—others stretching in gigantic barriers between the eye and the horizon, while from some of the islands, such as East and West Vaage, white pyramidal mountains shot up, far beyond the line of perpetual snow, their pointed summits glittering in the sun and making doubly blacker by the contrast the sombre precipices beneath, and the gloomy waters that for ever dash and roar through the perilous channels which intersect them. Right before you as you enter the Fiord towers up into the silent sky the stupendous mass of Sulitelma, the highest mountain in Europe beyond the Arctic Circle, with its successive forest zones of fir, pine and birch, its naked and shaggy rocks frowning grim above them in another desolate belt, along which no living thing, plant or bird, exists save a few alpine plants, and the *emberiza nivalis*, a small bird, a species of bunting, which occasionally enlivens the steeps with its solitary note; while high above all, forest, cliff, chasm, and girdle of rolling clouds, the mighty peak of the mountain itself throws up its many-tinted glaciers, white with snow.

The Folden Fiord has no strand. It runs inland for a length of about seventy miles, and seems to have been channelled in the lapse of ages by the action of the furious sea that for ever dashes against the Scandinavian peninsula! The naked and beetling crags, at either side, rise hundreds of feet sheer from the water's edge, except opposite Rorstad, where there is a break in the sable line of precipices, and where vessels of light burthen can anchor with safety. At Rorstad we remained for a week, making various arrangements, for here it was that Captain Dick Blennerhasset usually hired his harpooners before finally setting out for the shores of Spitzbergen. It was now, however, too early in the season for sailing northward. The ice had not yet completely broken up, and so the captain settled the point by proposing that we should spend a fortnight or so capturing salmon and other fish that swarm in the sounds between the Loffoden Isles. For this purpose he hired a small Norwegian vessel, and leaving the Kathleen with

part of her crew anchored before Rorstad, sailed away for Mosken and Varroe, two islands that lie respectively north and south of the reputed Maelstrom. The dire yarns which fishermen and northern voyagers relate of this celebrated spot seem to have rather an insecure foundation, for beyond the fact that the waters there are in a perpetual state of unrest and phrensy in consequence of the rocks, hidden and visible, that surround it, I saw no other indication of its being a whirlpool such as Jonas Ramus, Kircher, and other writers describe with such horrifying minuteness of detail. It is a perilous spot nevertheless, for when the tide is coming in, and the wind blows hard from the west, the waters rush with headlong fury over the rocks, so that the largest ship that comes within the action of the current runs a chance of being dashed to atoms against those treacherous crags.

After spending a week in the neighbourhood of the Maelstrom, around which there are excellent fishing grounds, we were joined by a numerous fleet of small craft belonging to Norwegian and Loffoden fishermen who were bound for the shores of West Vaage, to intercept the shoals of herrings that at this season swarm around the islands. Captain Dick, according to his usual custom, joined them, and the day after our arrival on the grounds was one which I shall never forget, for it very nearly put an end to my voyages and my life at the same time.

It was a calm evening, and the fishermen were industriously plying their nets, when we heard sounds like the confused bellowings of cattle, to the westward. We were in front of the wild inlet that indents the outward shore of West Vaage, and as we looked out we beheld a vast flock of the round-headed porpoise tumbling inward in pursuit of a shoal of herrings. Their appearance was like a regular signal of war. The fishermen instantly drew in their nets, and divided the boats into two fleets, so as to leave a free passage for the porpoises towards the shallow inlet. On they came, tumbling and gambolling about, sometimes bellowing with delight, as a more plentiful supply than usual of the doomed herring shoal rewarded their pursuit, till at last they dashed in helter skelter between the boats, the fishermen in high glee standing prepared, oar in hand, to follow them into the inlet. The quantity of oil obtained from this species of cetacea is both abundant and valuable. The command of the attack seemed by common consent to devolve upon Captain Dick, whom these wild fishermen knew and trusted wonderfully. At last he gave the word. The two fleets of small craft again joined, and away we went as fast as oars could carry us in pursuit of the Round-heads. A huge old bull porpoise seemed to be their leader in their headlong foray after the herrings. But he proved a bad general, for in the excess of his voracity he stranded himself upon a shallow part of the inlet. When the leader of a flock of this species of porpoise runs upon the beach, the rest are sure to follow. And so it turned out in this instance, for the whole flock was stranded in a moment.

An onslaught to equal that which followed I never witnessed. The whole fleet swept in after the shoal, and for a full half hour it was all mist,

of July, and here our sport commenced at last and in right good earnest. As we hove in sight of a small sheltered bay, formed in the side of a vast ice-field that had not yet broken up, we found it literally crammed with walrus. The old males of this species of *Pinnipedia* are exceedingly fierce and quarrelsome, often contesting the dominion of a herd in single combat, just as two stags amid the forest will fight for the sovereignty of a herd of deer. Something like this appeared to be going on as we came in sight of the little bay, for two immense bulls were on the ice, tearing and bellowing at each other, their companions squatted thickly around looking on stolidly at the struggle. So intent were they all on the issue of the combat that they took no notice of us, as we lowered and manned the three small boats carried by the Kathleen. The harpooners stood ready, weapons in hand, as we bore in upon them. At last they perceived us, and with a loud snorting and roaring, scrambled into the water, all except the two royal combatants, who seemed determined to finish their battle before turning their attention to our approach.

The captain and I fired at the same time, of course taking different animals. The wounds they received only maddened them the more, each imagining his own inflicted by the long tusks of his antagonist, and so to it they went again far more fiercely than ever, giving us time to reload and approach them nearer. A second bullet through the head of each confounded them somewhat; but it was only when they had received our fire four times that they tumbled over in their dying struggles upon the ice.

We had now leisure to see how matters proceeded in the bay. One of the harpooners had pierced a young calf with his weapon, and the doleful cries made by the luckless animal, as it vainly endeavoured to escape, instead of dispersing the herd, only drew them in infuriated crowds round the boat, for they are excessively attached to their offspring. Leaving the bodies of the two bulls stretched upon the ice, Captain Dick and I rushed down to the water's edge, sprang into the boat, and put off instantly for the scene of conflict. Three full-grown walrus were struck and fixed by the remaining harpooners. After a few splashes and snorts of rage, the three plunged out to sea, endeavouring to escape, bearing the boats in mad career after them. Two of them were attached to one of the boats, and by their tremendous plunging went very near sinking her, till, as they passed, and one of them sprang almost out of the water, Captain Dick let fly both barrels of his rifle, sending the bullets most probably into the animal's brain, for it was soon quiet enough. The other, after a terrible struggle, was at length secured.

We pushed for the boat to which the calf and its mother were attached, many of the herd still roaring and splashing around them, and endeavouring with frantic efforts to drag them away, in which they nearly staved the boat against a half-sunken block of ice. The boatmen and harpooners did their work well, the former, as the opportunity offered, plying their oars like flails upon every animal that came within striking distance, and the latter attending with cool judgment to the letting out or drawing in of the ropes to which their barbed weapons were attached, according as their

victims dived, plunged forward, or rushed back at the boat in their fury, while Captain Dick and I, as fast as we could load, banged away into the midst of the raging herd, till the troubled waters around us became crimson with their fast-flowing blood. In an unlucky moment, however, I shot the young calf through the head, and stilled its cries. In half an hour afterwards, there was not a single walrus to be seen, save the bodies of the belligerent bulls upon the ice, and those we had captured in the little bay. It was a good day's work, notwithstanding, and Captain Dick expressed himself mightily pleased at the conclusion, as we both sat down to dinner in the warm cabin of the Kathleen.

As we coasted northward next day, we beheld on the far horizon line a jet of water projected to a surprising height into the air. It was a Greenland whale (*Balaena mysticetus*) expelling the water through his blow-holes, in order to drain his enormous jaws, probably after engulphing half a shoal of herrings into their labyrinths. We set off immediately in pursuit, but the gigantic monster was too wary for us, and soon gave us the slip. Towards evening we fell in with an iceberg crowded with walruses, and had another exciting hunt, in which we captured four. I still continue to refer to the different hours of the day, for so it was our custom to jot down the log of the Kathleen, although in point of fact, the sun never set, but wheeled continually in his ascending spiral through the sky, so that of course there was no night.

On the sixth of July we came in sight of the body of a beluga or white whale, which floated from behind an immense iceberg on our lee. Upon it was a white object, scarcely distinguishable at first from the huge body of the dead animal, but as we drew near, we found it to be a white, or polar bear, regaling himself with a meal of blubber. He soon perceived us, and instead of taking to the water, sat up on his hind legs like a huge ogre, to observe us better, and then with a savage and contemptuous growl, began to gorge himself again upon the carcass. Captain Dick, after loading the long swivel gun with a charge of small bullets and shot, let fly at him. A tremendous roar from the bear followed the report of the gun. He raised himself up, shook his shaggy sides in pain, and then plunged into the water, endeavouring to make his way to a neighbouring iceberg. We lowered a boat, into which I and Captain Dick at once sprang, and set forward in pursuit. The bear reached the iceberg, but as he attempted to climb its slippery sides, we both fired and killed him. In an hour afterwards his skin was hanging from the yard-arm of the Kathleen drying in the sun and breeze.

Until the second of August, we continued our forays after the walrus, and took a great many. During that time, besides two other bears and some black and white foxes, we killed half a dozen narwhals or sea unicorns. The tenth of August was a grand day with us. We came across an immense herd of walruses in one of the wild fiords of Spitzbergen, and after a two hours' onslaught, killed twelve of them. This was our last day off that desolate island. Getting ready our cargo, we sailed southward, and towards the end of August entered once more the Folden

Fiord, and came to anchor opposite Rorstad. Here we remained for some time, preparing our cargo of tusks, blubber, and skins, during which Captain Dick and I made several excursions into the pine forests of Sulitelma, in search of the rein deer and the brown bear.

On the seventh of September, all things being prepared on board the Kathleen, we set sail from Rorstad, and on the first of October doubled Loop Head again, and sailed up the Shannon before a stiff breeze, which carried us safely home, where we were received with many expressions of wonder and satisfaction by my father. And thus I ended my first voyage.

B. D. J.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

To the student of Irish history, as well as to the lover of the drama, the old Theatre of Kilkenny is filled with a deep interest. It saw the first dawning of some of the brightest intellects of our country,—the young and undeveloped genius of Grattan, the brilliant fancy and sparkling wit of Moore; the pure and lofty patriotism of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, have consecrated its walls, and with its decline expired the last faint remains of what might be called the Social Era in Ireland. From a very early period Kilkenny has occupied a prominent place in dramatic representation. The celebrated Ball, who in 1544 was Bishop of Ossory, produced two of his sacred comedies or mysteries, and, as he himself tells us, they were acted on the market-cross in that town. "On the XX daye of August was the Ladye Marye, with us at Kilkenny, proclaimed Queen of England, &c. The younge men in the forenone played a tragedye of God's Promises in the old Lawe, at the market crosse, with organe-plaingis and songs, very aptly. In the afternone, again, they played a comedie of Sanct Johan Baptiste's Preachings of Christe's Baptisyng, and of his Temptacion in the wilderness." From that time when this venerable old worthy entertained his Queen with "organe-plaingis and songes" down to the middle of the last century, the stage in Ireland appears to have been in a very neglected condition. In 1600, while the immortal Shakespeare was delighting English audiences by the divine inspirations of his muse, a rude attempt at a tragedy was represented before Lord Mountjoy at the Castle of Dublin. In 1759, a desire to promote private theatricals manifested itself amongst the enlightened ranks of society in Ireland. A series of amusements of this kind took place at Lurgan, in the County Armagh,—the residence of William Brownlow, who was one of the most distinguished members of the Irish parliament.—Here the play of "Midas," by Mr. Kane O'Hara, was represented for the first time, and all the characters in the piece were sustained by the family, with the exception of the part of Pan, which the author reserved for himself.

These representations were about this period fashionable wherever wealth and taste were to be found in the country. The Right Hon. Thomas

Conolly gave a sort of theatrical jubilee at his residence at Thomastown, where an epilogue was spoken after the first part of Henry IV., by Hussy Burgh, one of the ablest and most accomplished men that the bar of Ireland has ever produced. The Duke of Leinster, too, gave a series of entertainments of this nature, and on one occasion when the Beggar's Opera was performed, the names of Lord Charlemont, Lady Louisa Conolly, and other distinguished persons, appear amongst the list of performers, Grattan and Flood subsequently appear, personating the two contending chieftains, Macbeth and Macduff. They were then young men, absorbed in all the gaieties of the time, and unconscious that the play was but a foreshadowing of the rivalry, which sprung up between them in later years. Grattan spoke an epilogue after a representation of the masque of Comus at the residence of the Right Hon. David La Touche. It was the only copy of verses which the great orator ever wrote. They are not remarkable for any poetical excellency, yet there is an easy flow in them, and a light humorous spirit, which is quite appropriate to the occasion for which they were written. Chief-Justice Bushe was the founder of the society in Kilkenny. Here all the wit and talent of the private stage was concentrated, it is but rarely we see genius of so luminous and diversified a character gathering round a private enterprise, and no more interesting phase occurs in our late history, for we can look into the lives of men whose whole exertions redounded to the honour of our country, and there see them freed from the restraints and formalities of political life; yet bearing all the evidences of that power which was destined to startle and delight future ages as well as the age in which they lived.

There are no traces of private theatricals amongst the Greeks, and this has been attributed to the fact, that as no stigma attached to the profession of an actor, persons of the most exalted position frequently made their appearance on the boards of a theatre, some of the greatest poets of Greece—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, frequently took part in representing some of the characters in their own works, and even Aristodemus, the great actor, and contemporary of Demosthenes, was sent as ambassador to the court of Philip. The moral and political influence which the drama exercised in Greece was immense. In every other species of poetry the sympathies are merely passively engaged; the mind is led back into the past, and associated with mere historical characters; there is no present active interest created. But in dramatic performance, it is not alone a narrative, but also a living, actual representation, there is a thorough realization of the events described; the spectator makes one of the characters, his attention is more absorbed, he regards it more in the light of a passing reality, and becomes more identified with their hopes, and fears, and passions.

In the Greek drama the peculiar political bias of the writer is always clearly discernible; he makes the sentiments uttered by his characters the vehicle of his own views. In order to understand the means used by the Greeks for the representation of their plays, a description of the theatre itself is necessary. The theatre of Dionysius

was situated on a sloping hill, commanding a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country, and encircled by an open arcade, adorned with numerous statues. Benches descended towards the orchestra, in a semicircular fashion. The lower seats were occupied by persons who had rendered distinguished services to their country, and a part was also set apart for the young men. It was of vast dimensions. As the performance took place only a few days in the spring, from different portions of the country crowds assembled to enjoy a participation in the festival; day after day the theatre was filled from early dawn until dusk of night. It had no roof. The bright sky, the trees, and the green fields which, from the construction of the theatre, were always visible, supplied the place of artificial scenery. This union of the fictitious with the real was constantly aimed at by all the old Greek dramatists. Schlegel remarks that in the Eumenides the spectators are addressed once by the Pythoness, as the Greeks assembled in front of the Delphic Oracle, and by Pallas, as the Athenian people, in the Court of the Areopagus. The Acropolis is pointed out as really before the eyes of the audience, and allusion is made to some object within their view, associated with an exciting historical incident. The reality of it catches the interest and kindles the sympathy of the listener, and the event rises before his mind more vividly, because he looks upon the actual scene of its occurrence. From the outdoor nature of theatrical representations, the play had generally connexion only with what occurred in the open air; but to the Greek, most of whose life was spent under the genial sunshine of his own fair clime, this was not unnatural. The Agora was the place for lounging and gossiping. The lectures of the philosophers were listened to under the shade of the grove and by the river; in fact, the domestic existence of a Greek was essentially one outside his own house.

A parallel has been drawn between Greek tragedy and the opera of modern times, but there appears to be but few points of resemblance. In Greek tragedy, the whole of the play, with the exception of the choral odes, was spoken, and not sung; music is the first consideration in an opera, whilst the play itself holds but a subordinate position; but in the Greek drama, its literary excellence was chiefly regarded, and the poetical element was always allowed to predominate over the musical. With the age of Sophocles and Euripides, when the drama flourished, the brightest period of Athenian glory is associated.

Among the Romans, the profession of actor was pronounced by law to be infamous, and no person of free birth was to be found on the stage. This feeling naturally gave rise to private performances. Amongst a people so refined, a taste for theatrical personation should somewhere find vent, and so we find a species of satirical drama, called *Attellane* or *Exodia*, in which the young Roman nobility took part, but from which all professional players were rigorously excluded. In the representation of these plays, we meet the first evidence of anything like dramatic exhibition; they were merely improvisatory farces, without much dramatic connexion, and

from their heterogeneous character, acquired the title of *Satura*, or a mixture of everything. The *Mimi* was another description of theatricals common amongst the Romans; they are supposed to be copied from the Greek *minni*, but the latter were mere dialogues, never represented on the stage, the Roman were often delivered extempore. The most celebrated authors in this way were Laberius and Cyrus, contemporaries of Julius Cæsar. The degradation which was attached to employment on the stage is well illustrated by the prologue delivered by Laberius, a Roman knight, when compelled by Julius Cæsar to appear publicly in one of those plays—

‘Twice thirty years I’ve borne a spotless name,
But foul dishonour brands at length my brow;
From home this morn a Roman knight I came,
And home a jester I’m returning now.
Ah, would that I had died ere men could say,
‘He has outlived his honour by a day.’”

When dramatic poetry was revived in Italy, it was only in private theatres that any advances in the cultivation of the art was made. The first Italian tragedy was written by Politian, towards the end of the fifteenth century, and the *Orfeo* was performed before all the wit and beauty of Florence.

The example set by Politian was soon followed by Cardinal Bibbiera, who wrote the comedy of *Calandra*, and was honoured by a representation of his play at the Vatican in the private apartments of Leo the Tenth. Scenery was then universally brought into a play, and was characterized by all that gorgeous pageantry for which the Italian nobility have so great a love. This passion for private acting was not confined to those who passed their lives amidst the pleasures and gaieties of the world; it was also introduced into concerts and monasteries, and we find Addison speaking of the theatrical amusements of the nuns at the time he visited Venice in 1701.

In the criticisms of some French writers on the growth of dramatic literature in Italy, they impute to the modern Italians a deficiency in dramatic power, for which their great ancestors were remarkable; it is certain that some of those great writers who have shed the brightest lustre on the literary fame of Italy, had passed away before the dramatic art had gained any degree of excellency; the poetry of Petrarch, and the simple and beautiful prose of Boccacio, had brought their language to a high stage of developement, near a century and a half before any play in the language was attempted. From the great triumvirate of the fourteenth century down to nearly the close of the fifteenth, the only evidence of vitality which the dramatic muse of Italy exhibited, was the occasional representation of one of the plays of *Plautus* or *Terence*, or a Latin play by one of the academicians of Sienna. There is no country in Europe where the details of private theatricals are more interesting than in Italy. Lady Morgan, in her life of the celebrated painter, *Salvator Rosa*, gives a lively and interesting account of the state of the private theatrical exhibitions of that

period. The following extract presents an admirable picture of the style in which they were conducted :—

“After some trifling delay the usual note of preparation sounded, the curtain drew up, to the delight and surprise of the audience. The popular *formaca* of the carnival came forward for the prologue, habited as the Calabrese Coviello, in the character of the *dirretore* or manager of the theatre. He was followed by a crowd of young actors, demanding the “*soggeto*” of the drama they were about to act with clamorous importunities. The preliminary gesticulations, the first accent of the Neapolitan district of Coviello, set the house in a roar, and laughter, holding both his sides, indulged himself freely, after his long privation on the benches of the *Fonderia*. When silence was restored, Coviello opened the prologue, by explaining to his followers the reason of his giving into so idle an amusement as that of acting plays, and after a humorous description of the arduours of a Roman summer, and its enervating effects, not only on the body but on the mind, he began to dictate the plan and object of the play he was about to present, when, to the utter amazement of many, and to the great consternation of all, Coviello, in dictating rules for a genuine Italian comedy, introduced as faults to be avoided, and ridicules to be laughed at, the very scenes, the dialogues, and even the new-fangled machinery of the applauded theatre of the Vatican.”

The persons who took part in the intellectual gaieties of this brilliant period were chiefly artists and ecclesiastics. One of the greatest objections which Milton seems to have had to academical education was, that persons intended for the church, who, in his opinion, should not stoop to such levities as plays, were permitted to do so. “Writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the duties and dishonest gestures of Trincalos, buffoons, &c., in the eyes of courtiers and court ladies, their grooms and mademoiselles.”

Pastoral subjects, such as the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, were always performed in the open air, for they believed the rural scenery of the gardens and the blue canopy of an open sky more appropriate than theatre or hall. In France, too, the drama first made its appearance on the private theatre. In Italy, however, the drama was encouraged and patronised exclusively by the nobility; but in France it was altogether the work of the *bourgeois*. A society of private actors was formed about the beginning of the reign of Charles VI., and the object of their representations appeared to have been to satire good humouredly the manners of the nobility. All attempts in dramatic literature were confined to the private stage, until the beginning of the seventeenth century. When the tragedies of Corneille appeared, Madame Maintenon kept a private theatre at which all the wits of that age attended. And Voltaire's passion for private theatricals was so strong, that wherever he went he made it one of the necessary adjuncts of his establishment.

When at Ferney he gave dramatic entertainments, to which guests from twenty leagues distant were invited, and it is recorded of him, that at Berlin he used to perform tragedy with the brothers and sisters of the king. In the following reign, private theatricals took their tone from the performances of the court, and we find the beautiful and unfortunate Maria Antoinette entering into all those amusements with a zest and enthusiasm which diffused itself through every grade of society at the time. She

was the most brilliant and talented of all, and her beauty and accomplishments won for her universal applause whenever she appeared. A favourite practice of the court, at the time, was to mimic the sittings of the parliament in a sort of mock heroic pantomime. To this succeeded ballets, and to such excess was this practice carried at the time, that Charles X. took lessons in rope-dancing from the celebrated *Petit Diable* of that reign. These levities gradually died out, and regular acting followed. The king, it appears, was averse altogether to these exhibitions, and hissed the Queen on her first appearance, in order to discourage what he considered to be inconsistent with the dignity of the court.

In England the rise and progress of the drama has been very nearly the same as in France. The sacred comedy or mystery was the first appearance of the histrionic art which we see recorded, and the schools and universities the theatres of its earliest representation. "*Gammer Gurton's Needle*," was acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1522, and seems to have been about the first attempt at anything like regular comedy in the language.

About forty years after there were plays represented before Elizabeth in English as well as Latin, and it is recorded that a play written by a learned Doctor of Divinity of Cambridge had the effect of putting James I. to sleep. The old annalists attach a wonderful importance to this incident, and judging from all they say about it, it would appear that his majesty's nap formed one of the most interesting phases in the history of the drama. Another class of private actors, who contributed much to improve the dramatic taste of the nation, were the gentlemen of the Inns of Court. John Roos, a student of Gray's Inn, and afterwards Sergeant-at-law, wrote a comedy, which was performed in the hall of the society in 1511, and the first specimen of heroic play in the English language, the tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex*, was acted by the students of the Inner Temple in the year 1561 before Elizabeth at Whitehall. The representation of plays was fashionable amongst the private circles of the highest classes in France and Italy, long before public actors appeared; but in England mercenary players were in existence from the very infancy of the drama, and the only time when the nobility appeared as actual performers, was on some solemn occasion—the anniversary of a great victory, or some other events important in the history of the nation. These displays gradually became more refined, the genius of Jonson and Milton imparted to them a more elevated character, and we find plays under the title of masques performed by the highest and proudest nobility of England, the *Orcades* of Milton was performed by the children of the Countess Dowager of Derby at her seat, Horefield Place, and the *Comus*, says Johnson, "was presented at Ludlow, then the residence of the Lord President of Wales in 1634, and had the honour of being acted by the Earl of Bridgewater's sons and daughters." In the reign of Charles II. an attempt was made to revive these plays. A masque called "*Calista*" was performed by Mary and Anne, the two future Queens, and in this play it appears the Duke of Monmouth appeared as one of the dancers. Evelyn gives the

following account of this representation—"Saw a comedy at night at court, acted by the ladies only; amongst them Lady Mary and Anne, his R. H.'s two daughters, and my dear friend Mrs. Blagg, who having the principal part, performed it to admiration."

During the saintly reign of Oliver Cromwell, these representations were rather frequent. They were always clandestine, however, yet the desire to preserve the public mind from being scandalized gave an impetus to private theatricals, and we find, notwithstanding that such things were under the ban of Oliver's displeasure, the houses of the nobility were enlivened by frequent dramatic performances. Amongst the memorabilia of private theatres, we find an anecdote of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan going together in a hackney cab to attend a private play at Richmond House. Private theatricals are not now so much in fashion as they were formerly. The public theatre, with all the attractions of modern art, has completely absorbed all private enterprise in that line; but from this short and hasty review of the history of private theatricals, and the immense public and social influence which they have ever exercised, it will be seen that it was a custom so intellectual in character, so calculated to promote harmony and classic enjoyment, that its decadence amongst us must be a source of deep regret.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

THE following incident occurred in the county of Kilkenny some thirty or forty years since. I have often heard my father relate it, as we sat over the blazing peat fire at home, and for its truth and accuracy as thus told he could well vouch, for he was himself a principal in the occurrence. I have chosen it from amongst many of his other tales, as I think it shows touchingly how, even amid scenes of agitation and excitement, the ennobling instinct of gratitude never deserts the heart of the Irish peasant.

At the time I write of Whiteboyism had widely spread in Kilkenny, and particularly in the district which was the scene of the following event. The government was striving with a strong hand to crush it; but, as yet, vainly, and despite some arrests and convictions, nightly meetings, money exactions, forced from the timid by threats of violence, and acts of turbulence and open defiance of the law, were of frequent occurrence. My father, in common with many other gentlemen, had long made himself odious to the unhappy men who led or followed in this wild warfare, by determined refusal to pay money demanded in anonymous epistles, filled with appalling threats in the event of refusal; as well as by repeated efforts to secure the arrests of some of the principal offenders. In these efforts my father, then a young man, made himself conspicuously active, and received in return the deep and deadly hate of the Whiteboys. Thus he drew upon himself the particular aversion and enmity of these lawless men, who were the terror

of the peaceably disposed of the inhabitants, and many looked upon him as a victim marked out for the bullet at the first favourable opportunity. Those were fearful times for the weak and timid—the wild year of 1822. Every evening, as regularly as the night fell, the master of a house would go around to assure himself, with his own eyes, that the doors and windows were securely barred and chained; and so great was the daring of the Whiteboys, that they would at times, on my father's steady refusal to send them money, assemble in large numbers in front of the house, and commence firing volleys upon it to enforce compliance.

Matters were in this state when information reached a detachment of soldiers then quartered in ———, that Jack Heffernan, the noted Whiteboy, was concealed in some part of the townland of W——. A strong party of the ——— Highlanders, under the command of a mounted magistrate, was sent forthwith to search the place. They did not, as they expected, surprise the Whiteboy in his lair, but they caught sight of him as he was trying to effect his escape, and instantly gave him chase. For several miles, now appearing to view, now lost under some cover, Heffernan led them across the country, until at length they saw him leap over the high ditch which separated my father's land from the high road. The soldiers saw he was able to go very little farther now, for, owing to the tortuous course he had taken, to throw them out, the chase had been much harder on him than on them, and they conjectured he would conceal himself somewhere near, a supposition heightened by the fact, that they could see no trace of the fugitive on gaining the other side of the ditch. A short consultation was held in this dilemma. My father, to whom, as a notably loyal man, they wished to apply for advice and assistance, was from home at the time, visiting a farm of his in the neighbouring county, but he was expected to return by two or three o'clock, so they proceeded, in his absence, to institute the closest search on all the premises for the Whiteboy. Not a ditch or dyke, not a limekiln, not a clump of trees, or underwood, not a ridge or furrow, not a hay stack, or straw rick but was searched, whilst with their bayonets they dived and probed into every cover "to unearth the d——d rascally Whiteboy." The search was making but slow progress when my father returned. Hearing what was going forward he left his gig to the servant to take home by the road, and took a short cut across the fields himself, to join the soldiers, whom he saw eagerly searching the thick and tangled ditch whereon grew multitudes of sloe-bushes, at the top of the field. It was a glorious spring evening, such a one as we are not often blessed with in this changeful clime. The long shadows lay peacefully on the frost-crisped grass. Every sound was clearly audible in the calm stillness of the spring evening; the little babbling brook, the ploughman's whistle, and anon words of reproof or encouragement to his lagging horses; the gay laugh of the light-hearted peasant girl, as she bandied words with some rustic admirer; the sound of the gig driving briskly home; the call of the plover; and, over and above all, the noisy cawing of the rooks, as they wheeled here and there, or alighted on the trees in which they had already commenced to build their nests. It was an evening to touch the heart.

There is something mournfully tender, I think, in a spring sunset, and who shall say but it had its effect on my father, (although not given to sentimentalism) as he toiled up the steep hill, the summit of which was crossed by the ditch which the soldiers were engaged in searching. The hill, as I have said, was steep and abrupt, and perfectly open to the eye from the absence of plantations. Not a tree or shrub dotted its bare side except one rugged old thorn, which looked centuries old, and stood on the elevated side of a small pit, not more than two and a half feet deep at its deepest side. Time, or nature, or some other cause, had hollowed it out beneath the tree which bent slightly over it; and whilst it was perfectly observable to anyone ascending the hill, it was hidden by the fall of ground and the intervention of the tree from the view of those above. The shallow pit lay directly in the path my father was making across the field. He was absorbed in thought, and perhaps, Whiteboy hater though he was, some pity for the hunted fugitive touched his heart, as he heard the brutal curses, so strangely out of place in the holy quietude of the still evening, which disappointment wrung from the soldiers, as thicket after thicket was searched, and still no Heffernan appeared. Suddenly he stopped short, rivetted to the spot. There in the shallow hollow, lying flat upon his hands and face, lay the Whiteboy himself, trying his last chance for life. His bronzed face was deadly pale, whilst the cold dew of exhaustion and terror stood upon his brow, over which, damp and matted, streamed his long tangled hair. One might have supposed him to be dead, so still he lay, but the wild vigilant blue eye, painfully strained and distended, darkened in terrible despair, as one whom he looked upon as a bitter and merciless enemy stood before him.

"Misther Brown, me life is in your hand; for the love of God, sir, don't give me up." Every syllable of that intense whisper, filled with the man's strong desire of life, reached my father's ear, and his heart, previously so hardened against the hunted outlaw, was softened by the spectacle of his wretchedness, and the thought of the dreadful fate which capture would entail on him. In that one brief moment mercy and humanity struggled against the sterner feelings which had so long been harboured in his breast, and conquered. But conscious that any word of his might be heard by the soldiers, so close were they to where the fugitive lay, he only bent his head and passed on to join them.

We are all inclined to like those on whom we have conferred a benefit, and he now hoped with hardly less fervour than did Heffernan himself, that the hunted man might escape. Having exchanged a few words with the searchers, he left them, and went into the haggard close by, whence he could watch the result of a search on which he knew the life or liberty of a fellow-being depended. The inquisition was most minute, but still fruitless, for it never occurred to them to search the hill-side over which the eye could sweep so freely.

At length, the shades of evening grew darker and darker, and then convinced that further search was useless for the present, the soldiers gave up in despair. My father's heart lightened as he saw them take their de-

parture. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed, and he was beginning to think that Heffernan must have already taken his departure unperceived by him, or must intend to remain until it was perfect night, when a dark form slowly arose from the hill-side, keeping within shade of the thorn-tree. Cautiously he gazed about him for a moment, and then, as if assured of safety, the Whiteboy stepped forth, and my father saw him walk away with long rapid strides, but with apparent boldness and unconcern. He watched him until the strong athletic figure was lost in the gloom of twilight, and then with a heart rendered strangely light, turned his steps homewards.

Nearly a year had passed since that death-and-life chace had taken place. It was a keen February evening that my father rode over to the house of a friend, distant some four or five miles. A bachelors' dinner-party was being given to celebrate the birth day of the host, Mr. S——, and as my father trotted onward a few paces in advance of his servant, recalling to mind all the pleasant fellows he would surely meet, the merry hearts, who loved a good song, a good hunt, well as he himself did; the prospect of the genial dining-room, with its blazing fire, was anything but unpleasing, for the evening was one that did not invite a traveller to remain long abroad. It was an intensely cold one, in, as I have said, the month of February; the wind moaned sullenly and hoarsely, and heavy lowering clouds boded badly for the night. My father, too thorough a sportsman to heed any weather, rode briskly on, and soon was standing before just such a fire as he had pictured to himself, in the centre of a circle of gay friends. As dinner had only waited for him, not many minutes elapsed before they were seated at it, with all the unrestraint and abandon of an out-and-out bachelor party. Twenty-three chosen friends sat down, all young, careless, and light-hearted. The dinner needed not the appetite my father's brisk ride had given him, to make it palatable. To dinner succeeded the steaming punch-bowl, the good song, the good jest, the *good story*—truly good in the masculine acceptance of the word. The night was far advanced before the party broke up. My father was one of the first to leave.

"I say Dick, old fellow," said his host, who had accompanied him into the hall, "you'll have a wild night of it; make yourself up well, its raining and blowing deucedly hard."

"Pooh, pooh, man, it's nothing!" said my father who, probably, felt he had sufficient interior warmth to make him impervious to any weather, "nothing to what you and I often faced before. There now, in with you out of the rain; good night my hearty," and off he rode.

A wild night it truly was when, leaving the well-wooded and sheltered lawn of H——, he turned into the highroad towards home. The rain beat pitilessly against his face, the wind swept over the bare, bleak hills, and whistled through the leafless trees. The road was hilly and uneven in the extreme, and in the uncertain light it was dangerous to put the horse on his mettle. The rider, too, was quite alone, for his servant, (a circumstance thoroughly characteristic of the times), was found, when his services were

needed, to have partaken so largely of the good cheer of the servants' hall, that he was, in their own parlance, "too blind blazing drunk," to be able to mount his horse, and had to be left behind. It was not a pleasant position for a man, who had earned for himself such unenviable notoriety amongst the Whiteboys. To be traversing at two o'clock in the morning, this wild, lonely road, in the most disturbed district of the county, alone, unarmed, and not a single habitation near. My father, however, thought less of these things at the moment, than he might have at almost any other time. And if he regretted his servant's absence at all, it was more that he had no one near him to whom he could tell what a deuced good fellow Richard S—— was. And still the blinding downpour of rain, the fierce gusts of wind continued. My father drew his great coat higher up, folded his warm comforter more tightly around his throat, and then bending down his head almost to his breast, the better to resist the storm, allowed the horse to follow his own "promptings." He had proceeded nearly half the way, and the worst part of the road was left behind him, when on a sudden, a loud "Stand there!" fell startlingly on his ear, and at the same moment a rough hand grasped the horse's head, whilst four or five more figures emerging from the gloom of the ditch, under which they had been lying, sprang out upon the road, and surrounded him on all sides. In an instant my father realized the truth of his terrible position; he was in the hands of the Whiteboys, and albeit no coward, his cheek blanched and his lip paled, as he recognised in the foremost of the group the two Ryals, the most dreaded Whiteboys in the country around, and the most inimical to him.

"We'll throuble ye to get down, yer honour," said Mick, or, as he was commonly called, Black Mick Ryal, the elder of the brothers, in a tone ominously civil.

"What's all this, boys?" said my father, assuming a courage he by no means felt, and speaking civilly to conciliate them; "surely you're not going to interfere with a gentleman who is no way interfering with you. Go your way, and let me go mine."

"Thank ye for the lave," said one of the men, with an insolent laugh, "however, we must throuble ye to get down, sir, av ye don't think ye'll durty yer shoes."

My father's heart sank within him. He knew his men well, and that this tone of jeering civility was never employed, save when their prey was in their hands, and their hearts filled with the deadly vengeance they were about to execute on him. Still he tried not to show fear; he knew if he did it was all up with him.

"I say, my good fellows, let the horse's head go; this is not a night for any of us to be standing, and here are a couple of guineas for you to get something to drink at Darcy's," and he bent towards the man at the horse's head.

The Whiteboys had no idea, whatever might be their ultimate intention, of refusing the money. The man held out his hand to receive it, when my father, taking advantage of a moment he was likely to be off his guard,

dag the spurs into his horse's side, causing him to spring violently. Quick as was the movement, the Whiteboy was not off his guard. With almost superhuman sinew he bore the sudden shock without letting go his hold, and the next instant the united strength of four men had dragged my father from the saddle, and he stood alone, unarmed and surrounded, even the imperfect light showed that, by dogged and frowning faces.

"Be ——," exclaimed Black Ryan, savagely, "av ye think yer goin' to escape that a way, yer mistaken. I'll soon put ye from bringing any of our necks to the halther. An ounce av lead done many a better man's business," and the sharp metallic click of the trigger rang out most unpleasantly, and drove the blood back upon my father's heart, with a sudden rush that was agonizing.

"Boys, think what you're about," he cried pleadingly, "and don't have my blood upon your hands, if you don't want the country to become too hot to hold you. I am Mr. Brown of Brownmore."

It was as a dernier resort he announced himself. Well he knew how that name was hated by those whom he addressed, but still he hoped, faintly it is true, that they might hesitate to murder one in his position, whose death would surely set the country in a blaze, and bring all the soldiers about their ears.

He did not know the recklessness of the man he addressed.

"Do you think that's news to us," said the younger Ryal savagely, "yer not such a sthranger to the people as all that, Misther Brown, that we wouldn't know ye. We seen ye too often in our cabins lately, with the sogers at yer back, and we don't want yer company any more that away," and another click, and he too fell back a few paces as if for surer aim.

The incidents it has taken so long to relate passed in a few seconds, and my father's life hung almost on a hair. In that one terrible moment, whilst the deadly weapons yet held fire, what a host of thoughts rushed upon his mind. Many a wild and careless deed, many a reckless night's dissipation, many and many an act, looked upon as harmless then, rose appallingly before him now, as he stood upon the verge of eternity, and his happy home, and the loved ones it contained, would come before him to add to his despair, for escape seemed utterly impossible now. But his last words had fallen on other ears than those to whom they were addressed. Another Whiteboy was leisurely approaching the party to see what was going on, but as my father's name was thus pronounced, it seemed to electrify him. With a sudden bound, he sprang into the centre of the group, repeating, as he dashed up the levelled muskets, "Mr. Brown of Brownmore—stand back there boys. Be ——, the first man lays a hand on him, I'll send the contents of this through his body," and the herculean form of Jack Heffernan placed itself between my father and the Ryals. The latter fell back, and a hoarse, sullen murmur of dissatisfaction ran along even those who had hitherto been inactive, whilst Black Ryal grasped his musket and muttered with an oath,

"We'll know why thin, 'fore he 'scapes, the informer and blackhearted thraitor."

Heffernan drew himself up and looked around him, grasping still in his right hand the pistol he had drawn from his breast in the first moment of excitement, then taking a step forward, he said—

“Boys, it’s not a twelvemonth ago now since the sojers was on me thrack. Like blood-hounds they folleyed me, an’ we niver hunted down a mad dog, in the dog-days, as they hunted me that day, until I could go no farther, an’ lay down in wan o’ Misther Brown’s fields. An’ he kem upon me an’ I lyin’ there, and the sojers within twenty yards; an’ I tould him to take me life av he wished, for ’twas in his hands, but he scorned to throw wather on a dhrownded rat, and he pass’d on, an’ niver made thim the wiser. I swore then that av I lived I’d pay him back for that day’s work, an’ I’ll keep me swear, an’ it’s not ye’ll be hindherin’ me, boys, from givin’ him his life for the life he gev me.”

There was a strange thrilling power in that wild address, that made itself felt. The men groupd silently and sullenly together, unwilling, as it seemed, to be balked of their prey, and yet not insensible to the appeal made to them. Heffernan took advantage of the pause, grasping my father’s hand, which he pressed with iron force, “Now thin, sir, here’s yer horse,” and as the latter, nothing loth, threw himself into the saddle, he added in in an emphatic whisper, “ride straight home, an’ niver mind to spare yer baste, and don’t forget Jack Heffernan.” He fell back as he spoke, and my father needed no second warning. For an instant, however, ere he started, he bent down and grasped the hand of his manly preserver, the next he was galloping with headlong speed on his homeward way. On he went, nor paused, nor slackened his pace for one moment, until his own gates were reached. A quarter of an hour more, and he was within the shelter of his house, and as he gazed at each familiar object, and thought how near he had been of never seeing them again, he blessed the moment in which he had saved the Whiteboy’s life, which act of mercy and humanity had been, under heaven, the cause of raising up a friend to him in his hour of need.

F. M. B.

THE BOY AND THE RIVER.

EARLY in the sweet Spring time, while country maids go Maying,
Along a shining river's bank a noble boy was playing;
He sported 'mid the peeping flow'rs, he chased the loitering bee,
And of all glad and happy things, the happiest was he.
Yet oft he paused in his delight, and pensively would say,
"O river, bright and beautiful, where rollest thou away?"

When Spring was gone, came there the boy as glowing summer shone,
And still with pleasing murmurs, full rolled the river on.
The boy was sad, tho' gay the banks with many a floral child,
No more for him the primrose oped her eye of beauty mild;
The birds' sweet song before so glad, to his ear seemed to say,
'Alas, the rolling river bore thy primrose flow'r away."

In passionate lamentings the boy bewailed the flower,
Until he saw a violet that bloomed beside a bower,
(As modestly she raised her eyes above a veil of green,
And peeped into the bower almost dazzled by its sheen).
"Oh this," cried he, "is beautiful, as was my primrose dear,
Sure thou art come, bright blue-eyed joy, my lonely heart to cheer."

The morning 'rose and found the boy lone, wandering by the tide,
The flow'r he saw on yester eve had faded, withered, died;
Alas! alas! what change is here? the bow'r last eve so gay
Is bloomless, voiceless, desolate, and all around decay.
Hark! hark! a voice, 'twas heard before; and now to him did say,
"Thy flow'r, the bow'r, and all its charms,—that river bears away."

"O voice sad sounding, whence art thou? and strange words thou dost say,
Why should this rapid river bear the flow'rs of earth away?
The primrose dead, and violet, the bower is bleak and sere—
Say, what art thou? and why, all gone, dost thou still linger here?
Or, in thy turn, must thou too go—borne by this tide away?
O river full of mystery! where rollest thou alway?"

By winds of winter strown in death, in many rustling ranks,
The forest leaves lie scattered o'er that rolling river's banks;
The naked trees in shivering fear shrink from the ruthless storm,
Yet, suppliant, beg to live until the coming spring is warm;
Th' unpitying winds but mock their pray'r; the stout old trees decay,
And by that rolling river, as the flowers, are borne away.

Years—years have passed; that pensive boy has grown an aged man,
Various were the climes and scenes thro' which the wand'rer ran;

The wedded partner of his love had long—how long—left earth,
And followed two fair opening flowers that owed to her their birth.
He was alone in all the world—and solitude brings thought—
And vivid memory to him his happy childhood brought.

He felt the old old times again when he, a frolic boy,
Went bounding by that river's bank a type of guileless joy,
And o'er him came a yearning, and a fond desire to see
The home of his forefathers in the distant West Countrie;
And, as a pilgrim, travel-tired yet gains the place of stay,
So reached he the fair river whose deep waters roll away.

And in a happy reverie he lay down on its bank,
And lulled by pleasing memories into soft slumber sank;
He saw his primrose love again, the violet once more,
And in his dream with tears of joy he kissed them o'er and o'er—
When bark! the voice his slumber broke, and thus he heard it say,
"I'll show thee where the waters of this river roll away."

Behold—he raised his eyes, and lo! the earth was warm and green
And winding clear thro' flowery vales the placid river's seen
Rolling still onward, on it rolls 'till the horizon's rim,
O'er its far waters rolling, still stretches a boundary dim.
The night came down, the morning dawned; west speed the steeds of day,
And still right onward, cloud or sun, that river rolls away.

With weary eyes the wondering man again sank into sleep,
Anon he 'waked from slumber, and snow on earth lay deep;
"Alas!" sighed he, "young Spring is gone, Summer has breathed adieu,
And gentle winds and leafy trees have Autumn died with you;
And I have wandered all that time, by night, by noon, and day,
'To find where rolled the waters of this mystic flood away."

"Vain dreamer, man," resumed the voice, "'tis time thou dream no more,
Idle the thought that thou shalt see that rolling river's shore;
Dost think its sands are golden; that when the tide is gone
Thou'lt find the wealth was bidden while the river rolled still on?
Shake off thy sloth, O fool! arise, and on that swelling tide
Launch thy good bark, that built for use, upon its waves should ride,
Fair winds shall blow, and trim shall go, thy stout bark thro' the sea,
And tho' storm come, if guided well, she'll ride triumphantly."

But if—the Dreamer 'wakened—flowers bloom, the sweet birds sing,
Yet still that voice sad sounding, rose above the sounds of spring—
"O warning voice! thou com'st too late," the aged Dreamer cried,
As tottering o'er that river's bank, he slipped into the tide.
Last time the voice in awful tone he heard ere sinking, say,
"Twill not not avail thee now to know where rolls the flood away."

JOHN DUGGAN.

ABOUT NERVES AND NERVOUS PEOPLE.

EVERYBODY has nerves in our days. Formerly they were the possession of fine ladies only. The march of intellect would seem to have brought the human race up with the fine ladies, and that institution denominated the human race, now enjoys what was once a special privilege of that portion of our species which walks in silks and beauty, paint and polish, lolls in carriages or on fauteuils, and yet has the special dispensation of drawing rooms, eau de Cologne, and small talk.

The simplest bumpkin, or the tiniest cit, who has so small a malady as a toothache, will tell how the pain proceeds from a nerve within the receptacle of bone and enamel, of which the molar, canine, or incisor dental individual is composed. Startle either of those personages, give them a good shock, and they will at once exclaim that their nerves are quite disturbed. Those are facts of mental progress, which ought to be very satisfactory to teachers of our generation. The human race beginning to know that it has nerves, will soon begin to enquire what those same nerves must be. The more it reaches the point of knowledge which embraces all that is known upon any subject, the more it is desirous to know. Perhaps there may come a day in some possible future, when what is now professional or scientific information solely, will be common property and popular possession. We may not see that day in our mental conception of time, nor at present understand its possibility; but its possibility is within the range of things probable.

One hundred years ago man was a primitive individual every where, and might be supposed to enjoy little beyond the genuine primitive quality of simplicity. There were warriors who knew the use of "Brown Bess" and culverins, but had no conception of Minie rifles or Armstrong guns. There were sailors who believed in the sea serpent, and floated under leagues of canvas, but who were quite innocent of the wave principle, and steam used in paddle or screw propulsion. There were statesmen who governed nations and ordered territories, but who had no conception of "constitutions" or the "balance of power," and there were physicians whose knowledge of physiology, anatomy, and the popular mystery of hygiene, was, to say the least of those defunct oracles, rather hazy.

Somehow the world lived and rolled through, after all the curious innocence of the martial, naval, political, and medical guides, to whose rule it was entrusted. Heroes fought and exerted themselves uncommonly to get killed, just as they do now-a-days, with various success in their efforts. "Sailors of the sea," as poetic diction has termed those salty parties redolent of pitch and tobacco, managed to see foreign lands, and to keep up commerce. Legislators get on without setting rivers on fire, or making very remarkable fools of themselves, and physicians took their fees with as much benevolence as they show in the ceremony at present.

To do this under the circumstances was a remarkable feat of ability, and very creditable to people upon whom, from the height of our self-im-

portance, we look down in disdain. Were we, in the midst of this nineteenth century to be plunged into the same state of benighted ignorance as that which was enjoyed by our forefathers, the consternation which would spread over the kingdom would be something to enlighten future history. Take away the Napoleonic mode of warfare and the breach-loading improved grooving of murderous ordnance, and would anybody be desperate but Quakers? Cut off steam horses from iron roads and steamships from broad seas, and would humanity be long in its isolation before everybody become hermits? Cover the age with ignorance of constitutional rights, and the balance of power, and where would a wise man be found to rule the people, and in accepting the medical ignorance of a bygone time, how long could physicians have patients, or rather, in what space of time would the species be killed off anywhere?

It is not our duty to solve these problems. We only put them for anybody else whose brilliancy is sufficient for the undertaking. For the present we deem it a worthy task to minister to the general desire for information which bespeaks the fact that the schoolmaster is abroad, and has bitten everybody with a mania for knowledge; and since the popular voice so often declares the popular possession of nerves, it may be as well to make known some of the facts concerning them.

The human system is abundantly supplied with white filaments extending into all its tissues. There is no bone, no muscle, no vein, no artery, or none of the other components of the framework of man without them. Tracing those fine white threads to their source, it is found that they converge towards trunks greater or lesser in size, longer or shorter in extent, but all ending in the brain or its prolongation, the spinal marrow. Those filaments are all found to be the same in substance with the substance of the brain or spinal marrow, and perfectly different in every respect from any other tissue in the body. They are found to diminish, too, as they are further removed from the point of departure from the great nervous centre—the cerebral mass or its collateral supply—the spinal canal; and although they spread in the most minute ramifications everywhere in the system, yet that they converge like the branches of a tree, increasing in size as they approach towards one main trunk, which is largest at its root. Those filaments are nerves.

It has formed a special scientific enquiry, the subject of years of labour, to discover the particular functions of those innumerable filaments, and the influence they exercise in the scheme of the animal economy. The greatest additions to our knowledge has been made in recent years, and by the men of that school which may be said to be eminently modern—the school of physiology. The labours of Bichat, Majendie, Claude Bernard, Kölliker, Hunter, Marshall Hall, and those associated with some English names more recent, may be allowed the credit of almost all the knowledge possessed upon the subject.

That knowledge in its most interesting phase has been derived from the practice of vivisection or experiment by the knife upon living animals. It establishes satisfactorily that the severance of the connection of the

main trunk of a nerve with the brain, prevents the exercise of a certain sense or power in the parts supplied by it. From this fact arose the division of nerves into sentient and motor classes; or nerves whose connection with a part bestows upon that part the power of movement, or the faculty of feeling in the amount in which either quality is developed in the part.

A very ordinary and familiar instance of this fact can be found in a general way, out of an accident common enough at steeple-chases and sometimes in hunting, and therefore, perhaps, at some time or other of their lives seen by our readers. A horse drops his hind legs when galloping fast, and leaping over a fence in his stride he staggers a little at the moment, goes on a stretch or two, and swaying from side to side, falls. After an effort to regain his legs, it is seen he cannot do so, and persons, whose sympathy for the fallen animal is greater than their knowledge, attempt to lift him to a standing position. Should they succeed in raising him up, it is found that when they remove their support, his hind quarters sink down and pull the animal upon the earth again. Some one at last arrives who, knowing the nature of the injury, exclaims that the horse's back is broken, and thus causes the less intelligent but more earnest persons around to desist their useless attempts to prop him up any more.

If an examination were made of the injured animal after death, it would be found that the fact was literally true, and a fracture would be seen in one of the vertebrae. The spinal marrow would be found to be strangulated by the weight of the most posterior portion of the fractured spine, the pressure thus exercised completely interrupting the connection between the brain and all the portion of the spinal marrow, beyond the point of injury, as completely as if a knife were run through it. Allowing the point to be in the lumbar vertebrae, all the nerves arising from the spinal marrow below that point would be cut off in the severance of their main trunk and the parts of supply paralysed. This is just what takes place. The nerves which supply the motor power of the lower limbs, arise from some portion of this division of the nervous canal, and their connection with the cerebral centre being interrupted in the interruption of the trunk from whence they arise, they are incapable of communicating the motor influence which they originally conveyed, and that part of the muscular structure supplied by them is perfectly and wholly inert in consequence. These are the phenomena of paralysis of a part. In the same way, if the function of a nerve which is sentient in its influence is interrupted with the brain, the consequence is loss of the sentient power. To sever the ophthalmic nerves at their point of issue with the brain would cause blindness immediately, without any injury being visible in the outward structure, and so with any of the nerves supplying the special senses.

By facts of this kind it was found what influence the nervous supply maintained on the parts which were furnished with them, and the nature of their connection with motor or sentient tissues in the body clearly demonstrated. For so far, the endowment of motion or of feeling in certain

parts supplied by nerves was very explicitly understood to have existence in the connection of the parts with the brain.

This was a step so far on the road to knowledge; but there were phenomena occurring in the animal economy still which were wholly unaccountable. It was seen that if certain portions of organs were irritated, naturally or artificially, that irritation produced violent action in other parts remote from those, and with which no connection was maintained by the part irritated. To make this understood we shall refer to the very ordinary phenomenon of sneezing. This is a violent and sudden expiratory effort, by which the lungs and diaphragm are called into immediate action, and inhalation of air having taken place by a full inspiration, the lungs being generally distended to their fullest capacity, and the chest dilated to its greatest extent, the diaphragm contracts forcibly and rapidly, and the air is expelled with a loud noise. Now all the phenomena presented here can be produced by the titillation of a part having no seeming connection with the organs here engaged whatsoever. To tickle the nostril with a feather, or stimulate it with a grain of snuff, will produce everything we have here detailed. By the discovery of the sentient and motor influence, exerted by the nervous supply, it could be understood how the perception of the irritation of the membrane of the nostril could be conveyed to the brain, and how, in consequence of a certain law, a movement in that membrane irritated would take place; but it could not be understood how the diaphragm, lungs, and muscles of the chest, could be brought into movement as a result of nasal irritation alone. This led to the celebrated discovery of Marshall Hall, and the development of the facts of reflex action. It was found that in the brain a communication existed between the origins of nerves situated at different parts of that organ, through a connection maintained through the mass of the organ itself. Minute bundles of nervous matter well defined in their course, were found proceeding from the point of origin of one nerve to the point of origin of another. A series of experiments were then made which showed that if this communication were interrupted, the reflex phenomena would not take place, the nasal nerves might receive the irritation, but no movement would be consequent in the lungs or diaphragm. From hence it was demonstrated that when the nasal nerves conveyed the sensation of irritation to the brain, the current of feeling passed along the track of communication in that organ to the point of origin of the nervous supply of the diaphragm, and from the point of origin proceeded in the nerve itself to that organ, causing at the same time the movement of the other organs or muscles, with which it acts in sympathy by the action of the branches of communication between them, and first relaxing the diaphragm by its current of sensation, and then contracting it, produced a species of convulsive and involuntary movement, giving all the phenomena of spasmodic exertion of the parts. The importance of this discovery became very great towards the elucidation of nervous disease and involuntary muscular action. A familiar illustration of the process might be had from the working of the telegraph. Let us conceive a great central station, which will represent the brain, having many divergent lines

to points far removed from each other. At one of those points a message is transmitted to the central station, giving an order for a certain act to be performed at another point with which there is only a connection maintained through the central arrangement; we will conceive that this message after transmission to the central station has to be forwarded through an intermediate station between the main trunk and that point. A communication is desired to be forwarded from Drogheda to Kildare. First it is despatched from Drogheda to Dublin at a central station, from the central station we will suppose at the terminus of the Drogheda railway it is conveyed by an intermediate wire to the terminus at the Great Southern and Western Railway, and from thence directly to Kildare. In this process we have all the analogue in the proceeding of the nervous sensations in reflex action, accurately represented, even in the consequences produced at each point. The message at Drogheda conveys a desire which involves the performance of a certain act at Kildare, the desire is conveyed through the intermediate communication having reached the central station to another junction in connection with it. The order is despatched from this point, and the action takes place in consequence. Here is the transmission of sensation along the nasal nerve into the central nervous mass, from thence by the line of connection between it and another nerve it proceeds to its point of junction, and from thence is conveyed along to its termination, where it produces a certain movement.

Such are the principal facts in relation to the functions discharged by nervous communication over the body. There are others, which show that the particular development of the nervous supply constitutes the special senses. The arrangement of the auditory nerves within the ear gives us the faculty of hearing. The distribution of the ophthalmic nerves bestows the wonderful sense of sight. The lingual nerve in its ramifications in the tongue, endows us with the sense of taste. The olfactory nerve, as it is divided into filaments innumerable along the nostril, gives the power of smell. The nervous distribution which passes through the skin of the hand and fingers, endues us with the sense of touch, and everywhere in the system, this admirable structure exercises some immediate and vital impulse on the complex organs of the frame, exciting our wonder, admiration, and astonishment always, for the mechanism of its ordered design.

Ministering to every corporeal enjoyment, it is admirable with what fidelity to its purpose the nervous system works in the human body: yet strange it is, that its derangements have caused some of the most curious epidemics in the species of mankind. Some five hundred years ago, the nations were astonished by the prevalence of an affection of the nerves purely and alone, which spread with the most alarming rapidity. In the year 1374, the celebrated nervous disorder, called the Dance of St. John, was first seen at Aix-la-Chapelle. A number of men and women had come out of Germany, and were seen going through the city, crowned with flowers, and accompanied by music. The streets resounded with their cries, and night and day equally beheld their orgies. They formed in circles, grasp-

ing the hands of each other, and dancing with a wild and giddy earnestness, passed along in a delirious whirl of frantic enjoyment. Crowds gathered to behold the appalling spectacle, and followed the footsteps of the dancers, as they swept along in their tumultuous exhibition. By a strange and unaccountable fascination, those who lingered near them caught the desire of joining their mazes of folly. They rushed too into the delirious round of excitement, and crowds participated in the strange possession. They never gave up their insane exertion until, quite exhausted, they sank upon the ground, and lay there without motion, groaning and swollen to a great size. The only remedy from which they experienced any ease was to be swathed in cloths tightly wrapped around them in strong bands.

In a few months the wonderful epidemic spread over the Netherlands, and created the most intense alarm wherever it was seen. In Liege, in Utrecht, in Tongres, and many other towns of Belgium, the bands of fanatic dancers, appeared girt with cloths, in order that a stick might be inserted between them when the paroxysms were over, and twisted tightly around. Their hair was festooned with garlands, and they rushed along in their insensate career. Everywhere they appeared new accessions joined their ranks, and the cities of Germany echoed horribly with their mad mirth. It was noted that they had a curious horror of square-toed shoes, and from hence, edicts were issued in some places commanding none others to be worn. Red colours, too, created an intense antipathy in their breasts, and above all things, they had an aversion to behold any persons weeping. The disease extended to Cologne, where five hundred dancers swept the streets, and went on to Metz, where eleven hundred whirled in its labyrinth of insanity.

In 1418 it broke out in Strasbourg, and ran the same course as it had taken in Belgium and on the Lower Rhine. Day and night the dancers paraded the streets accompanied by bagpipes, and dancing in circles. So great did the number of the infatuated become, that the corporations of the towns had to take cognisance of them, and arranged them into parties properly inspected. They were, by command, taken to the chapels of St. Vitus near Talern and Rotestein, and being put under discipline there, Hecker the German physician says that they were cured. From this time, at all events, the occurrence became rare, and the dances of St. John disturbed the peace of good citizens no more. Referring to nervous people, we could not omit the relation of Tarantism, an epidemic which arose from the bite of the Tarantula, and first seen in Apulia in the sixteenth century, spread over Italy, as a great contagion.

This was said to arise from the bite of the tarantula, a ground spider, common in Apulia. Some writers state it was not a spider, but an animal called *terrantola*, and the same as the star-lizard of the Romans. Those persons bitten by it fell into a kind of melancholy, and appeared stupified, or scarcely possessed of their senses. No effort could rouse them from this state, no stimulant cause them any excitement, but if music once attracted their attention, at the first sounds of a favourite melody, they sprang up shouting for joy, and danced without intermission until they sank. The flute

and cithern alone could influence the lethargy into which they had fallen ; but at the music of those instruments they became fired with a new life as if by enchantment. The dancing movement which distinguished those persons under the influence of tarantism was singularly graceful, and it was observed that those who were clownish or ungainly in their motions before, now assumed the most becoming attitudes. Even men and women who were completely ignorant or unaccustomed to music, turned their motions to the notes in the most exquisite unison. The sounds of the Tarantella, as the melody was termed, which was customary to be played for the sufferers, could be heard in almost every vale from Spartivento to the Alps, as the curious nervous disorder spread along. By degrees this epidemic, too, died away, and modern investigations find no trace of it anywhere in its old and favourite stronghold.

With the progress of medical science, nervous epidemics ceased to have any great influence on populations. It is true that here and there some instances of curious seizures of the kind, propagated by contiguity alone, still exist. The convulsionnaires, who made such a notoriety in France during the last century, and a few of whom lingered until the year 1829, were an instance in point. But notwithstanding all the assertions made by Pessimists, that the human race is more liable to disease in latter times, and especially to nervous affections, the fact is simply untrue. The hurry and bustle in which men live in those days, have not in this point embittered human life, nor have they rendered it liable to any unusual accessions of nervous excitation, notwithstanding statements to the contrary. Isolated facts may be found of unaccountable nervous seizures upon communities in the midst of civilization, but it is certain that the very rarity of those seizures, and the limited circle to which they are confined, make them the subject of astonishment. We will give a few of the relations of instances of the kind as worthy of a place amongst our records of nervous people. We shall take first a record of a circumstance arising from what is termed religious excitement. The details are given in Fothergill and Want's Medical and Physical Journal for 1814.

In a Methodist chapel at Redruth, a man during service cried out with a loud voice, " What shall I do to be saved ? " at the same time manifesting the greatest uneasiness and solicitude respecting the condition of his soul. Some other members of the congregation following his example, cried out in the same form of words, and seemed shortly after to suffer the most excruciating bodily pain. This strange occurrence was soon publicly known, and hundreds of people who had come thither, either attracted by curiosity, or a desire from other motives to see the sufferers, fell into the same state. The chapel remained open some days and nights, and from that point the new disease spread itself, and with the rapidity of lightning, over the neighbouring towns of Camborne, Helston, Truro, Penryn, and Falmouth, as well as over the villages in the vicinity. Whilst thus advancing, it decreased in some measure at the place where it had first appeared, and it confined itself throughout to the Methodist chapels. It was only by the words which we have mentioned, that it was excited, and it only seized those

persons of the lowest education. Those who were attacked betrayed the greatest anguish, and fell into convulsions. Others cried out like persons possessed, that the Almighty would straightway pour out his wrath upon them, that the wallings of tormented spirits rang in their ears, and that they saw hell open to receive them. The clergy, when in the course of their sermons they perceived that persons were thus seized, earnestly exhorted them to confess their sins, and zealously endeavoured to convince them that they were by nature enemies to Christ, that the anger of God had therefore fallen on them, and that if death should surprise them in the midst of their iniquity, the eternal torments of hell would be their portion. The over-excited congregation upon this repeated their words, which naturally must have increased the fury of their convulsive attacks. When the discourse had produced its full effect, the preacher changed his subject; reminded those who were suffering of the power of the Saviour as well as of the grace of God, and represented to them, in glowing colours, the joys of heaven. Upon this a remarkable reaction sooner or later took place. Those who were in convulsions felt themselves raised from the lowest depths of misery and despair to the most exalted bliss, and triumphantly shouted out that their bonds were loosed, their sins were forgiven, and they were translated to the wonderful freedom of the children of God. In the meantime their convulsions continued, and they remained during this condition so abstracted from everything earthly that they stood two and sometimes three days and nights together in the chapels, agitated all the time by spasmodic movements, and taking neither repose nor nourishment. According to a moderate computation, four thousand people were within a very short time affected by the malady.

This is very extraordinary, and shows the wonderful influence mental emotion uncontrolled can exert on the human body. The place where the epidemic spread being in Wales, we find it took place amongst a population chiefly rural, and cannot be accounted for by any feebleness of health occurring from exhausting avocations. A remarkable instance of a partial epidemic of the kind, clearly arising from a debilitated state of the system, and produced by sympathy, is found in Hufeland's Journal.

A young woman of the lowest order, twenty-one years of age, and of stout frame, came, on the 13th January, 1801, to visit a patient in the Chariti Hospital at Berlin, where she had herself been previously under treatment for an inflammation of the chest with tetanic spasms, and immediately on entering the ward, fell down in strong convulsions. At the sight of her violent contortions, six other female patients immediately became affected in the same way, and by degrees eight more were in like manner attacked with strong convulsions. All these patients were from sixteen to twenty-five years old, and suffered without exception, one from spasms of the stomach, another from palsy, a third from lethargy, a fourth from fits with consciousness, a fifth from catalepsy, a sixth from syncope. The convulsions, which alternated in various ways with tonic spasms, were accompanied by loss of sensibility, and were invariably preceded by languor with heavy sleep, which was followed by the fits in the course of a

minute or two; and it is remarkable that in all these persons their former nervous disorder, not excepting paralysis, disappeared, returning, however, after the subsequent removal of their new complaint. The treatment, during which two of the nurses, who were young women, suffered from the same attacks, was continued for four months. It was finally successful.

The last example we shall give is a case which illustrates the power of credibility or fancy over the human body, and is the record of an epidemic seizure of nervous excitation, occurring amongst the inhabitants of a factory district.

At a cotton manufactory at Hodden Bridge, in Lancashire, a girl, on the 15th of February, 1787, put a mouse into the bosom of another girl who had a great dread of mice. The girl was immediately thrown into a fit, and continued in it with the most violent convulsions for twenty-four hours. On the following day, three more girls were seized in the same manner, and on the seventeenth, six more. By this time the alarm was so great that the whole work, in which 200 or 300 were employed, was totally stopped, and an idea prevailed that a particular disease had been introduced by a bag of cotton opened in the house. On Sunday the 18th, Dr. St. Clair was sent for from Preston. Before he arrived, three more were seized, and during that night and the morning of the nineteenth, eleven more, making in all twenty-four. Of these, twenty-one were young women, two were girls about ten years of age, and one a man who had been much fatigued by holding the girls. Three of the number lived about two miles from the place where the disorder first broke out, and three at another factory at Clitheroe, about five miles distant, which last and two more were infected entirely from report, not having seen the other patients, but like them and the rest of the country, strongly impressed with the idea of the plague being caught from cotton. The symptoms were anxiety, strangulation, and very strong convulsions, and these were so violent as to last, without any intermission, from a quarter of an hour to twenty-four hours, and to require four or five persons to prevent the patients from tearing their hair and dashing their heads against the floors and walls. Dr. St. Clair had taken with him a portable electric machine, and by electric shocks the patients were universally relieved without exception. As soon as the patients and the country were assured that the complaint was merely nervous, easily cured, and not introduced by the cotton, no fresh person was affected. To dissipate their apprehensions still further, the best effects were obtained by causing them to take a cheerful glass and join in a dance. On Tuesday they danced, and on the next day were all at work, except two or three who were much weakened by their fits.

But the most extraordinary instances of nervous people are to be found in countries far removed from the civilization in which we live, and whose populations are semi-savage. In the Shetland Islands, amongst a wild, untutored, and ignorant people, the most uncommon species of nervous excitation has prevailed during the last one hundred years. As the Sundays recur throughout the year in the midst of a congregation at worship, it is

very usual for one of the females present to give a loud shriek, and toss her body into convulsive writhings and extraordinary attitudes. Thereupon every other woman present follows her example. The scene which ensues, is from all accounts of it perfectly indescribable. One clergyman found a very effectual remedy for those seizures. He had been annoyed by them to such a degree that he felt he should either find a method of stopping their occurrence or else shift his quarters to some land where the congregations are more decorous; and upon a certain Sunday he informed his people, when they were gathered, that he had found that a lake close beside the place of worship possessed most healing qualities for those nervous seizures, which troubled so many of his hearers. The mode of deriving its benefits was, he stated, to bring the person in the access to its margin and immerse her therein. He had provided a few trusty men whom he had directed to pursue this course with the first member of his congregation seized, and he said he was quite certain they would perform their duty perfectly. It is almost needless to add, that from that day forward this clergyman never had occasion to put his precepts into practice.

In Abyssinia, in the Tigre country, there is a species of nervous persons who are subject to a malady called *Tigretier*, which presents all the characters of Tarantism, and is cured by music. The dancing dervishes amongst Mohammedans enjoy the peculiarity of their profession solely from their capacity for bringing on nervous excitation. Of a kindred nature are the *Psylli*, or serpent-eaters of Egypt. Savary Duke de Rovigo states, that he once beheld a procession of this sect at Rosetta. They passed him with bare arms and wild demeanour, holding venomous serpents in their hands, which they grasped by the neck, and with shrieks and howlings devoured alive. Sonnini gives an account of a Saadi, or serpent-eater, who visited his apartment accompanied by a priest of his sect. The priest had with him a basket in which he carried a green and copper-coloured snake of a deadly description. This, after some preliminary arrangements, he delivered to the Saadi, who seized it with a vigorous hand, whilst it twisted and writhed round his naked arm. He gazed at the reptile and soon grew excited. His countenance became discomposed, his eyes burned with a flashing light, and rolled terribly. After a short while, during which his manner lost all character of sanity, with a loud cry he bit the animal in the head, and ate the unsavoury morsel. Instantly he became convulsive in his actions—he howled horribly, his limbs writhed, his countenance assumed the features of madness, his mouth extended and was covered with blood and foam. Three strong men endeavoured to hold him, but he dragged them around the chamber, and flung them from him as if they were children; his arms thrown about with violence struck everything within his reach. At length the priest took the serpent from him, but his mad convulsions did not cease; he bit his hands, and his fury continued. The priest then approached him, passed his arms down his back, and moved his hands gently around him in a manner familiar to those who have seen mesmeric operators performing on their subjects. By degrees the man's

agitation ceased, and he lay down in a state of complete lassitude and exhaustion.

Such facts as those demonstrate the wonderful influence of the nervous system over the human frame. The medium of every action, and of every sense, it has been directed in its organisation for the great end of the happiness and well-being of man. In the casual instances where it has become perverted in its purpose from those causes, which are inscrutable to the wisest science, it has afforded only an instance of the knowledge of the Creator of the universe, who has ordered its arrangement with such infinite skill, where the least deviation from the balance in which He has endowed it is pregnant with such monstrous and terrific consequences as we have shown. In the investigation of its history, we trust we have found room to impart the instruction which must ever arise from the contemplation of the handiwork of God, and is not the less visible in the manner in which the healthy nervous faculty subtends the life and joy of the human race, than is the surprise and terror with which the alteration of its valid conditions in nervous persons demonstrates.

SHERIFF AND EXECUTIONER.

It was autumn time in the year 17—. The nation was witnessing a spectacle which, for intensity and determination, might have found a parallel in the old servile wars of middle Europe—the struggle of class with class, of occupant with proprietor. The country, which had been ravaged and disorganised by being made the battle-field of a couple royal factions—Stuart and Orange—had scarcely recovered the effects of that bloody encounter. The population were two-thirds Jacobite and one-third Williamite; but whilst the former relied merely on the faith and potency of legitimate right, and fought with the rude weapons of an impulsive warfare, the adherents of the latter had the countenance and support of a kingdom gradually merging into empire. Long after James had died in exile, and the Georgian period had set in, the animosities of the old struggle survived the conflict; and the two races, though living side by side, eyed each other with a deadly hatred, since filtered into indifference through the crooked concrete of several generations. Such was the political and social aspect of the country in August 17—. On the third of that month, an Englishman, of the cosmopolitan patronymic of Smith, was murdered near the little village of Six-mile-bridge, in the county of Clare. The murdered man had long lived in a state of extreme unpopularity with his neighbours, and the bad feelings with which he was regarded, were unfortunately increased by his special interference in a hasty prosecution, which resulted in the execution of two men for sheep-stealing. He had been repeatedly warned that he was a man marked out for the swiftest and most extreme vengeance; but, being master of a courage almost amounting to rashness, he

despised the threats, and faced the peril with impunity. On a fair day he was riding home leisurely from market, and had just passed the cross of Abudhie, when five, men wearing no disguise, and armed with heavy bludgeons, sprang out of a plantation of Scotch firs which lined the road at one side, and surrounded him with a suddenness which cut off all chances of escape. He knew his men, and they knew their victim. Throwing up his hands he uttering one piercing shriek, in which the agonising despair of a whole life appeared concentrated. It was his last last appeal in this world; in less than five minutes he had been dragged to the ground, and his skull beaten into a crude jelly. The riderless horse, his flanks splashed with blood, conveyed the bloody tidings home. The report of the assassination spread from mouth to mouth, from depôt to depôt. The landed interest became alarmed, and a reward of five hundred pounds, subscribed by the aristocracy of the country, was offered for the discovery of the murderers.

Thirteen days elapsed, and in the dock of the old courthouse of Limerick five men stood charged with the murder of Smith. The conviction, noticing the paucity of evidence and the thirst for vengeance manifested by the prosecutors, was, to say the least, not wholly constitutional. Sentence of death was pronounced, the doomed men being allowed twenty-four hours to prepare for the terrible change which awaited them. The jury went to dine, his lordship rolled home in his grand coach to his lodgings in the Englishtown—then the aristocratic quarter of the city; and the prisoners having exchanged last greetings with their friends, were carted back to gaol.

Gallows-green, a steep hill within a mile of Limerick (and the home, by the way, of poor Griffin's Eily O'Connor), was the ordinary place of execution for criminals convicted of offences committed within the borough boundary; capital punishment for crimes committed outside that line of demarcation was invariably administered on the spot where the outrage had taken place. The condemned men were to be hanged at the cross of Abudhie. The 18th of August was ushered in (we hope that no one will again repeat this phrase) with a morning ominous with signs of harvest rain and thunder cloud; but that did not prevent a swarm of people gathering around the approaches to the gaol from an early hour. The rain began to descend, but did not much diminish the number of melancholy expectants, whose curiosity pressed them nearer and nearer to the triple-barred door of the prison, whence they were driven back by the musket-butts of the soldiery. High over the lofty wall which surrounded the gaol, the haggard faces of prisoners were seen protruding with strained neck and eyeball, through the rusty windowbars, eager to catch one glance of the criminals as they crossed the great yard to the hurdle prepared for them. The tops of neighbouring roofs, chimneys and gables, swarmed with black life; and the subdued emotional murmurs of the crowd in the streets were responded to by the crowds above.

"Blind Billy's to hang them," observed a pensive citizen to a venerable-looking man, who seemed to survey the scene with no unsympathising eyes.

"So I've heard," was the reply. "What a pity that a man like him who could turn his hand to anything, should disgrace himself and all belonging to him by becoming a hangman! Does not Jervase go to Six-mile-bridge, I wonder?"

"Mr. Jervase? Oh—aye, the sheriff. You'll see him this moment riding behind the soldiers on his chesnut horse. Fine-looking man!"

Blind Billy, alluded to by the first speaker, was the stock hangman for the city and county. He had been a sort of farm-steward in early life, in which position he showed great proofs of ability; but having been convicted of embezzlement and sentenced to death, he purchased his life by consenting to hang two culprits who had been convicted of conspiracy to murder. Conscience, deeply wounded, seldom recovers its original sensitiveness, and Billy preferred plying his infamous office to taking his chance again in a world from which he had isolated himself. The gaol became his home, and the gibbet his profession. He was not blind, but extremely red eyed and short sighted, which accounts for the soubriquet with which the public had honoured him.

The head of a chesnut horse, ridden by a florid man in the prime of life, appeared above the crowd, which opened to make a lane for the new comer. "'Tis the sheriff—'tis Mr. Jervase," were the words passed from lip to lip, as that functionary, with a thoughtful air, rode slowly in the direction of the gaol. Having reined up his horse at the wicket, he lifted the massive knocker, and handed a roll of paper to the deputy jailer. The wicket had scarcely closed, when the rusty bell over the principal entrance began to vibrate, and at the ninth stroke, the great iron-studded doors rolled back, disclosing the inner court of the prison, and six men seated on some straw in a car drawn by a black horse. To their right was a smith, bare armed and aproned, resting against the temporary anvil, on which the prisoners' fetters received the last testing. Behind there was a mingled gleam of red coats and cold steel, mingled with the blue and white uniforms of the gaol officials.

"Let us go," said the sheriff, in a mild voice, and a tumultuous groan arose from the dense sea of life outside. As the car and its victims laboured over the rough stones, under the horrible gloom of the great arch, and emerged into the open street, cries of "Ah, ha, Billy, you purblind rogue, wait till we catch you!" were heard from all directions save one; but the individual to whom they were addressed did not appear to suffer the slightest inconvenience under the pressure of so much popularity. He was seated on a heap of straw in the upper part of the car; around him was wrapped a soiled blanket, which enveloped him from the chin to the feet; about his head was twisted a piece of red cotton; in his hand he held a large piece of rope, the end of which he shook ominously at the boys, who freely pelted him with mud and rotten vegetables, and the hundred abominations of the kennel. "Ye'll get it yet—ye'll get it yet, ye blackguards!" he shouted. A fresh flight of missiles and a storm of hootings replied to the ghastly prophecy. Apart from him in the car, half kneeling and half sitting, were the five prisoners. They were heavily

chained, and appeared fully sensible of the horror of their position. Around the car was drawn a cordon of soldiers with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. Behind them rode the sheriff, and outside and around all surged the excited, indignant, abusive, yet sympathising populace.

The wretched cortège, escorted by the crowd, reached Abudhie about one o'clock. Five rough gibbets had been raised on the spot where Smith's murderers had avenged themselves. The country people had flocked in large masses to witness the execution, and when Blind Billy stood up in the car, under the shadows of the gibbets, his eyes beheld around him from two to three thousand people. Throwing away the blanket, he stepped into the open space kept clear by the soldiery, and beckoning to an ex-tipstaff, he asked :

"Where's the Sheriff, avic?"

The mob roared; and before the sounds of tumult had died away, the sheriff had entered the ring, gazing around him with an air of gloomy abstraction. He was startled from his reverie by the well-known voice of the hangman.

"Sheriff, darlint, is de time, up? de boys is waitin'."

"Mr. Jervase coloured and looked at the speaker. "Do your duty, man—do your duty."

"Oh, begor, every dog dey say has his day; sheriff, jewel, be civil until you gets raison. I'd like to tell you a bit o' my mind, any how, if it be plain' to you. How much a head for dem things?" and he jerked his thumb violently in the direction of the car.

"The amount of your fees is well understood. Come, sir," he said, "don't protract the agony of those wretched men."

"Aisy, aisly, I say. Sure 'twont break their backs to sit on a soft sop—will it? Now here's de whole question—if I tuck dem up comfortably, what 'll I get?"

"Five pounds apiece, my man. Will you do your duty?"

"Sorra a one o' me. You knows, sheriff darlint, stiff as you are, dat dere's two words to a bargain, Devil resave de rope I'll put round one of deir necks under tin pounds a man."

The sheriff looked amazed. "If you refuse to perform your duty under any such pretext, I shall commit you to custody; and it——"

"Do—do—do yer best. Ram me into quod, and hang dem yourself, jewel. Will ye make it de tin pounds, or say you won't."

The sheriff hung his head; but his diabolical tormentor refused him much time for reflection. "Will yez once?" No answer. "Will yez twice?" No answer. "Will yez for de turd and last time?"

Mr. Jervase raised his head, and in a low voice expressed his acquiescence.

"Dat much bein' settled, sheriff darlint, (and I wouldn't doubt yez—I'll be troublin yez for de money. Arigidsiose is de word, wid a gentleman always, yez knows."

"You shall have it when we return to town."

"Arrah, begor, de bird in de hand is wort two in de bush. Give out de money dis moment, or keep it and do de job yerself."

"I tell you, you shall have it when we return."

"And I tells you, agin and agin, dat I don't want it den. De yez hear dat—eh? Shame for yez to be keepin dese five dacent min waitin for a trifle."

"It happens, unfortunately, that I have not the money with me. I pledge you my honour that——"

"Arrah, I wouldn't lend yez tuppence on it—honour indeed! De colonel dare will lind to yez."

Seeing the uselessness of contending any longer, the sheriff managed to collect the required amount, fifty pounds, amongst the officers in charge of the troops. Rolling up the money in some paper, he flung it to Blind Billy, by whom it was scrupulously counted, and then deposited in his pocket. That individual's next act was to light his pipe and assure the wretched men that they were all right at last. He further congratulated them on the fact that they had a fine day, and were in decent hands.

One by one the trembling wretches were hung up, and the car drawn from under them. The first was a corpse before the white cap had been drawn over the face of the last. The multitude knelt in prayer, and even the soldiers were not unaffected witnesses of the horrible spectacle. As the men swung round, the wind blew the head covering off the youngest of the ghastly group, and his face, rendered terrible by the effects of the strangulation, was revealed to the spectators. The tongue, covered with purple saliva, lolled out over the stiff lips; the eyes, fixed and gory, protruded from their sockets, and the blood had penetrated the pores of the temples. To shriek as if the dead man's agony was at their hearts, to rush at Blind Billy that they might sacrifice him to their rage, was the first impulsive movement of the crowd; but flashing steel and levelled muskets forced them back, and they recoiled from the lifted weapons in dogged silence. Billy himself appeared to revel in the loathsome object; and he exclaimed, as the baffled crowd was beaten back, "Don't hurry yerselves, I'll see yez all dat way yet—I will."

Three quarters of an hour elapsed before the bodies were cut down; and then they received the rudest form of sepulture. A hole was dug and filled with quicklime, and into it the five corpses were thrown, pell-mell. The earth was shovelled in, the soldiers stamping it almost level with the surrounding sward, with their heavy boots; Billy had mounted the car and resumed his blanket; and the cortège had begun to move, when the voice of the sheriff was heard exclaiming—

"Get out of that car, you scoundrel—leave it, I say, instantly."

"Is de man out iv his sinses?" screamed Billy. "Drive on, honest man, and let de sogers go home to deir dinner."

"Quit that car, you ruffian," roared the sheriff, in a voice thick with passion. "Corporal, remove that man from the car."

Billy turned white as he looked in the sheriff's face and witnessed its stern determination. "Sure thin, Mr. Jarvis, darlint, yer wouldn't have

me torn to tatters by the boys there," and he pointed to the angry circle of faces which glared at him over the shoulders of the military. "The powers of man wouldn't save me, if they wan't get me into deir crubes."

"Choose either to leave the car or be dragged from it," was the reply, in a still more excited tone. "Corporal, throw out that scoundrel."

The words were scarcely said when they were obeyed, and Billy found himself sprawling on the ground at the tail of the cart. The people were approaching closer and closer. He raised himself to his knees, and clasping his hands, shrieked for mercy: "Oh! sheriff dear,—oh! Mr. Jarvis, for the sake of your fader and mudder, don't leave me in dis hobble, oh! de Lord reward you and let me get in agin. Mr. Jarvis—Mr. Jarvis! dey'll murder me out and out, dey'll!"——

The sheriff raised himself in his stirrups and looked at the prostrate wretch with an air of unmitigated scorn. "I agreed," he said, "in a voice considerably tranquillized, "to fetch you here, but it forms no part of the engagement that you should be fetched back. If you wish to go as you came, pay the expenses."

"Oh, thin, 'tis I dat will, sheriff darlint. Anyting de driver asks id be sorry to refuse him."

"My good sir, I shall pay the driver—you will have the goodness to pay me."

"Wid my whole heart, Mr. Jarvis: how much did dey charge you?"

"That has nothing to do with it; my charge for taking a hangman back to Limerick, and saving him from the hands of those honest people, is fifty pounds!"

"Fifty divils yez manes! Arrah, Mr. Jarvis, be reasonable, and don't rob a poor man of his little scrapins. Say tin pounds, if ye like."

"I've said fifty—will you once?" The crowd had reached within a few feet of the kneeling scoundrel, but he hesitated.

"Will you twice?"

Nearer and nearer rolled the surging wave of flushed faces and strained eyes. Still no answer.

"Will you, for the third and last time?" As the words were said, an athletic young man raised his arm and inflicted a deep wound on Billy's head with a thick black-thorn stick. Such logic was irresistible. Without saying a word, the bleeding man handed the fifty pounds to the sheriff and sprang into the cart. The crowd shouted in triumph, and after just aiming one combined volley of turnip-tops and potatoes, the hangman was taken back to Limerick.

OUR LITTLE UNA

I.

MERRY, wilful, dark, and bright,
Arrow-footed, wayward sprite !
Scarlet lip and changing cheek.
Pale, or hot with passion's freak ;
Lustrous eye that fiery flashes
From the shade of clustered lashes.

II.

Maiden Una ! through the dusk
Comes the haunting breath of musk.
Through a sombre leafy maze,
Through a tender scented haze,
Vapours dreamy, evanescent—
Shines the radiant Summer crescent.

III

Restless Una ! thou art still,
As the gleam on yonder hill.
Hast no word of ready speech ?
Wit has slipped beyond thy reach.
Some new spell is on thee gaining,
Eye and lip and step enchaining.

IV.

Little shady, silken head !
Stretched beside the fuschia bed ;
Let me stroke the curling hair
Moistened by the dewy air.
Let me touch the listless fingers,
While the mood unwonted lingers.

V.

Ah ! thou changeling, off again !
Have I snapt the charm in twain ?
Swift the wilful footsteps glance,
Wicked eyes with mischief dance.
Dusk curls in triumph streaming—
Wert thou serious but in seeming ?

VI.

'Tis in vain : thou wilt not heed—
Thou wilt laugh whilst others bleed.
Never glance of softened eye,
Gentle touch of fingers shy,
Will thy waywardness vouchsafe me,
Trying still to vex and chafe me.

VII.

Violets, by the moonlight kissed
Steep their buds in odorous mist—
Dream away the tranced night,
Weeping dew in soft delight.
Every wreath and brier vagrant
Pays to night its homage fragrant.

VIII.

Hast thou deep down in thy heart
No sweet hope, no paining smart?
Wilt thou never be subdued,
Tearful-eyed, and rosy-hued?
Shall I never guide thy tripping,
Careless feet from hurt or slipping?

IX.

Ah ! thou knowest nought of care,
Wrong, nor tear, nor cruel snare.
Life is not a summer day—
Bloom not all the paths with May.
Thou wilt find, my little lady !
There's a rough one and a shady.

X.

Dainty feet are better led
By a surer, braver tread.
Little hearts should cling in rest
To a bolder, stouter breast.
That thou learn not in heart-breaking,
I will tarry thine awaking.

R. M.

A WONDERFUL MENAGERIE.

OUR "menagerie" is that huge tract of the African continent which lies between the fifth and thirty-fifth degrees of latitude; that is to say, between Cape Agulhas, the most southern point of the land mass, and the river Coango, which rises in the Mosamba mountains, and, after flowing due north, through a wilderness where primitive men never saw a white face, turns to the west, and debouches into the Zaire. Such are the boundaries which confine, if they do not coop up, the vast swarm of organic life that flourishes inside them. There multitudinous vitality breaks out in manifold phases of shape and colour, which multiply themselves over and over in bewildering profusion of form and purpose, as the whiz of the European bullet rouses the hyæna from his lair, the snake from his mud-bath, and the bird from the palm branch. Side by side with the familiar animal studies of our youth, lion, elephant and crocodile, a brood of new beings, formidable and small, rises up to encounter us. Dealing with them, science is sadly puzzled for new names—for a new descriptive phraseology which shall have a certain relativeness to the things to which it is applied. Nor German, nor French, nor full-bodied English will meet the wants of the sorely-taxed invention; so science falls back upon the old classic resource, which threatens to be soon exhausted, and we have such names as *Tunialus Capensis* given to an unoffending bird, fond of tree stumps, and flowing water; *Dasypeltus Inornatus*, to a pretty serpent that enters birds' nests, and sucks the eggs; and *Hystrix Cristata*, to a wretched porcupine which abstains several months from water. These are hard names, the standing objection against them being, that they fail to convey the vaguest notion, the faintest idea, of the animal for whose use they are adopted. Scientific men naturally delight in cracking the crust of a conventional classicism with a keen foresight of its contents tickling their brains; but what is to become of the world of people to whom Greek and Latin are traditional arcana? Will nobody help them?

Our menagerie is favoured with a luscious climate; the air is balmy and restorative: of course there are gradations and differences in the vast atmospheric plain which roofs in our birds and animals, but the temperature on the whole may be described as pleasant. Now and then we are visited by droughts which parch the herbage until the grass almost explodes under the feet of the buffalo, the rivers are dried up, fish and alligator perishing in the reeking slime, where they furnish banquets for the hyænas. Needles exposed in the open air will not contract rust: the foliage withers though the sap remains in the leaf; and the head of the beautiful mimosa close at mid-day. Then, beetles, blue, green and golden, which creep along the ground, like sparks from a smelting fire, die off in myriads. Whilst the air blazes and brightens, and not a drop of water is to be had from river or freshet, the black ant, a long-legged architect of predatory habits, finds moisture for the mortar which keeps his house together. Where? It has

been suggested that the insect is capable of manufacturing water by combining the hydrogen and oxygen of its vegetable diet. In Angola we have an insect which clings to the fig-tree, and there, in concert with six or seven brother-workmen, keeps up a constant distillation of a clear fluid, at a rate of two quarts in twelve hours. How it is procured can be explained only by the aforementioned hypothesis; for that the insect does not extract the fluid from the tree, has been positively and satisfactorily proved. It is most copious in the morning when the air is humid, and the ground covered with dew. Thirst and grass-famine raging over the land, we shall not perish if the rain-doctors can avert the calamity. They pretend to bring down the refreshing treasure from the skies, by burning to the rain-god a charcoal composed of the ashes of bats, the renal deposit of the coney, jackalls' livers, baboons' and lions' hearts, hairy abominations plucked from the stomachs of venerable cows, serpents' hides and bones, and every variety of root and tuber. Sometimes the rain will come; sometimes the most divinity will not see or listen, and then life is deplorable. The women exchange their trinkets for corn, whilst the youth of the villages traverse the plains in search of edible plants. To get meat we build two hedges in the form of a V, with the angle cut off, and at the extremity we dig a pit which is lightly covered with leaves and brushwood. Then the warriors form a circle, momentarily decreasing, until a vast quantity of game is hemmed round and driven by spears and shouts into the converging hedges. The tumult is awful; giraffe, hartbeests, kokong, pallas, rhinoceros, zebra, buffalo, goat and lion, often find themselves involved in the same panting race for life. They rush madly to the opening, and fall headlong into the pit, where they are rapidly despatched by the weapons of the hunters. In this way between sixty and seventy head of the prime game of the forest is frequently captured; some will escape now and then, but for the great number death is a positive certainty. The breast of each animal is cut off and sent as a present to the chief, who claims that division of the spoils by hereditary right. When meat is not to be had, the locust supplies its place in the form of a dish which varies considerably as to the mode of preparation. Sometimes they are eaten boiled, when they taste like badly-cooked cabbage, sometimes roasted and pounded into a paste or powder which lasts for months. Besides, we have a luscious caterpillar, red-ringed and red-eyed, which smacks like macaroni; and the huge frog, *Matametta*, measuring about six by five inches, which, when properly cooked and served up, resembles a plump chicken.

The habits of this creature serve to employ our speculative moments. In the dry season he bores a hole at the root of a flowering bush, and there awaits, in a state of hibernation, the return of congenial weather. Across the mouth of the orifice, a bandy-legged spider spreads a web, subtle as mist, richer than the wildest filagree; behind this veil the sagacious Bushman knows that his prey is ensconced, and he is never mistaken. Speaking of spiders, we may put in a word for the Scavenger beetle, one of the most active sanitary commissioners in the universe. No sooner does he discover a secretion, than he treads it into round pieces, about the size of a Ripstone

pippin, and then rolls it away, pushing with his hind legs, until he has reached a place of safety. There a hole is dug in the earth; within which the unpleasant burthen is deposited. In the midst of the buried mass, the female beetle lays her eggs; and the larvæ subsists on their covering, until they arrive at maturity.

Curiously enough, although our rain-doctor has been burning bushels of perfumes for the last nine days, not a drop has fallen from the glaring skies. Even the antelope, which almost exists without water, has a glazed eye and a flaccid skin; for the baked mud pits of the rivers are soaked up, and the dewfall will not damp a lady's feather. Our young men go out into the desert to gather the *leroshua*—a small plant, about the thickness of ordinary sealing-wax, springing from a root of extraordinary bulk and appearance. Peeling off the rind of the bulb, we find it contains a quantity of cellular tissue, filled with a delicious, cool fluid which is eagerly drunk by the discoverers. The *mokuri* is another water-wearing plant, supplied by six immense bulbs arranged in a circle, far below the hot earth surface. In the desert too flourishes the great water-melon, *kéme*. It is about four inches long, and of a vivid scarlet colour. Wide tracts of land are often to be seen covered with this beneficent fruit, which supports not man alone, but lions, elephants, hyenas, jackalls and mice. Some varieties are bitter—some sweet; some have a mixed flavour, occasioned by the bees transferring the pollen of the flower from one plant to another. The *Bukalahari*, the oldest of the Bechuana tribes, adopt a singular method of obtaining water. A reed, to the end of which is attached a bunch of grass, is driven an arm's length into the sand. Directly the grass begins to absorb the water, the latter is sucked through the reed by a woman, who ejects the fluid by mouthful into an ostrich egg-shell. When the rain-doctors have given over their incantations and tom-tomings, when the last melon has been eaten, the skies will darken west, and a land-storm, laden with inky masses of cloud, blow over the country. The desert shakes under its fury, the dry vegetation crackles and keeps up a mysterious tremolo, like the wail of imprisoned spirits, the rivers rise, the plains are deluged, and the voice of the African cuckoo is heard far and near. This is the season of the rain. Gradually the heavens lighten, the sun looks out, and tranquillity settles upon the world. One breathes an atmosphere of spice and spikenard; the tenderest light falls upon the landscape; and the eye, wherever it turns, encounters some fresher and fairer revelation of loveliness. Around us meadows of the grassiest green spread away to the horizon, still lurid with the last throes of the fugitive tempest. In the patch of rich herbage at our feet, cattle are grazing, goats browsing; boys, "iron-jointed, supple sinewed," are playing with bows and arrows; women, too, enliven the scene as they skip down to the wells, each bearing a pitcher gracefully poised upon her head; under the broad banians men sit sewing and chatting, and in a quiet nook may be seen the grey-bearded patriarch of a village, listening with vaguest wonder to the story of a laughing girl. There indeed it may be said with truth, "all but the spirit of man is divine."

Prominent amongst the animals which breed and swarm around us,

stands the gigantic elephant. His tastes are quiet; he contents himself with bulbs, tubers, roots and branches, scarcely ever eating grass, except when in seed, and filled with farinaceous matter. Inoffensive as he is, it is a mistake to consider him a coward, for when put upon his mettle, no other beast of the forest offers a more lengthened and desperate resistance. The female, if attacked whilst feeding her calf, proves a most formidable antagonist, and is scarcely ever captured alive. Our natives pursue her at a distance with javelins, blowing of tubes, and the recitation of an address, in which the unhappy animal is informed that the tribe has come out to kill her; that many others are doomed to die beside her, for the gods have said it, and she may as well give in at once, as provoke a struggle. Alarmed at the uproar, the wretched beast erects her ears, strokes her youngling with her trunk as if to assure it of safety, and stands prepared for combat. A flight of spears from the attacking party sends the blood streaming over her huge sides, and this is followed up by another and another, until the great carcass is penetrated in every part with the murderous weapons. Enraged and agonised, the wounded beast, uttering a melancholy trumpetting, and filled with the blind instinct of self-preservation, abandons her young to charge down her foes. Repeated clouds of javelins enter her sides, one or more furious attempts to crush her butchers under foot, and she reels dead to the earth.

Next in order of strength and muscular superiority is our lion. Like the zebra, gnu, the tsesébe, and the giraffe, he is liable to attacks of mange; like the buffalo, he suffers from ophthalmia, which draws the light out of his fiery orbs, and sends him stumbling against every stick of the forest. Under those conditions he grows lean or flabby, turns coward, and neglecting the chase of worthier prey, takes to hiding in the neighbourhood of the villages, and pouncing upon women, children, and goats. He rarely attacks a man when thus weakened and demoralized; if he does, the encounter is most frequently to his disadvantage. As age and infirmities accumulate, our poor brute loses his teeth, which decay at the stump, and soon shed themselves. Then, mumbling in his rage, aggravated by the pangs of hunger, he hunts up mice and other small rodents; or, if hard pushed, will eat grass. At last, he becomes so contemptible an enemy, that the women and boys turn out and kill him with stones, generally under some tree which affords an asylum to the wretchedness of his declining days. Even in the fulness of her strength and ferocity, the lioness has been known to devour her cubs rather than satisfy her appetite with spoils guarded by men and firearms. The African male, in the heyday of his powers, is a coward and a poltroon. Encountered in the broad daylight, he will look at you, advance a few paces, look back once more, and then bound off into the nearest covert. It is at night, when the moon, which shines with intense brightness in those wild regions, is high, that he will attack the farms and attempt to carry off sheep or oxen. The very appearance of a trap brings him to a stand. He will stalk round a pit in which a goat is confined for days, without plucking up courage to molest the animal; his suspicions of foul play mastering his craving for animal

food. Often when he attacks a buffalo, the cow will rush on the assailant and kill him with a toss of her horns. He seldom attacks the full-grown bull alone, preferring to form a league with two or more of his brethren, which despatch the beast, and then divide the carcass between them. The spring is oftenest made at the throat or flank, and having fastened there, the tremendous muscular force of his jaws and shoulders are employed in crushing and disabling his victim. Having fed to repletion, he will fall asleep, and then becomes an easy prey to the hunter. The terror which his roar inspires in man and the other animals has been much exaggerated; for the latest and keenest observer tells us that when heard at night, under cover of a roof, even children can afford to laugh at it. But at night, when the African skies are blinded by the pitchy cumuli of a thunderstorm, when deep roars to deep, and the whole forest is illuminated by prolonged lightnings, through which a tropical rain hisses and plunges, the lion's roar is the most terrific and unearthly of sounds. Between lucid glimpses of darkness and uproar, the traveller catches for a moment the tawny erect mane and fire-red-dened eyes of the beast, as he crouches preparing for attack, whilst the confusion is increased by the bellowing of buffaloes and the horrible cry of the ostrich. Such a position, on such a night, is something short of enviable. Our buffalo, though a clumsily-made beast, is capable of extraordinary swiftness, and his charge, to which he must be provoked, is like a rush of cavalry. In the day-time he selects the densest parts of the forest, never venturing into the open plains until long after sunset. The natives always attack him in front, and as he comes thundering down on his enemies, they take refuge behind trees, and stab him with long knives as he passes. Our hippopotamus is a shy creature, which flies the presence of man, and indulges all day long in the snug mud-baths of the great rivers. He is constitutionally herbivorous; but that does not prevent him seizing a leg or arm, when he can, and crunching it between the ponderous teeth set in his jaws after the manner of an irregular chevaux-de-frise. When old and bilious, he becomes peculiarly pugnacious, and manifests a curious appetite for the bottoms of canoes, bits of driftwood and lumber; and he has been known to chase a party of travellers upwards of a mile. When he comes to feed on land in the rainy season, he is sure to lose scent of the river, and roll helplessly on the grass. The hunter takes advantage of his bewilderment by beating him to death with stout sticks shod with iron. Coming down the river, you may hear the hippopotamus snorting at a considerable distance. Every few minutes the brown male and yellow female heads are lifted above the surface of the water in the act of respiration, the calves standing erect on the shoulders of the mother. The report of a gun, even the dash of an oar, will spread consternation amongst the whole herd. Our greatest coward is the hyæna. To protect ourselves from his rascally meanness, we build large huts on the tops of stout poles; for the sneak never approaches man unless he sleeps, when the beast inflicts an ugly gash on the face, and then scampers into the cover, with a roar of diabolic laughter. A lip or nose are the brute's favourite tit-bits; his gripe is

more tenacious than the bull-dog's; he will carry away a helpless infant if no danger is to be apprehended; and the fragments of a forest meal are devoured by him, the hugest bones melting, as it were, between his jaws, directly the party has retired. Against this vile carrion-gorger, we put the wing-footed, exquisitely-marked zebra, and the lovely Tianyane antelope. The former is not unfamiliar enough to need description; the latter is about a foot and a half high, and richly spotted with citrol and white. She is extremely fond of her fawn, which she induces to lie down by pressing her foot against its withers; and which she summons to her side by an intensely pathetic bleating. A low species of ruffian inhabits the reedy banks of our rivers. This is the alligator, of which so many marvellous stories have been told from the days of Pliny to our own. The beast lays about sixty eggs in the season, each of the size of a goose-egg, but perfectly spherical. The female hides them in a deposit of soft mud; and when the young appear, she assists them in cracking the elastic shell of the ovum. Once at liberty, their instinct leads them to the water, where they fish all night long with their broad scaly tails. They are queer-looking creatures in their infancy; are about a foot long, with orange-coloured eyes, and marked all over the body with a plaid pattern of pale green and brown. The adults will pursue a dog or man, and bite malignantly if pierced with a spear. Amongst some tribes, a man wounded by an alligator, is instantly expelled his family; in others the mere fact of being splashed with water by the beast's tail, is followed by loss of caste. The men, when they see an alligator, spit on the ground, exclaiming, "There is sin." The mere sight of the reptile is supposed to inflame the eyes; on all sides the antipathy to him is unconquerable. Perhaps the biggest and most hopeless fool amongst us is the ostrich. Than the full-grown cock, jet black from tail to beak, save the one white plume of commerce, standing upright in a field of wild melons, a nobler animal it would be hard to picture. In his diet he is anything but an epicure, swallowing pods and pebbles, fat leaves and grit, with equal relish. His immense height enables him to see great distances, the vigilant eyes being fixed in his head like a telescope in an observatory. Notwithstanding this advantage, he is sure, when pursued, to throw himself, by an impulse of the blindest desperation, into the toils of the hunter, occasionally turning on the dogs, and pensioning them off for life with a blow from his huge foot. The lion will surprise him now and then, when feeding, and the battle for life is quickly terminated. In full chase, the ostrich takes a stride of nearly fourteen feet, the movements of his gaunt legs resembling "the spokes of a carriage wheel in rapid motion." At this pace he will cover about thirty miles an hour, or about forty-two feet in a second. The lady deposits her eggs in a hole scraped in the sand, often laying as many as fifty in the season. The Bushmen remove them with a stick, and the unconscious mother goes on laying as if nothing had happened. The egg itself has a disagreeable taste not easily overcome; one which was kept suspended in a room for three months, was taken down and found to have partially developed a live chicken.

In the summer time, when the bee-eater sits at the mouth of his hole like

a detached gem from a string of jewels, when the beautiful water sponges wind their fairy forms around the reeds, and the flora of the river lights into blossom from shore to shore, the speckled kingfisher, followed by a gorgeous blue and orange kingfisher, may be seen darting along the green-sanded shallows in pursuit of fish. It is a beautiful bird, and so strongly attached to its haunts that it will not quit them even in the most rigorous winters. When the Zambesi rises there come down with the swollen floods, the *Ibis religiosa*, the shell-devouring linongolo, grey curlews, and majestic herons, whilst the air for miles around is darkened by cohorts of white pelicans, whose long lines waver and glimmer like the fringes of a rain cloud. In the thick foliage of the banks, we have the redbeak, keen-eyed, fiery-plumed, and the scissor-beak, white-breasted, black-backed, swinging on a spray of cedar, like a fluffy valetudinarian. Both those birds make the low river shores their habitat. If a crow or marabou attack their nest, the brave little women will do battle for their young; but when dealing with man, they drop the left wing and limp with the left leg, affecting lameness, until the intruder is seduced away. They live almost exclusively on insects, their bills being formed to scoop the water as they fly over it. Then we have the avoset, a pretty wader, with upturned bill, by which it is enabled to catch its prey whilst its head is under water; the *para Africana*, which walks miles of river surface, stepping on the broad leaves of the lotus plant, white spoon-bills, glorious flamingoes, whose wings set the air ablaze, the azure-coloured demoiselle, and myriad varieties of long-legged cranes. Far inland the swift swarms in thousands over the dense forest tracts; flocks of pigeons, red-beaked and emerald-winged, rise up from the trees at the slightest warning of danger. In the twilight, as we sail under the river canopies of verdurous gloom, a bird voice, like the faint vibration of a harp, tingles through the silence. This is the note of the scarlet-breasted trogon, whose music, to which our boatmen respond with the pathetic words, *nama, nama*, is prophetic of a happy voyage. Up in Katema we have the woods alive with the songs of a wild canary known as the "cabaso." Our people catch and tame it in pretty cages made of delicately-formed reeds or osiers. With it there is always found a fine pigeon, whose puffed breast flames like an orange lily. On the shore of the Kuruman the voyager often finds myriads of black larks sporting in the lawns, and the centropus, an unwieldy bird, whose tail feathers make head plumes for our chiefs. There, too, is seen the lehutectec, strikingly resembling the Abyssinian hornbill, which seizes serpents by the back of the head and strangles them. In the forests of the Bushukulompos, where the lichen and orchilla hang like draperies from the trunks of the mamoshos tree, one hears the cry of the bird called "Mokua reza," or Son-in-law of God, which is supposed to call for rain when the charm of the crow seals up the windows of Heaven. Some think it is identical with the European cuckoo, as it never builds a nest, preferring to take forcible possession of the one next to hand. The buffalo is accompanied, in all his expeditions, by a small bird, which not only destroys the insects that infest the beast's skin, but by

rising from his back on the approach of danger, gives him time for flight. The bird kala, it is known, discharges a like function for the rhinoceros, and would seem to have a strong attachment for the ugly monster, which he alarms by a sharp cry. In the morning the kala may be heard piping for his friend to rejoin him; in the mid-day he may be seen hanging by his claws to the beast's ear, whilst his bill is usefully employed within it. The birds in Londa are free from the reproach of silence, which may be fairly levelled at most of the feathered denizens of the tropics. Amongst them the European lark and thrush have no unpretending representatives, nor are the finch and robin without their "correspondings." One of our birds continually keeps up a melodious recitation of "peek-pak-pok;" another utters a single tone which resembles the sound of a violin string, touched by a lady's finger; from dawn till sunset, the francolin cries, "pumpuru, pumpuru;" the honey-guide, "chikin, chik, churr, churr-r-ra;" then comes the mocking bird, which delights in mimicking the voices of the African women, as they chatter aloud in the villages. In the cool mornings there is something delightfully grotesque in the odd combinations of their voices. They are instinct with the free cheerfulness of nature, and seem to issue, not from the throats, but the hearts of the singers. In noonday our birds are silent; but, with dewfall and the evening, they are renewed until the latest star shines high in the twilight.

Our Menagerie, the admission is unfortunate, but it must come, is cursed with a collection of the rascalliest serpents that ever rattled jaws or spat venom. Our coilers live chiefly on a description of small mice, which employ themselves continually in building petty sarcophagi and erecting haystacks. You cannot advance a dozen paces in some parts of the country without sinking into a pit-fall, or being tripped up by a cock of provender. Serpents find their way into houses through chinks and crannies that would scarcely admit a latchkey, through slits of window sashes, and perforations of ventilating plates; under thresholds and between jambs and lintels. They seize you by the leg as you sit down to your roasted maize and ground nuts; if you shout, their nostrils expel an odour to which all the abominations of Cologne are as rose-water or frankincense; they coil and twist around each other like the wreathed snakes on the druid's baton; their bite is death; and they inspire that loathing which makes a nervous man fear to look around in the night-time, lest he should encounter their green, diabolic eyes, in every nook and hole of the apartment. The picu khola will distil poison from his fangs hours after death. When he bites, death is an immediate consequence, and his entrance into a cattle-pen is equivalent to a death-warrant for the whole herd. He has the credit of expelling poison, always choosing the direction of the wind, into the eyes of travellers; in a word, he is the lowest, the filthiest, and the most abhorred of creeping reptiles. Puff adder, viper, and cobra, are also in our collection. If annoyed, they raise the head, project and withdraw the forked tongue with the rapidity of the needle in the latest sewing-machine; and whilst this is going, the fiendish eyes, glazed with viscons

secretions, gloat upon the enemy. Our Noga-Putsane seduces you into his cancerous embraces, by uttering a plaintive cry, like the bleat of a kid. Our *bucephalus capensis* is a bird eater of the daintiest palate and most refined appetite. He catches his prey (and the fact is well attested, however it may seem to square with exploded notions) by fascination. Having climbed a tree, he will twist his trunk around a branch, erect his neck, inflate his throat, and glare at the birds. He is no sooner seen by the latter, than they commence to cry, and fly around the monster in rapidly-decreasing circles, which finally bring them within range of his mouth. Inexplicable as this process may seem, we are fully justified in stating, that not only do serpents, but even quadrupeds possess the power of fascination. Antelopes suddenly encountering a crocodile, become so bewildered by his terrible eyes and uncouth movements, as to be deprived of all power of velition. There are several varieties of toads which cannot resist the attraction of fire, and voluntarily dash themselves into the midst of live coals, whilst serpents flee from them in agony, and in that condition inflict the most desperate wounds on their tormentors. Our people eagerly eat the flesh of some snakes, for instance the palah, python, and metse, which are innocuous. The full-grown of these species is as thick as a man's thigh, and measures from ten to twelve feet in length.

Nor are the serpents our only pests. Witness the large caterpillar lezantabua, the rich black body of which is covered over with hairs like the quills of the porcupine. Touch the beast, and directly he drives the sharp points through the cuticle of your palm, thereby inflicting an ugly wound. From his ashes there rises a butterfly, meanly-coloured and ghastly-headed. The land swarms with spiders of all hues, shapes, and purposes. One limber fellow stings like an Irish wasp, another, jet black and studded with elastic hairs, carries a poison-bag at the end of his front claws, the injection of which is said to prove fatal. A cayenne-toned spider, about the size of a florin, runs about with the swiftness of a swallow, devouring almost everything that comes in his way. His appearance is horrible in the extreme; and few can behold him without feeling an unconquerable disgust. Notwithstanding his ugliness the creature builds a house which he lines with a texture smoother and finer than the best silk; he hangs his door on a mechanical hinge, and disguises the whole with such ingenuity, that it almost defies detection. Our yellow-spotted spider weaves an exquisite lace web, about a yard in diameter, which he hangs vertically between the outstretching boughs of two trees. His nest is in the focus of the radii, and thence he darts out and secures the gnats and flies entangled in his toils. We have another spider of gregarious habits, which envelopes whole trees and hedges in a thick web; and lastly a brown, full-bodied fellow, who sits all day upon a piece of web carpet, attached to a wall. How or when the latter feeds has puzzled the most patient observers. Our hornet hangs his nest after the manner of the wasp from a projecting branch or even from an eave course. If one chance to pass within twenty yards of his nest, the brute sallies out and inflicts a sting, the power of which has been likened to a discharge of electricity. The ants are a curious

community, and should not be passed over, in consequence of their apparent insignificance. They are fearfully decimated by a species of stout ant-lion, which buries its head in the ground, and attracts the ants by a curious movement into the forceps placed at its caudal extremity. This insect closely resembles the dragon-fly, with which most of us are familiar. The ant frequently builds a hill thirty feet high, and so broad at the base, that trees take root in its foundations. The little workman is supposed to fertilise the ground he manipulates, for the sides of the hills bear the sweetest and heaviest maize. As the plains are often flooded, he provides for that emergency by building tiny cells of glutinous earth on those river grasses which are invariably above high water, and into which he retires in the season of inundation. The red ant is carnivorous, and will travel any distance in quest of flesh. Sometimes this species may be seen marching in large armies across the plains; and woe to the unlucky wayfarer who happens to interrupt them. In a moment they scramble inside his clothing, and pepper him with bites. They will attack an ox as readily as a mouse, and seldom wait to be put on the defensive. If they enter a house they clear it of all vermin excepting themselves. It is asserted that before setting out on an expedition against the enemy, they erect a covered causeway over the line of march, in order to screen themselves from the heat of the sun. The black soldier ants are possessed of the fiercest and most determined pugnacity. They march to battle four abreast, following the course marked out by their leaders, whom they track by the scent. They will not cross a damp place, nor climb an obstacle an inch high, choosing to march round either, however long the detour. Their enemies are the white ants, into whose dominions they make repeated incursions. The poor whites endeavour to escape, but the blacks seize them in their mandibles, and render them insensible for a time, by stinging them in the sensitive parts of the body. In this state of coma they are carried into captivity by the black *canaille*. It was supposed for a long time that the white ants, on recovering from the stupefaction, were kept in bondage as slaves of the black; but it is now ascertained that the latter eats his victim alive, for the blacks may be seen returning from war bearing on their shoulders captives of whom a head or leg has been partially devoured. One word for our toad. We have one hideous fellow, jet black, dotted with spots of vermilion, which can spring from grass-spear to grass-spear, with the agility and precision of a fly. Of all our insects the Tsetse is, perhaps, the worst, certainly the most destructive. This little wretch, no bigger than our ordinary fly, has a brown body, diversified across the back with three or four bars of yellow. Ours is a wonderful Menagerie. Life swarms and multiplies around us in every globule of air, in every crumb of earth; unerring wisdom, unimpeachable skill, inexhaustible invention are displayed in all. We may not be able to fathom the special purpose for which the crocodile was fashioned, or guess at the intention with which the tsetse is made; but of this we may be sure, that nothing is lost—that every organism, however beautiful and loathsome, has its place and application.

BEHIND THE COULISSE.

My friend Arthur Butler, a fellow of infinite jest, of easy circumstances, and blessed with an exceedingly irritable temper, might have been seen walking down Sackville-street about noon, on the Michaelmas-day of 1858. And further, he might have been noticed to stop a young gentleman about his own age, whose hand he shook warmly, that young gentleman being no less a personage than the writer of the present paper.

"Hillo, Charley!" exclaimed Butler, "I am delighted to see you, old boy. I only arrived yesterday from London, and I have asked a few fellows to dine with me to-day at five; you must join us. No excuse."

I intimated that I had no idea whatever of excusing myself, for I was delighted to have a friend to spend the evening with, as I felt rather lonely in being separated on that festive occasion from the family circle at home.

"Oh! we'll be very jolly, I promise you," said Butler. "I have a goose for dinner as big as an ass, and a garden full of potatoes."

I promised to go; and I did go, and a very jolly party it was; and there originated the idea of organizing an amateur Dramatic Society, which was afterwards carried into effect.

Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," and the farce of the "Critic," were the pieces selected for representation. The selection of parties for the different parts produced a warm display of youthful egotism. Every one present, except Butler, aspired to be "Captain Absolute." It was proposed by our host to draw lots for the part; but this course was strongly objected to, on grounds the most unconvincing. Sophthead suggested that the parts should be auctioned; and in an evil hour this suggestion was approved by the company. Butler was appointed auctioneer. He mounted a chair in the business-like manner of "Careless" in the "School for Scandal," and using a spoon for a hammer, knocked down the various parts to the various bidders. "Captain Absolute" was purchased by Sophthead for £6 10s., at which I was so naturally indignant, that I refused to play at all; and to this virtuous resolution I remained heroically firm. "Sir Anthony Absolute" was knocked down to John O'Connor at the low charge of £2 5s.—and William Clements bought "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" for £3. "Bob Acres" did not find a single bidder. So cavalierly, indeed, was the chivalrous little gentleman treated by the guests, that the host in very charity was fain to take poor "Bob" under his own protection. The principal male parts having been thus disposed of, it was resolved that "professionals" should be employed to undertake the parts of the ladies. The business of the night having thus concluded, Sophthead was sarcastically complimented on having become the happy purchaser of the gallant hero. Having agreed to meet next evening for the furtherance of our grand object, we noiselessly separated for the night.

During the ensuing week, I, having undertaken the duties of hon. sec., addressed and dispatched printed circulars to every person I could think

of, and of whom my friends could think also. A few days subsequently I summoned a meeting for an early day, to carry into effect the objects we had in view. On the day appointed, a numerous meeting was held, at which, after much wrangling about the amount of subscription, the number of performances to be given, and the places at which they were to be given, the meeting separated full of its vast importance. The next thing to be done was to collect in the subscriptions. This I found the most tedious and heartrending of tasks. Many members paid down their subscriptions immediately on application, whilst, to do them justice, a great many more postponed payment for a considerable period. However, the first fortnight brought in something like sixty pounds, and this, together with what was owing, which we calculated on collecting shortly, would, we thought, enable us to give four performances during the ensuing year.

To describe the numerous rehearsals would occupy a sum of time and space almost incalculable. Throwing overboard scene-painters, flute-players, stage-managers, etc., I will hurry on to our grand rehearsal, which took place on the night previous to our first (and last) grand performance. The grand room of the Kalliedesopic Forum had been very beautifully fitted up, and decorated under my able directions.

Half-past eight the lady and gentlemen performers on the stage. Bell rings; scene set, the performers commence the rehearsal. I stand in the body of the hall to watch the effect.

"Pull up that cloud!" I cry, as a fly-scene drops. No attention.

"Why don't you pull up that cloud?" I repeat in a loud voice. "Is the gas light to be seen above the sky?"

At length my order is attended to, and the rehearsal proceeds. During the rehearsal, I remark that the gentlemen amateurs speak their different speeches with exhausting energy and oratorical display, at the same time that the lady professionals speak theirs with wondrous rapidity, only raising their voices as they approach the conclusion, and lay particular stress upon the last words. First scene got through with an apparent confusion such as amateur rehearsals alone can inspire. Several other scenes follow, with confusion more complicated and incomprehensible.

"Why in the name of all that's wonderful," I exclaim, "do you let a garden drop. Pull it up, and let down the drawing-room." And they mistake.

"You hopeless numbskulls," I cry, losing all patience, "you have lowered Bob Acres' chambers. Would it be proper for Lydia Languish to be sitting there?"

Up goes Bob Acres' chamber, and down comes Lydia Languish's boudoir. "Now go on with the rehearsal."

Sophthead, stopping in the middle of one of his impressive harangues, steps forward to the foot-lights and addresses me—

"I say Fielding, you know, what the deuce am I to do for a wig, you know?"

"Cannot Captain Absolute do without one?" I enquire.

"No," replied Bob Acres. "His head would be out of proportion; and

heaven knows there is no part of his person so absolutely in want of padding as that."

"Well, I must see to it," I answer. "Go on with the rehearsal, and don't detain the ladies longer than necessary; it is a quarter to eleven now."

Notwithstanding this intimation, it was more than half-past eleven before the rehearsal of the "Rivals" concluded, and it was agreed that we should meet next day to rehearse the second piece. I will not inflict upon my readers the rehearsal of "The Critic," in which "Puff" was dreadfully solemn, and "Whiskerandos" excessively dismal, but pass on immediately to the long-expected performance.

When the guests, or invited full-dress audience were assembled, our theatre presented a very brilliant appearance. Our stewards, with long white staves,—carried for what purpose I know not—and wearing blue ribands in the button-holes of their swallow-tail coats, pipe-clayed kids upon the bands, and otherwise dressed in their little brief authority, played fantastic tricks of courtesy in showing the ladies to their seats, which the fair creatures could have discovered quite as easily with the assistance of their natural protectors, by whom they were accompanied. The gas was blazing in its fullest force; the members of the orchestra were tuning their instruments; the low ceaseless hum of pleasant voices filled the hall; smiling faces, lovely to behold, were seen everywhere; the odour of the rose and of the musk, slightly tintured with the fume of gas, hung upon the air; and the entire place presented an aspect of harmony and of cheerfulness, which to witness is to admire. As I gazed upon the pleasant scene, I felt the importance of my position, not that of one of those who, when that curtain rose, were about to present themselves in grotesque costume, and provoke the laughter of the assemblage. No, no, I was the master of the ceremonies—the great man wrapped in mysterious silence—the Louis Napoleon of the Society. Not more than half-an-hour after the time announced did the curtain rise. Now this is an instance of wonderful punctuality on the part of amateur performers, who generally keep their orchestra playing the same airs over and over again, until fiddle-strings begin to crack, and flutes and other wind instruments grow husky, and the drummer begins to produce eccentric noises on the triangle and the drum.

This delay is most generally caused by the lengthened and elaborate toilette of amateur performers. On the occasion of which I write, every acting member insisted on wearing a black moustache, which was immediately attached to the upper lip by the artist in attendance, and upon having his eye-brows darkened, and face rouged—offices that were also performed with extraordinary tact and judgment by the same complaisant artist. The dressing-room, upon these occasions, presents a strange picture of hurry and confusion. Here is a young gentleman who plays several parts the same night. Mark how carefully he draws on those exquisite pink silk stockings; and see how he admires the legs, which, with the assistance of a modest amount of old flannel artistically bound around the calves, they fit so perfectly. Now watch how he draws over them a pair of coarse yellow

cotton stockings to be worn in the first character he plays. Then go on the snow-white shirt-ruffs—over those the richly embroidered vest, which in turn is covered by the huge slate-coloured waistcoat with enormous pocket-flaps (beneath which no pockets exist by the way); the entire being enveloped in a bottle-green coat, which appears to fit the wearer like a sentry-box, for he seems never to touch it except when he purposely or accidentally leans against it. In another corner of the chamber we find two amateur dramatics disputing about the possession of a pair of white satin “trunks”—a leg of which each disputant holds. After many convincing but seemingly inconclusive arguments on both sides, the gentlemen “toss” for the possession of the disputed property. The winner smiles grimly, as he speedily gets into his winnings; whilst the loser strides about the room in a dangerous frame of mind, begging the loan of a fashionable nether garment. It may be that he has to content himself with a pair of dingy doe-skin pantaloons, which accord but ill, with the extreme finery of his other articles of dress. In various parts of the room, groups are collected; some scrutinizing their “make up” in small mirrors, others “taking in” or “letting out” those garments which did exactly suit their figures. Several non-acting members lounged against the walls, some making pencil-sketches thereon, after the models of the very old masters, as old indeed, that the originals are supposed to be lost, so that nobody can dispute the genuineness of the copies, some making valuable but unappreciated suggestions as to improvements in the costume, etc., whilst the majority occupied their “time in discussing the half-dozen wine which had been provided for the ladies. I have spent so much time upon this portion of my sketch that I feel it due to my readers to explain my reason for so doing. It is briefly done. Be it known to all whom it may concern that, in nine cases out of ten, amateur dramatics expend far more time and anxiety upon their dresses than upon the study of their parts. Of course, in this, as in every other rule, there are numerous exceptions; but, as in every other case, “the exception proves the rule.”

To return to the grand performance. As already stated, the curtain rose in not more than half an hour after the time announced in the programme. The two flunkies who entered upon the scene were received with some applause and much merriment. The former exhibition of public feeling, the artists acknowledged by placing their hands upon their hearts, and bowing until the huge waistcoats doubled up above the pocket flaps. These motions which betrayed more of feeling than dignity, added much to the merriment of the audience; and the artists were permitted to exit (wrong side of course) amidst very general symptoms of enjoyment on the part of the spectators.

To enter into a close criticism of the performance would be a work of Herculean labour. I will, therefore, only refer to its leading features. The first act, according to the rendering of the amateur-dramatics, was the most powerful opiate, in the shape of amusement, that it was ever the fate of any mortal man to swallow. What the gentlemen performers were talking about I now and then gleaned from the prompter. The perform-

ance, upon the whole, might very appropriately have been designated a Prompter's Reading, and it reminded me forcibly of the show-boxes which delighted my infant years, wherein several puppets were made to move about, and hold animated conversations through the mouth of the fluent showman. Whenever four or five of the gentlemen appeared on the stage at the same time, it was absolutely painful to witness their iniquitude. Some thrust their hands into the bosom of their shirts; others took off their hats and bowed several times to each other with excruciating politeness; whilst all, as if by common consent, crossed and recrossed each other like bears in a cage. In fine, the act-drop fell upon the first act to the evident relief of the numerous guests. The second act was, in some sort, an improvement on the first, inasmuch as it brought upon the stage the gallant little "Bob Acres." "Bob" appeared in a scarlet coat of ample dimensions, the tail of which almost swept the boards. He wore a hunting-cap, which became him much better in his hand than it did upon his head. As to his top-boots, poor Bob had evidently not been present when his measure was taken for them, for his feet, as was subsequently seen, could by no possibility have extended farther than from the heel to the instep. It was totally out of the power of all observers to say whether Bob wore continuations or no, as the flap of his waistcoat completely covered the top of his boots. He carried a whip under his arm, which, had it been fairly measured with himself, would probably have been found to be the taller of the two. On presenting himself in the second scene, Bob was dressed with much taste and elegance; and in violation of the character which he assumed, looked the gentleman far more than those with whom he was playing, and whose great object it was to make up for that most difficult rôle. The only genuine piece of acting (that of the ladies always excepted) which occurred in the progress of the piece, was executed by poor Bob—an artistic effect, by the way, which the great author of the "Rivals" never dreamt of producing. In that scene where "Bob Acres" awaits a visit from his amiable friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the former was seated at a table. "Bob" gave the "cue" for the entrance of "Sir Lucius;" but no Sir Lucius appeared. For a moment there was a pause. I guessed it was a "stick," for I had attended all the rehearsals, and knew by heart where all the entrances and exits should occur. I trembled for the reputation of the society; and trembled still more violently when I saw Bob throw a frowning look at the prompt entrance, and instantly rise with perfect composure from his seat. Still no Sir Lucius! Bob, drawing a lace handkerchief from his pocket, walked leisurely down almost to the footlights. To my unutterable horror he addressed himself to the audience, in what appeared to be an able and well-studied discourse upon the character of his friend "Sir Lucius O'Trigger. I waited only to hear the first few sentences, and then rushed frantically "behind" in search of the delinquent, whom I found contentedly enjoying a solitary bottle of Bass in the refreshment room.

"By the Ghost of Hamlet's Father! you have destroyed us," I exclaimed,

"What is the matter?" enquired Sir Lucius.

"Matter!" I replied indignantly. "Why, you have kept the stage waiting for the last five minutes. Make haste, make haste!"

Hurrying him away, we rushed upon the stage. Bob was still speaking when we arrived, and evidently with some effect, as was evinced by the applause of the audience. In the middle of one of Bob's sentences Sir Lucius appeared upon the stage, entering with very undignified haste, through what the spectators were supposed to regard as the side wall of Bob's apartment. When Bob made his exit he was highly complimented by the ladies, who stood in the wing. "Mrs. Malaprop" said that during the entire period of her connection with the stage, which extended over twenty years, she has never witnessed any more striking instance of presence of mind, even amongst the best professionals. The only incident worthy of remark occurred in the duel scene, when that sky and cloud, which, from the beginning I had looked upon with grave suspicion, fell from its place in the heavens to the stage, and enveloped "Bob Acres" and "Captain Absolute" in its dusty folds, to the general joy of the assembled guests. The comedy then hastily terminated midst peals of laughter, such as we should have preferred to elicit on terms more complimentary to our abilities as comedians. "The Critic," which commenced at a quarter past eleven, found the theatre more than two-thirds empty. Fearing that my readers in a like ratio would throw aside my paper should I enter into a description of the execution by amateurs of the greatest farce ever written, I will allow the curtain here to fall upon the night's proceedings.

I now approach the last scene in this strange, eventful history, with feelings of mingled sorrow and exultation; sorrow that so promising a society, of which I was the very head and front, should have been shipwrecked by a stormy debate; and exultation in finding that the cause of dissolution probably originated in my not having been selected to play the romantic heroes. A week after the grand performance, I summoned a grand meeting, (every thing we did was on a grand scale,) to look into the accounts of the society, which, I grieve to say, were in no very flourishing state. On the evening appointed about twenty members attended, to whom I rendered up an account of the funds in hands, which amounted to the sum of £7 16s. 3d., the first representation having cost us something over £50! I was impertinently censured for having expended six pounds on printing and thirty shillings on car-hire; and I inwardly vowed that I would next morning resign my unprofitable office of secretary and treasurer for evermore.

On the conclusion of the fiscal statement, the chairman said—

"If any gentleman present has a motion to move, now is the time to move it."

After a good deal of whispering on the other side of the table, Sopht-head rose and said—

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—ahem—I move that, as our performance the other night—ahem—went off with such *éclat*, you know, why we should have another on the first of next month. And next, I move that

the play to be played, you know, is the 'Lady of Lyons,' and that the parts, as before, be set up for auction."

"In order that you may purchase 'Claude Melnotte,'" put in Butler, who sat beside me.

"That is my business, Mr. Butler," said Sophthead, with becoming dignity.

"Doubtless," retorted Butler. "But I conceive it to be the interest as well as the business of every member of this society to prevent such a disaster."

"Is your motion made, Mr. Sophthead?" asked the Chairman.

"It is," answered Sophthead.

"Does any body second it?" inquired the Chairman.

After a silence of a minute or so, Butler rose.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I feel that it was through mere formality that you inquired whether any one seconded Mr. Sophthead's motion, or rather batch of motions. An eloquent silence was our response. How should it be otherwise? Here we find the funds of the society in such a state that they would scarcely afford to pay the rent of the room in which our performance should be held, and yet we find a gentleman making the absurd proposal, that we should give another performance before a month elapses! With the second count in Mr. Sophthead's motion, that the 'Lady of Lyons' should be the play selected for the occasion, I have no fault to find, except that I think the premature nature of the proposal lays the mover open to rather indecent suspicions, when we find it followed by a third proposal, that the parts be auctioned, and knocked down to the highest bidders. This plan was adopted on one occasion, and with what result? Why, in my mind, the result was, (chiefly owing to the sale of the parts,) an utter failure. I forbear from uttering any opinion upon any individual who performed on that occasion; but I must say that, as far as I can judge, the performers and their parts were, for the most part, strongly antagonistic. I object, upon these grounds, to Mr. Sophthead's motions being adopted."

Sophthead here arose, his narrow brow clothed with thunder—

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I have listened to the stupid remarks, you know, which have just been made by Mr. Butler. I'd have Mr. Butler to know that I look higher than he, you know."

Butler started up, as if he had been stung—

"And I'd have Mr. Sophthead to know," he cried, "that there are those in this world whose bodies seem to expand in proportion as their minds contract; who grow formidable in brute proportions, whilst they remain dwarfs in intellect. If Mr. Sophthead means to look higher than me—that he is taller, I freely admit that he is in the right. But if he seeks to infer that his blood is purer than mine, I beg to refer him to the *Heralds' College* for the rank and standing of my ancestors, whereas it is within the range of probability that the 'Newgate Calendar' could furnish me with the most authentic information respecting his."

"Order, order," from several members.

"I have a right to speak, you know," said Sophthead, who had been standing all this time. "It strikes me very forcibly that Mr. Butler is trying to put a wedge in the society."

"To follow Mr. Sophthead's allegorical style of address," retorted Mr. Butler, "I can only say that the man who expresses such an opinion as that must be screwed."

"Sir, I am becoming dangerous, you know," Sophthead roared, directly addressing Butler; "and I'd have you remember that you will find the roaring lion in me as well as the sheep or the lamb."


"Your observations," replied Butler, with a bitter sneer, "induce me to regard you more in the light of a calf or an ass."

The Rubicon was passed. Sophthead's face grew actually black with concentrated rage. He made a desperate blow across the table at Butler, which I was fortunate enough to parry.

Another instant and Butler sent an inkstand at Sophthead's head, the contents of which formed various caricatures upon his face and shirt. In the *mêlée* which followed I was thoroughly disgusted at receiving a blow on the nose from some sacrilegious fist. In a few minutes the din became so frightful that the landlord of the hotel whose room we had hired, appeared at the door, supported by half-a-dozen sturdy waiters, who, notwithstanding all my protestations and attempts at explanation, and the resistance of others, thrust us indiscriminately into the street.

So was blighted a society which in the bud gave every promise of blossoming into perpetual bloom.

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MARCH.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER VI.

ANXIOUS INQUIRIES.

THE decision of the law in favour of Sir Algernon Trevillers had also reached the Priory, and was welcomed with that peculiar, calm satisfaction which a man, fully convinced of the justness of his cause, was entitled to feel.

The decision of the court had been conveyed to him by Mr. Davis, his man of business, in whom Sir Algernon placed the utmost confidence, and who had conducted the proceedings for him throughout. His journey down to the Priory had been undertaken, not so much to inform the proprietor of the termination of the business, which would have reached him in other ways, as to impart to him, in confidence, an equally important matter of information.

Two enactments of great severity had just passed the legislature, touching the "Papists," and well knowing that Sir Algernon and his family had not "conformed," he considered it an act of duty, as well as friendship, to make him cognizant with them without loss of time.

Mr. Davis had been known many years by Sir Algernon, and was held by him in high estimation for his honourable and upright conduct. He had been educated in the new religious opinions of the day, but felt, nevertheless, sincere respect for those who considered it their duty to retain the old ones. And though Sir Algernon could no longer have remained in ignorance of the new statutes, he felt grateful for this mark of Mr. Davis's kind attention, and profitted by the opportunity of his presence at the Priory, to obtain information respecting his position, as "non-conformist," in his own country.

"Tell me at once," said Sir Algernon; as he and Mr. Davis sat together conversing on the subject, "*why*, I should not consider myself secure in this spot. I scarcely see any one. I interfere with no one. My

wish is to live in peace with all. And, if called upon, I am ready to devote my services, nay, my life, for the good of my sovereign, and my country. What can I do more?"

"Alas! dear sir," said Mr. Davis, "instead of that security which your imagination has thrown around you, your position, honourable as it may be of itself, is nevertheless, one that is amenable to the laws of your country. Your refusal to conform to the established religion of the state, subjects you, if discovered, to numerous penalties; but, even these were slight in comparison to those which would overwhelm yourself and family, should your brother, the Rev. Francis Trevillers be so ill-advised as to return to these shores, after the late proclamation against the Romish clergy. You must, I entreat you, dear sir, prevent his coming over, as you value his *life* and yours also."

Sir Algernon buried his face in his hands, resting his elbows on his knees, as if absorbed in deep reflection.

"I must again repeat," continued Mr. Davis, "that such an expedition would be fraught with the most imminent danger. If you had witnessed the distressing sight that crossed my path ten days since, you would be convinced of the truth of my apprehensions. The scene was a sad proof of the fearful results of disregarding the late severe penal law."

"Say no more, say no more," said Sir Algernon, rising. "I must, I will prevent his coming. I will write to him this very night; but, alas! will it be of any avail? Will not his noble spirit fling to the winds the sounds of danger, when convinced that he is acting under a sense of religious duty; I will, however, do my best to stop him."

After a few moments' pause, Mr. Davis continued the conversation, by suggesting the strictest caution on the part of Sir Algernon, to keep in ignorance his anomalous position from those around him.

"Tell me candidly," said Sir Algernon, "have you any private reasons for so strongly enforcing this secrecy on my part?"

"I have," replied Mr. Davis, gravely; "I have good reason to know that your future proceedings will be narrowly watched. Indeed, I heard as much from the lips of that young fire-brand, Humphrey Marsdale. Chafed and disappointed at the suit going against him, he incautiously made an observation which could have but one meaning, that of watching the opportunity of detecting, and convicting you as a 'Popish Recusant.'"

"Well!" said Sir Algernon, in a tone of despondency, "let him do his worst, I am ready."

"Nay, dear sir," replied Mr. Davis, "do not say so. It is in your power to prevent him from obtaining that knowledge of your religious sentiments, at which as yet he can have but a shrewd guess. It is impossible he can have any certainty; therefore, let me prevail on you to be on your guard, your ladies also, and all will do well—that is to say, if your rev. brother can be persuaded to remain abroad, which, I trust, your letter of this evening, will succeed in prevailing on him to do."

"Who is the minister of your parish?" continued Mr. Davis.

"A Mr. Treverbyn. A young man of many amiable qualities and much good sense. I know but little of him, but that little is all in his favour."

"And your justices of the peace—have you any in your immediate neighbourhood?"

"Mr. Marsdale is one," replied Sir Algernon, "but I understand his health fails him, and that he seldom acts or takes any part in magisterial duties. There is another, however, called Sandford, a harsh, narrow-minded man who enforces the rigors of the law with an unsparing hand."

"Is he on terms of intimacy with the Marsdale family?"

"From what I understand, he is very much so."

"And on the Sabbath," rejoined Mr. Davis, "what line of proceeding do you follow? Are you occasionally seen at your parish church on that day?"

"No, never," said Sir Algernon, with firmness.

"Has no notice been taken of this unusual absence on your part and that of your family?"

"None, that I know of," rejoined Sir Algernon. "It is likely that many are ignorant whether I am still here, or returned to the continent: or, what is perhaps still more probable, a total indifference to the matter has silenced any reflection on the subject."

"You are fortunate, sir; and I sincerely trust that, for your sake, this indifference may long continue. But you are, no doubt, aware of the twenty-third of Queen Elizabeth, which imposes a heavy fine upon those who wilfully absent themselves from their parish church on Sundays."

"I have heard of such a law," said Sir Algernon, "but I scarcely think it would be put in force."

"My dear sir, you have been away from this country, and do not know the bitter feelings that exist against those who have not 'conformed.' Believe me, I speak the truth, and it is my great regard for yourself and family that makes me thus anxious for your future welfare."

Sir Algernon Trevillers was fully sensible of the kind motives that had induced Mr. Davis to enter into the above details, and frequently expressed his gratitude for the same, promising, for the sake of those most dear to him, to run no unnecessary risks.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"Come Jennet," said Alice Marsdale, one bright sunny morning, "and make me acquainted with the best way that leads to the sea-shore. You need not hesitate, as your grandmother has given me leave to carry you off."

"Most willingly, dear lady," replied the youthful maiden, throwing down

her garden implements, with which she was trimming Dame Trenchard's roses, and, bounding forward, prepared to act in her new capacity as guide. They had many an intricate path to follow, and many a tangled copse to clear before they gained the summit of the rocky hills that overlooked the sea.

Having safely arrived thus far, they commenced descending, with cautious steps, the rugged footway, formed by nature's hand, till they reached the sands below. Here a wild and romantic scenery presented itself, hitherto unknown to Alice, who stood in astonishment at its solitary grandeur. A long line of smooth beach stretched out before her, hemmed in on the one side by the waves of the sea, and on the other by a range of rocks jutting forward their irregular shapes; sometimes narrowing the shore by their approach, and at others retreating a considerable way from it, covered here and there with scanty foliage; they seemed to frown on the waters beneath them, as bidding them to come so far, and no further.

Here, in this retired spot, did our wanderers proceed for a considerable distance, admiring as they went along the singular solemnity of the place, when the sight of an approaching figure attracted their attention. It was a female, and she was alone. Alice thought it probable that it might be some one known to her, and she hastened onwards. But, on a nearer view, she found she was mistaken. A stranger's countenance met her eye. Her apparel seemed to bespeak a superior class, whilst a certain lofty carriage decided the impression. They looked at each other, as they passed, with an evident degree of curiosity, as if each had been struck with surprise at seeing the other there.

"What a beautiful person!" said Alice, as she stood still to gaze after her. "Who can it be? surely it is not the daughter of my father's late opponent, Sir Algernon Trevillers! what sayest thou, Jennet?"

"It is not unlikely," replied the little maiden, with an arch smile, as if by no means ignorant of who it was. "The Priory is not far from hence, and only hidden from sight by yonder clump of firs; this beach is, no doubt, a pleasant walk for those who live there."

Jennet now drew the attention of Alice to the darkened appearance of the skies, whilst heavy drops of rain portended a coming storm.

"Where shall we take refuge?" cried Alice, looking wistfully around. "You should have bespoken fair weather, my little guide, before you brought me so great a distance from home."

"Oh never fear, dear lady; yonder small hollow in the rock will serve every purpose; it has often done me good service on the like occasions."

Jennet, who was acquainted with every inch of ground round Tregona, was proud of this opportunity of showing her knowledge of a retreat so suitable at the present moment, and lost no time in conducting her young mistress to the spot; when, after a little hesitation, she begged permission to ask the lady who had passed them, to partake of the same shelter; and, scarcely waiting for an answer, hurried off for the purpose.

Jennet soon returned with the handsome stranger, who expressed her thanks for being allowed to share this timely refuge from the storm; and

having done so, she proceeded to say that she bore the name of Trevillers, a name which, she feared, would be little welcome to one bearing that of Marsdale.

"O ! perfectly welcome to me," replied Alice ; "I have often wished we could see each other, but so many circumstances have hitherto stood in the way, that I had given it up as hopeless."

"Your words are full of kindness," said Urcella Trevillers, "and I am thankful for them. I know well the difficulties that have hitherto precluded all chance of our becoming known to each other. Dare I propose that we women should not partake of these family misunderstandings?"

"As far as I am concerned," replied Alice, "I am ever ready to hold out the hand of peace to those who will accept it."

"That is kind and charitable," said Urcella ; "such generous sentiments must tend to do good. The mild words of a sister may sometimes succeed in assuaging the feelings of irritated brothers."

"Brother, not brothers," replied Alice, with a smile, "*one* only deserves your censure. The sound judgment of the elder will, I hope, allay the mistaken zeal of the younger."

"But if the sound judgment of the elder works not in concert with the younger, but leaves him to exercise, unchecked, his thoughtless career, the counteraction your kind heart proposes has no opportunity of working out its good."

"It may be unfortunately the case at this moment, but will not, I trust, last long," replied Alice. "When my brother Gerald returns, he will do all he can to effect a reconciliation between all parties."

"I hope your kind wishes may be realized. I feel confident they will meet with no repulse on our side."

The indignation which Urcella Trevillers felt at the recollection of the manner in which Humphrey Marsdale had more than once conducted himself towards her father betrayed her into greater warmth than she feared was quite courteous, and she begged of Alice to forgive her.

"Forgive you for what?" said the kind-hearted girl. "Your observations do not exceed the truth ; there has been much matter for regret, I know ; but let us no longer dwell upon this painful subject ; let us turn our thoughts to more pleasant things. To begin, tell me how you came to find out who I was, when we never met before?"

"I suppose," said Urcella, "I must owe my powers of recognition to the well-delineated portrait which Mr. Treverbyn gave me the other evening of the amiable Mistress Alice Marsdale, wherein he so well described her sweet expression of countenance that it would have been impossible not to have instantly recognized the original."

"Mr. Treverbyn is very kind," replied Alice, looking pleased at hearing from what quarter the flattering description proceeded. "I fear I do not merit all the civil things he said of me. Do you see him often?"

"Most rarely ; my father has a great esteem for him, and only regrets—" here the speaker hesitated a little, as if she feared she might be drawn to say something she could not recall ; and, changing the subject, inquired

"whether it was the first time Alice had ventured to wander so far from Tregona?"

"It is," said Alice. "I had considered this spot beyond my reach, but I am glad to find I was mistaken. My first essay has been attended also with such an unexpected pleasure that I shall be tempted to try it again. Has this secluded beach any attractions for you?"

"It is my constant and favourite resort. Its proximity and easy access from the Priory make it a great acquisition to those residing there."

Jennet, who had kept watch at the entrance of the little cave, having announced that the storm had rolled off in another direction, the young persons arose, and, taking leave of each other, departed for their separate homes. Thus incidentally commenced an acquaintance which gradually ripened into a sincere and mutual affection; and, though occasionally interrupted by untoward circumstances, they only tended the more to tighten the link that ever after bound these young hearts together.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VISITER.

"NEWS from both brothers on the same day! this is indeed a rare event," said Alice Marsdale, as she seated herself under the shade of a spreading cedar, near the entrance-porch; "which shall I open first? I will take my chance," and chance favoured Humphrey; his letter was accordingly perused first, and its contents ran as follows:

"DEAR SISTER,—Feeling in a mood for writing, I will do what I have not done for some time past, that is, despatch a genuine brotherly epistle. You may imagine that I have seldom time for indulging in this amiable sort of effusions, which, at best, are only fit for the idle pen of women. Do not, therefore, reproach me with former neglects, on this head, as they may only make me sin the more. But, to the point. Before ten days shall have expired you will see me at Tregona. It is my intention to be there for my father's birth-day, which, I hope, will be kept as it always has been done. I intend also bringing with me a friend, for whom I should wish you to get the best room prepared. Now, Alice, mark what I have to say. This friend of mine is named Gorley. He is a young man of high spirit and endless accomplishments; and, moreover, possesses, I am told, a large share of that important ingredient called gold. In short, a being so highly gifted as to be an acquisition to any society into which chance might lead him. I hope you will, then, pay him that attention which is not only due to him as my particular friend, but for his own merits; in fine, let your welcome be such as to convince me that you have my wishes at heart; and, on my arrival, I will enter into further particulars on the subject.

"Read the above to my father, and tell him that I shall expect to find him grown quite robust; mention also to Master Merris, that I have executed his commission, and shall require in return his assistance in some important business which I shall have occasion to transact when in the country."

"HUMPHREY MARSDALE."

"My brother may keep his friend to himself," thought Alice. "I shall have nothing more to say to him beyond what hospitality demands." She then opened the letter from Gerald, which ran as follows :

"DEAR SISTER,—The best refreshment that can fall to the lot of a weary traveller is that of receiving news from his distant home. And, though in my case, that home is one of new associations, still, everything appertaining to it has been pictured so minutely by my dear little Alice, that I already feel I have made acquaintance with the place. The different localities are become almost familiar to me. The avenue of limes, the rocky shore, the ruined chapel, the distant Priory, the good old dame, etc., all pass before me as old acquaintances, and I feel sure I shall not be disappointed when the realities shall present themselves.

"I rejoice to hear that our good father's health continues to feel the benefit of the balmy air of his new abode, and that Master Merris finds amusement and occupation in the inspection of the various repairs. You say little of Humphrey. I trust he has recovered from the defeat of the law-suit. He appears to have taken up the matter in too serious a light. It will not do to contest, and then be unforgiving if you lose; a little time will, I hope, put all things to rights.

"We are approaching towards my father's birth-day. I hope that change of spot will not occasion a change in our old practice of celebrating it as joyfully as we can. I say *we*, because, dear Alice, it is my firm intention to be at Tregona on that day, and, though my arrival will probably be at the eleventh hour, still I am determined to do my utmost to accomplish it. Say nothing of this, my intention, to my father, as, should any occurrence unfortunately delay me, no disappointment would be felt.

"To one, alone, you may impart my secret, and this is, my friend Treverbyn. His many and kind expressions of regard demand from me this early intimation of my return.

"With every feeling of sincere attachment I remain yours,

GERALD MARSDALE."

"A kind thought for every one," said Alice; "how mistaken was his parent when he doubted of his filial affection!" She now arose to meet her father, whom she saw in the distance in company with Mr. Treverbyn and Master Merris. She announced, on reaching them, the receipt of her letters, as also Humphrey's intention of bringing down with him a friend whom he was desirous of making known to his family.

"Write to him, my dear Alice," said Mr. Marsdale, "and tell him, that, next to himself, his friend shall receive my warmest welcome. And thy brother Gerald, what says he?"

"Oh, everything that is kind to you, dear father, and to us all, with the happy intelligence that he is on his way home."

"I am glad of it," replied Mr. Marsdale, "he has made a long absence."

"Permit me," said the old preceptor, "to make some inquiries respecting the young *friend* who is to accompany your brother down to Tregona? Does he give no particulars about him? who he is, and where he comes from? or what attraction draws him down from the gay metropolis at this season of the year? One naturally likes to know a little of such matters before hand."

"Then, I fear," said Alice, smiling, "that you must be disappointed; for all I know on the subject is, that he is my brother's *friend*, and in that character I shall be happy to see him."

"Brother's friends are always welcome, heigh? Mistress Alice."

"So is every one my father chooses to invite," rejoined Alice, a little piqued at old Merris's pertinacity.

"Never mind, dear Alice," said the good-natured father, "we will make our friend Merris find out his history when he comes down, and also write his lineage for our benefit, if he fancies it."

Alice now turned to Mr. Treverbyn, who had been a silent, though not an uninterested listener to the above conversation, and signified to him that she had something to communicate. They lingered behind, when she whispered the secret of Gerald's intended return for the birth-day, a piece of intelligence as joyfully received as imparted.

We will now take leave for the present of the inmates of Tregona, who, from this time forward commenced making preparations for the approaching festival which promised so much pleasure to all parties.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW STEWARD.

AT an old oaken table, scattered with books and papers, in a small apartment of the Priory, sat a staid, middle-aged man. His countenance bore a strong resemblance to Sir Algernon Trevillers, except that it did not betray that expression of care and anxiety so conspicuous in the latter.

He was busily engaged in looking over the contents of a small chest, which, from its battered exterior, showed signs of rough and recent travel. During this examination he was interrupted by the entrance of an old domestic, whose white head and honest countenance gave token of long and faithful servitude.

"Can I be of any assistance?" inquired the servant, stooping to raise a book from the floor.

"None, at present, Joseph. All I request is, that you will not forget

my instructions respecting the removal of this chest to the place I named to you."

"It shall be done according to your orders," said the old man, still lingering in the room.

"That is well; and remember also that, as my employer, Sir Algernon Trevillers, will in all probability have frequent business to transact with me, he has placed this apartment entirely at my disposal; and I shall make a point of occupying it the last two days of the week, which arrangement may frequently lead to my staying over the Sunday. Be careful, therefore, that all is kept in readiness for my convenience without further orders; and should any one enquire for Mr. Bailey, the steward, let him be shown in here, and I shall be ready to attend to him."

"Mr. Bailey, the steward?" repeated the old man, fixing his gray eyes on the speaker, as if he doubted whether he had heard correctly.

"Yes, Joseph; Mr. Bailey, the steward. Is there anything extraordinary in this? I am only the successor of him who left some time since. Why should this perplex you? We shall become better acquainted later, and then you will not consider me an unwelcome stranger."

"Unwelcome stranger!" exclaimed the old man, no longer able to resist the evidence of his senses. "Pardon me, my dear master, you are no stranger here. You cannot hide from an old and faithful servant a countenance and voice so long loved and obeyed; many years have gone by since those days, but they are still fresh in my memory."

"You are right, my good Joseph, and may God bless you. I am, in truth, no stranger here. All is indeed most familiar to me in these parts; but the length of time that has elapsed since I was here made me think you could not recognise me. I have essential reasons for making myself known to as few persons as absolutely necessary, in short, to such only who, like yourself, retain some recollection of my person."

"But, my dear master, why was I not made happy with the knowledge that it was you who was coming to occupy this apartment at the Priory?"

"Because, Joseph, I was not quite sure that you would have that interest for me *now* that you so warmly felt in former days."

"And why not, my dear master?"

"The reason is, that we no longer think the same on the most important duties of this life, that you have followed the tide of new doctrines that have overspread the land, and must, therefore, consider me, who am an ecclesiastic of the old faith only as an intruder."

"Oh, say not so, respected sir," replied Joseph, "my opinions are scarcely known to myself. When I lost sight of you and of your good brother, Sir Algernon, I became careless upon religious matters; was told to think no more of that which I had been taught to consider important; so I became confused, bewildered, and ended in giving myself no further trouble one way or the other. But when old age began to overtake me, and put me in mind that ere long I should have to render an account of the service I had proffered my Creator during my long life, it made me feel at times very uncomfortable."

"Well, Joseph," said the Rev. Mr. Trevillers, "we will talk no more of the past, but look forward to a better future, and, with that assurance, I will explain to you my position with regard to my stay at the Priory. You are aware that it is only within the last few days that I have returned to this my native land, with the express purpose of exercising my ministry, as a clergyman of the ancient creed, to those who might wish to avail themselves of it. In doing so I incur a great risk, one that, according to the late statutes,* puts my very life into jeopardy. You see, therefore, how absolutely necessary it is to keep my religious profession a profound secret. I should not wish my brother and his family to be visited with the same sorrows, on my account, as fell upon our house in my father's time. You now understand why I must insist upon your passing me off as Mr. Bailey, the family steward, and, if you render me this assistance, all will go well."

"Don't fear, my dear master—no, no, Mr. Bailey," said the old man, correcting himself, "no word of mine shall betray thee—sooner let me lose the power of speech, or the use of my arm, than, that by want of discretion or courage, I should bring thee into trouble."

"Nobly said," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Trevillers, shaking him by the hand, and smiling at the energetic manner in which the feeble old man proclaimed his prudence and valour.

Joseph was now dismissed with a heart overflowing with mixed feelings; regret, at his dear master's perilous position, yet pleased with the idea that it was in his humble power to be of such paramount service; whilst the secret imparted to him he felt determined to carry with him to the grave.

Mr. Trevillers, being again left to himself, resumed his occupations till the dusky shades of evening put him in mind that it was time to lay aside his papers and books, and join his brother and family.

Seated together in a large gloomy looking apartment, the conversation turned upon its original use, and upon the other parts of the building they were occupying. Urcella, being curious to hear some details on the subject, requested her father to indulge her.

"This apartment," said Sir Algernon, "was called the *guest-room*, and it was here that strangers were entertained; in fine, the whole of this dilapidated edifice went by the name of the *Out Quarters*; it was entirely detached from the splendid Priory, which stood further down the slope; these Out-Quarters were dedicated solely to the benefit of way-worn travellers, to whom hospitality was never denied. During the destruction of the monastery the king's commissioners took up their abode here, which accounts for its having been spared the general crash. The lands were afterwards put up for sale, and my father, disliking beyond all things the idea of seeing a place he had ever held in such veneration fall into the hands of indifferent strangers, became the purchaser. And most anxious was he, in

* No Jesuit or Popish Priest shall come into or be in this Realm on pain of high treason, unless he conform.....

so doing, to bestow on those injured men some remuneration for the losses they had sustained, that they might end their days in comfort; but, with the exception of three or four of their community, they dispersed to distant parts and were no more heard of. Since those days, (now touching sixty years) the ruins of that noble Priory have remained unmolested by human hand; the elements alone contributing, year after year, to finish the work of destruction, till nothing remains now to tell the sad story but the sight before us, a mass of shapeless stones! Never could my father be induced, as you remember well, brother," continued Sir Algernon, turning towards Mr. Trevillers, "to suffer the place to be cleared, and though he left this country, and ended his days in a foreign land, he maintained the same objection to disturb a site so long appropriated to religious purposes."

"The feeling is a natural one," said Mr. Trevillers. "I can well understand that there was something painful in obliterating all signs of a spot so full of cherished recollections. Often have I heard him mention how his father would take him, when a youth, to see the worthy prior, and ask his blessing: and what salutary impressions these visits (awful to him) would make in subduing the wild freaks of his boyish days. And when he grew to manhood how these feelings of awe, were changed to those of admiration at the numerous acts of charity dispensed by these cloistered men. Men, who not only considered it a duty, but a happiness to relieve the indigent by every means in their power, to give counsel to those who sought it, and befriend, without exception, all those who appealed to their benevolence. What must, therefore, my father have felt when, after passing so many years of his life in friendly intercourse with these exemplary beings, he witnessed the crushing results of a royal mandate, suddenly hurled at their heads, like a thunder-bolt, and annihilating their loved Priory for ever?"

"It was a cruel visitation," said Mistress Anne Trevillers, "and may God forgive those who brought it upon them! But to change the subject, let me propose, now that we are together, we say a few words respecting our arrangements for to-morrow, Sunday. Urcella and I have been busied during the day making such preparations for Divine Service as our limited means will permit, but I trust all that is necessary will be found in its place. Our church will not be quite so splendred as those you have just left behind you on the continent, but we have used our utmost endeavours to throw around it as deferential an exterior as the humble place will allow."

"You have no doubt, done all that is required, sister," said the Rev. Francis Trevillers.

"It is a curious circumstance," rejoined Mistress Trevillers, "that the indential cross which we have placed over our little altar, should originally have belonged to the Priory, and only escaped demolition from its being secretly conveyed away by the father of the good woman Trenchard, in whose family it has been carefully preserved from that day to this."

"Then," said Mr. Trevillers, "shall this same treasured symbol of Christianity resume its place, and once more put us in mind, during our devotions, of the great mystery of our redemption?"

"The workmanship it displays is also of rare beauty," said Urcella, "it brings to my mind those wonderful specimens of ivory-carving so frequently seen in foreign churches."

"Are there any fastenings to the doors?" inquired Sir Algernon.

"Yes there are; and every other precaution has been attended to."

"How sad it is," said Sir Algernon, "to be under the necessity of such concealment in a country where, little more than half a century ago, it was its glory to carry out this selfsame worship with the greatest public magnificence."

"Oh! brother," replied the Rev. Mr. Trevillers, "let us not complain; our annoyances are small, indeed, in comparison with those which, at this moment, conscientious men are enduring in different parts of the country."

"True!" said Sir Algernon, thoughtfully.

"At what hour," inquired Mistress Anne Trevillers, "shall we assemble to-morrow? it need be by times, before the world is stirring."

"Certainly," said Sir Algernon; and as our congregation does not extend beyond those already within our walls we will name the early hour of five."

These preliminary arrangements being finally agreed upon, the parties separated for the night.

Before we take leave of the Priory, we will place before the reader the scene that presented itself on the following cheerless morning, and for which the preparations alluded to in the preceeding day had been made.

In a low dark attic, with doors locked and windows screened were gathered together, on bended knees, the family and household of Sir Algernon Trevillers; whilst he, whose ancestors had contributed to raise those noble cathedrals that adorned his country, might now be seen bowed down in the midst of his faithful dependants, with feelings of submission to the change of the times, and joyfully embracing this humble alternative, whereby he was enabled to afford those about him the happiness of joining once more in the expression of their much loved ancient creed. Two altar lights threw their feeble rays over the fervent group, bringing into relief those figures which the darkness of the morning had kept in shadow; and, to complete the interest of the picture, appeared the officiating clergyman, also a cherished member of the family, who, at the risk of his life, was endeavouring to instil that spiritual comfort which his religion knew so well how to impart, and thus not only did he pour out his soul in solemn prayer for those most dear to him, but for his sovereign and his country, the avowed enemies of his revered faith.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOURS IN THE HALL.

BY F. T. P.

THERE is not a place in the British Empire in which a closer observation of human nature, in its most varied aspects, may be had, than in the Hall of the Four Courts, Dublin, from the commencement of the term until the *nisi prius* lists are nearly exhausted. Countenances radiant with joy, denote the finished suit, the ample decree or the sweeping verdict, and you have only to turn your eyes upon another face to be convinced that ruin and despair have grasped a victim. In the crowd before you, very few are moving. A silk gown may hastily rustle past you, or a bland attorney may "beg pardon" as he jostles you on his way to mark judgment, but the great majority are stationary. Here are some newly-bewigged juniors consulting their note-books as to the entries for the Punchestown cup. Here are two or three who have "done the Rhine" in the previous vacation, describing scenery with which *they* cannot compare Killarney, never having seen the latter. Here is a group of barristers, each of whom is of ten years' standing. They are engaged in unanimously condemning the appointment last made of an assistant-barrister; their criticism is most disinterested, for not one of them would have accepted the office if it had been offered to him, but each of them silently resolves to ask for the next. Then there are groups of the most miscellaneous character, professional, literary, and commercial, with a country gentleman or two waiting for sales in the Landed Estates' Court, and shuddering at the suggested probability of the coveted lot going to a thirty-seven years' purchase. There are numerous professors of what (we wish not to be irreverent), but we have no other term for their qualification, but omniscience. The issue of the American contest is as plain as daylight to them. They can pronounce with certainty on the question of war or peace between England and the United States. They know the nature and certain results of all the deliberations of all the European Cabinets. They know the exact time and the consequences of an approaching ministerial crisis. They are perfectly aware of the precise amount of distrust with which the opposition regard Mr. Disraeli or Lord Stanley. They announce the positive certainty that Lefroy is to resign next week, and that Monahan is to move into the Queen's Bench; that Blackburne offered to resign the Judgeship of Appeal provided Brewster got the place, and that he himself got a peerage. They can tell to the penny the sum of money paid by one judge to another, his predecessor, to induce his resignation; how much each retiring assistant-barrister, received from his successor for making the vacancy. If you have a relish for

facts unadulterated by the slightest admixture of fiction, or even improbability, the hall is your ground. It will be your own fault if you remain ignorant who was the "man in the iron mask," and you will be completely enlightened as to the authorship of Junius's letters. You can be fully informed as to the comparative measurements of Noah's ark and the Great Eastern, and, in addition to the unquestionable personal veracity of your instructor, you will have the satisfaction of acquiring knowledge within the precincts of a structure dedicated to Truth, and adorned by her statue.

But busy Memory evokes, from one who has frequented the hall for nearly forty years, recollections of a sombre character. If there are "sermons in stones," the flags of the Four Courts are not the least interesting of the silent preachers. They have witnessed the successful struggles of persevering genius, and the failures of timidity, arrogance, or indolence. They have been paced by men honest only in the avowal of their venality, and who were worthy of being remembered for no quality except the ingenuity with which they ascribed to others motives and designs debasing as their own. There are but few who recollect the Irish Bench when it was occupied by men, the great majority of whom had attained their positions by positive bargains for their votes in favour of the Union, totally irrespective of legal attainments or professional character. They have passed away, as have also a vast number of barristers, who received rewards minor in rank, but great in emoluments, for their political venality. But even in the worst times of public corruption and unconstitutional oppression, there were men who might well constitute a nation's pride to be found in the Hall of our Courts—Curran, Plunket, Bushe, Goold, Wallace, Burrowes, O'Connell, Sheil, O'Loughlen, Woulfe, North, Holmes were, within the writer's memory, practising at the Irish bar, and it is very doubtful that Westminster Hall could at any one period, since the commencement of English judicature, display twelve such men; and it is worthy of deep consideration on the part of the rising aspirants to forensic position and emolument, that those great predecessors made their way to rank and fortune, in times of unexampled venality, without a moral taint or stain upon their exalted reputation. In their achievements, there is vast encouragement for those of the present time, whose aims are high and who would attain distinction by the exercise of intellectual qualities, unawed by power and unseduced by corruption.

But we shall not continue our "sermon," neither shall we interfere with any of the present celebrities of the hall, nor institute comparisons with their predecessors, except to remark, that there may be as much learning and eloquence at present as in former times, but, undoubtedly, there is not as much conversational intercourse amongst the professional men of eminence, or even of respectable standing. Perhaps there is more competition or greater difficulty to be encountered, and an attention to business absorbs the time formerly spent unprofitably, it must be admitted, but very agreeably. The ringing burst of laughter, so frequent in former days, is now seldom heard, and there are no peculiar or eccentric characters such as John Parsons, or

Tom Goold, or even Isaac Burke Bethel to be found, ever ready to afford subjects of laughter with them or at them. Benevolence is never manifested on such a liberal scale as it was by Parsons, who, when solicited for a shilling "to bury a poor attorney," tendered a pound-note to the applicant with the direction, "Here, go and bury twenty of them." There is now no assertor of his own pre-eminence in everything, as Tom Goold, who, if he was still living, would deny that Blondin could walk a rope, or Rarey tame a furious horse better than himself, and who, when the cholera first visited Dublin, maintained that he had it worse than Lady B., and when he was reminded that the lady had died, rejoined with, "By——, I could have died too, if I chose." No one now insists, as Bethel did, that he possesses the greatest *literary curiosity* extant, and produces, in proof of his assertion, a receipt for his last half-year's rent. No one now, like Bethel, accounts for being late at court by gravely stating that he rode Blucher, his pony, from Harcourt-street, and that a tempting cart of hay having interrupted his progress, he allowed Blucher to walk behind it for half an hour, as a compensation for his night's fast. When Bethel sold Blucher he openly avowed that he parted with his horse very reluctantly; then becoming classical, he would hint at "*res augusta domi*," and remark that the pony ought, like Caligula's horse, to obtain speedy promotion, for he had been sold to a clerk of the crown, who used him in his tax-cart, and Blucher, at each assizes, was *drawing more indictments* than any man at the Bar. Poor Bethel! how naively he related his interview with Wellington at the Horse Guards! "I went to his levee, and introduced myself as an Irish barrister, and a leading member of the Corporation of Shoe-makers in Dublin. I added that he had obtained the freedom of our guild on my motion, and taking him by the button, I suggested that if any little office turned up I counted on his interest for a brother of his own corporation. The fellow turned his back upon me, rang the bell, and directed the attendant to turn me down stairs. He treated me worse than he did Napoleon or Ney, but history will do us justice."

Many of the present time may recollect an old barrister of great legal erudition, who had an unlimited store of anecdotes, which he dispensed very freely to his acquaintance, and who used to mark the period of each narration by referring to some phase of his own life, such as "I recollect when I was a strolling player at Colchester," or "I ran away from home when I was about eighteen years of age, and enlisted in the Buffs." Presently he would commence a story "When I was a medical student at Steevens's Hospital." But he frequently began a reminiscence with "When I was curate of St. Catherine's parish, a short time before I was suspended by the Archbishop." One day he was sitting in a court in which a right honourable baronet presided, who had not the highest character for amenity of temper, or courtesy of deportment. The registrar was reading a declaration of trust which had been referred to in the proceeding then before the court. A junior addressed some whispered observations to an old barrister who made no reply, but remained steadily looking at the bench until the

document was read through. He then retired; and, in a few minutes after, being in the hall, he apologized to the junior for his apparent inattention to the observation which had been whispered in court. "You might," said he, "have noticed that the name of the trustee was the same as that of the judge, and if he had seen me communicating with any one near me he would at once conclude I was telling that the trustee, who was house-steward to Colonel Clements, was also the judge's father, and I should never be forgiven the supposition of having disclosed his ignoble paternity." Having thus excited the curiosity of three or four auditors, he proceeded in his details, prefacing them by some histrionic, medical, military, or clerical reference as to times. The Right Honourable Colonel Clements was chief secretary, and Lord Townshend was the Lord Lieutenant. His vice-royalty was only a few weeks from its commencement, when, being of a robust frame and active habits, he began to take early walks in the Phoenix Park, plainly but neatly attired. In one of those matutinal strolls he recollected that some affair was pending on which a *tele-a-tete* with the chief secretary was desirable. He accordingly turned his steps towards the official residence of that functionary, and on approaching the house observed a person of respectable appearance leaning against the side of the open door, enjoying "the wild freshness of morning," enhanced by the perfumes of an adjacent parterre. This individual was first to speak, observing to the visiter that he was early a-foot, and with the adage of "the early bird," etc., went on to remark that he was first in the field. His lordship perceived that there was some mistake, and determined not to undeceive the other. He merely remarked that business ought to be attended to at once, to which there was a ready assent. He was then made aware that there was a vacancy for a footman in the establishment, but that her ladyship made it a rule to see the candidates for her service, and to investigate their discharges. His informant proceeded, "I am the house-steward, and have to attend her every morning when she has breakfasted, but you will have to wait some time, for she is not come down stairs yet."

"You have not breakfasted?" observed the steward.

"No, indeed," replied the other.

"Come into the steward's room with me, and you shall have a good breakfast, and by the time it is over she will be stirring."

In the steward's room, accordingly, a plentiful breakfast of the best materials was given, whilst occasional questions were asked and answered.

"You have lived in good families, I suppose?"

"In some of the first families in England; but I have not my discharges about me."

"Well, if the discharges are all right, you can easily bring them; I think she would prefer an English footman."

The meal and conversation lasted some time. At length her ladyship's bell summoned the steward, who, stating that he would do his best for the candidate, proceeded up stairs. He soon returned.

"She is in a delightful humour this morning, I suppose it is on account

of winning at cards last night. I said everything I could for you, and, although she wishes you had brought the discharges, you are to come up with me at once."

Her ladyship was in the library. On approaching the apartment, the steward touched the elbow of the candidate, whispering to keep up his heart and not to be abashed, for he was sure to succeed, and, with these words of encouragement they entered.

"His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant!" exclaimed her ladyship, with the utmost astonishment.

The steward dropped on his knees, declaring, in utter prostration of spirit, his expectation of being immediately hanged.

Lord Townshend raised him, and then informed her ladyship of the kind reception he had experienced under the mistaken idea that he was seeking admission to her service as a footman. The incident was laughable, and merriment was freely indulged. His Lordship then accosted the steward. "You thought I wanted a friend, and you became a kind and warm one to me. You supposed that I needed assistance to procure a good situation, and you aided me to your utmost power. It will be to me a most agreeable duty to reciprocate the generous treatment which I have experienced at your hands."

In a short time the steward was filling a very lucrative public situation in the south of Ireland. He had three sons whose education he committed to the most competent instructors. Before his own earthly existence terminated, two of them were wearing the uniform of field-officers, and the third had attained to the coif of a sergeant-at-law, and subsequently became the judicial character, whose suspicious disposition prevented the old barrister from holding conversation with his junior in court, and produced, this narrative, in reference to the judge's paternity, as soon as he felt himself at full liberty to detail his reminiscences, in the HALL.

THREE TIMES.*

In the days of the Paschal season, the beautiful Easter time,
When the cowslip lights in the dark, damp grass, and the heats of the
summer clime

Are meshed in the long-flowered lilac; when the rich laburnum wakes
A million fires in its boughs that call to the blossomed furze o' the brakes,
Our darling to earth was given. She came with the redbreast's note,
When the robin's bosom is damasked, and the wind-blown swallows float
All day o'er the meres of the inland. She came, and we thanked our God,
For the sense of a holier rest fell round the threshold of our abode.

* The writer wishes to protect himself from a charge of irregularity, by stating that the differences in quality and accentuation which occur in those lines are intentional, not accidental. The purport of the variations, he fondly presumes, is obvious.

She stretched to the sun her happy hands, dimpled in pink and white,
And her laugh was blithe as the voice that rings twixt the dark and the
morning light,

When the larks are lost up in heaven. And day after day she grew,
Till the wee, bright bud of infancy to the flower of girlhood blew ;
Ah ! happy times, when at noon she chased in the gardens the butterflies,
As they turned to the sun their soft wings stained with crimson and amber dyes,
Or chirruped back to the goldfinch, swung on a purple spray
Of the mezerone, as amid the flowers of the dial-plot she lay.

I know not why, but I often thought I saw in our Helen's eyes
Dawn-like breaks of the dreamfulness of an inner paradise,—
Some sweet thought shadowed across her soul—a moment lit in her brain,
Leaving behind an after-pause of passionate bliss and pain,
For she lived upon sunlike-fancies—said that the stars i' the air
Were God's own angels who watched the world for ever and ever there ;
That the moon was the olden Eden ; and the blaze of the evening west
The golden city where God's beloved for ever and aye found rest.

There is a voice in the white-leaved-limes, like the hum of a meadow brook,
Low on the grass of the lawn, there shake the leaves of an open book ;
And I hear sweet gusts of laughter ; our Helen is laughing and singing,
Above her head, in the blue-crisp air, the sycamore bells are ringing.
Sing on, sing on, for heaven flees past and the clouds shall soon dislimn,
And there lieth beyond their tender haze a land where the days are diu,
Where the richest fruit holds ashes of comprehended truth,
Whose sun is the glimmering gleam that falls from the peaks of the hills of
youth.

Home from the wide, wild world—home, to us back again
Our darling Helen has come, and sits by the southern window pane,
Thence looks she o'er leagues of pasture and girdles of chesnut woods,
And merry parklands from which there breaks the flash of approaching floods.
She sighs and says she is happy, and sighing, in silence, turns
Till the maiden rose of her dimpled cheek with the blush of a first love burns.
Hark ! 'tis a step on the garden path, O exquisite toned ear,
Whose sense prefigured the footfalls ere they themselves were here.

He is seated beside her—beside my hope and my pride,
The casement in twain lies open—O Truth, in the world outside,
Know'st thou one fairer or sweeter, brighter or better than she,
Whose slender fingers are tangled in the dark-oak rosary ?
Watch how the wind o' the orchard ruffles her yellow hair,
Till the tender rim of her gentle ear to her lover's eye lies bare—
'Till the fair abstraction that lurketh like moonlight on her face
Breaks at its touch and beareth some still diviner grace.

She will leave us, ere April is back with its rainy charm,
To rest her head on another breast—to lean on another arm :
For thus the great world slideth, and its thick mutations range,
From cycle to epicycle, through all the circles of change
God bless her where'er she goeth, my darling, my idol-child ;
As a dove in the clefts of the mountains, her way be undefiled,
Happy be she as the singer who rose in the morning's calms,
To meet her soul in the garden, mid myrrh-blooms, aloes, and palmas.

There comes from the woodland chapel the tremulous sounds of bells,
For the silver-throated steeple's a-reel ; and the hearts of the mighty dells
O'erflow with myriad echoes ; the deep bell-music grows
As forth, from her home in the lilacs, the bride to the bridal goes.
Shine out, O Day, from the forest of clouds, where thou liest hoar,
Spread her a mile of sun 'twixt this and the holy door.
Haste up, O happy Summer, from tropic darkness and heat,
That thy lilies may mix with the violets, and be blessed by her virgin feet.

Night over winter land and sea, and the dark is planet-proof,
Nought doth shine save the frozen snow that clings to the peaked roof—
Nought doth shine save the windows three, above the weary lawn,
And the white, white face of the dead that looks patiently towards the
dawn.

A thin hand laid on a pulseless heart in the quiet of the room,
Feet that come and steps that go—low whispers in the gloom—
A smoke-stained lamp that swings and flares in the gusty corridor,
And haggard eyes that wait yet fear the black plumes at the door

On the outposts of the morning, 'twixt the beatings of the clock ;
Far below the barren moorland, blithely crows the red manse cock.
Lo ! the window panes grow yellow for the falling snow has ceased,
And an atmosphere of saffron floods the spaces of the east.
Give me peace, and leave me darkness ; I am tired of the sun,
I am sick of moon and daylight, time and clime, for she has gone ;
Inward to the land of silence—inward to the darksome land,
Bearing palms of holy patience in the hollows of her hand.

Yesterday, and she was with us, watching us with glassy eyes,
In whose glare I knew returned old dream-thoughts of Paradise.
Low and sweet she spake of Spring-time, when the brooks should run again,
And the cowslip and the wild thyme waken to the fruitful rain.
“ Look ! ” she said, “ I see the Summer ”—and she raised her head and
gazed

On the casement where the glory of a brazen sunset blazed—
Caught her heart, and murmured something, in the faintness of her breath.
Some sweet words, alas ! delivered only in the ear of Death.

Dear one, in whatever heaven thy meek soul hath found abode—
 Think of us, who linger distant from the presence of our God.
 Unto earth we give thine ashes, blessed with solemn song and rite,
 Knowing, trusting they shall blossom, when the solid roof of night
 Shall roll backward into chaos. Hark ! it is the morning bell,—
 Pallid lips and closed eyelids—dearest, sweetest love, farewell.
 Night is past, the hateful daylight crawls across the chamber floor ;
 God sustain me—God uphold me—the black plumes are at the door !

HOMER IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MADAME DE STAEL has said that the Germans think too deeply on every thing. Did she mean that they think "not wisely but too well?" If so, her curt remark, without alluding to politics or iron-plated ships, is as applicable to the English thinkers and writers of the present day as it was sixty years ago to the Germans: for there never was a time when the English mind (and in that we must also include the Irish) was more deliberately bent on æsthetic enquiry than the present, and yet, in no age, was the productive faculty of genius more mediocre in its results. Our poets, either influenced by the conflict of opinion and the diversity of tastes, occasioned by the accumulation of knowledge, have been diverted from the study of the great monuments of poetic art and thrown too much on their own resources; or, despairing of being able to oppose the popular prejudice, have forgotten their traditions and gone on too much with the age. We are manifestly in a state of transition; too much knowledge has confounded us:

"With this regard the currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action."

It is not the defect of the present generation that our wit does not keep pace with our eloquence, as was asserted of Rome's most daring conspirator, but that it does not keep pace with our knowledge. Our motto is not "*satis eloquentiæ sapientiæ parum*"; it would be more appropriate to say that we have more learning than either our wit or eloquence is able to turn to good account.

The river which so long received tributaries has become enormously swollen towards the sea, so that the ocean itself is not able to contain the accumulated mass. We have received the knowledge of all ages and know not how to dispose of it, and perhaps the world will soon look forward to another Omar, to burn again the Alexandrian library for the refreshment of the human mind. We are grown stale in knowledge—men of profound research, great compilers, great critics, worshippers of nature, great liars. We worship nature amiss and are therefore foul idolaters. We have forgotten that the contemplation of nature, in its relation to poetry, is the con-

temptation of the Creator, or of the human mind in its connexion with outward and visible things; that mountains and woods, oceans, rivers, rocks, fountains, and flowers, ought to appear in poetry as the imagination and feeling would have them; not as the photographer would represent them, and that description, with all its imagery and ornament, is but a branch of rhetoric. Raw material is not poetry; action, human character, and, above all, elevated sentiment, constitute its essence. These are the grand motives of all true poetry, and for these, still-life, if not deeply imbued with the feeling and *ideal* of the author, or highly personified, will form but a barren substitute. But a people who have amassed wealth and have made all their possible conquests, prefer the pleasures of bodily comfort to those of the imagination, and look with greater complacency from their proud elevation, on the genial description of harmless things than on the hardy enterprises of undomestic heroes. The young, ambitious heart is no longer there; such a people cannot relish Homer, but will seek the sweet retiring evergreen face of nature, (in the admiration of which they complain that the old man of Chios was deficient,) for they dislike the rough encounter with men. To a people so constituted a blade of grass is an object of greater interest, (even without attempting to trace in it the wisdom of the Great Designer,) than the wrath of Achilles or the dangerous spear of a Talamonion Ajax.

It is a sad truth that the times for reading Homer are gone by; they may return, but we living men have renounced the epic poem, together with its critics and admirers, and all that world of thought, feeling, poetic expression, and method, whether classic or romantic, from the wrath of Achilles to the concluding apostrophe in the fourth canto of Childe Harold. Our critics do not care to know that the most poetic ideas, even though clothed in the most appropriate diction and embellished with harmonious verse, if without order or relation to some main designs, are but waifs and strays.

We turn our backs on Homer and all the world of classicism. We have abandoned the epithets and combinations of our predecessors, but we have substituted, by way of improvement, sometimes a dry and stony rhetoric, which affects not to range beyond the Teutonic domain of the language; sometimes an admixture of the *Reading Made Easy* with the most licentious derivations from the Greek and Latin; and sometimes, in moments of inspiration, we pay such little regard to the truth of our philosophy and oracular dogmas, or even to an intelligible mode of expression, that it is to be feared the time is not far distant when a professed poet will not be expected to be a man of common sense! The form of the epic poem is now become pedantic, its characters, sentiments, rules, and eloquence are out of fashion. Be it so: but that there must ever be rules, method, and form in every department of literature, particularly poetry, is admitted by reasonable men. Why, then, reject the rich gifts which a strong understanding conferred on the subtle men of old? It would be narrow-minded and bigotted, indeed, to attempt to shackle genius by subjecting it at all times to the laws of the ancients; but why reject those laws altogether? why rebel

against a constitution which has sprung from the deep reasoning power of man, and which has been admired by almost all the wise and learned of the human race?

We do not class the author of "Festus" amongst the *realists*; but the man who reads Festus apprehends in one view the greatness and weakness of the present age. We are striving to transform ourselves into something which we suppose we ought to be; we think more greatly and more rashly than our forefathers; but "in our aspirations to be great" we are more intent on some theory of the beauty and harmony of the real objects which surround us, than on the harmonious development of the poetic work which we propose to execute. In the rage for novelty the human mind has been ransacked in search of new forms and images; but the sources of thought have been too much agitated, and the current of poetic wit runs muddy. In the fury of reformation, the shrine of the Muses has been profaned, and the grave council of their worthy high-priest, the Stagyrta, if at all remembered, zealously and unmeaningly protested against. Authority is reviled; and, as a matter of course, the ignorant have constituted themselves the judges. In a multitude of cases the low-bred, narrow-minded man becomes the critic, or an influential portion of the audience.

Little did John Keats, Leigh Hunt, Shelly, Wordsworth, and Robert Burns think, that when breaking down old and tyrannical prejudices, and creating a taste for new and varied subjects and novelty of style, they were narrowing the sphere of poesy. "Roused up to too much wrath," they exploded many useful poetic institutions, and imposed on their successors, an inferior race, the necessity of straining after originality by heaping together broken and mixed metaphors, by forced and unnatural description, or by a boorish propensity for mean and homely ideas, expressed in a cold, artificial style, at once colloquial and elaborate. We are become Dutchmen in literature. The Cockney must have his well-described cane-bottomed chair, his honey-suckle, and his green grass; the nationalist his rustic ballad, and both their "Times' correspondent's" narration of past events. The eloquent, the pathetic, the sublime have gone into exile, or have degenerated into metaphysical extravagance. Novelty of style, at any cost, is the order of the day; and, therefore, Carlyle writes slang-wise, and Lord Macaulay scoffs at the dignity of history. Do we require a translation of Homer? We must first degrade, before we can rightly appreciate the blind Mæonides. Our authors believe that "there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." They suffer themselves to be buffeted to the front that they may appear to be the leaders, thinking, with Julius Cæsar, that "it is better to be first in a little village than second at Rome."

It is true enough that we must believe in some kind of progress; the same kind of genius will not suit every age. The puritanical Latin secretary of Oliver Cromwell, if now living, would have no defence to write and no Salmasius to kill; nor, perhaps, would the spirit of the age ever have suggested to him the conjuring up of his enchanted vision of a "Paradise Lost or Regained;" and the poor victim and flatterer of the house of Este,

had his existence been deferred so late in time, would now, in all probability, be too hot-headed in Italian politics to indulge in his epic and romantic dream of a "*Jerusalem Delivered*;" and the Heavenly Muse had never borne testimony to the chivalry or wisdom of a Rinaldo or a Godfrey. Even the terrible "*Inferno*" of the wrathful Dante Alighieri would now be but a sour satire. Genius, in order to be successful and influential, must, to a certain extent, conform to the manners and opinions of the age. The pompous tautologies and pedantic refinements of the times of the Restoration and Queen Anne, would ill suit the matter-of-fact temperament of the present day; so that we must admit, that the one translation of Homer, even were its author "himself the great sublime he draws," cannot possibly be satisfactory to the taste and poetic feeling of every age. If it is difficult for even Homer himself to keep his place amid the whims of the world, it is truly impossible for his translators to do so amid the wayward capriciousness of modern language.

These florid appendages to the great original will ever have their spring, their summer, and their autumn, and then, in due season, they must wither and fall off, leaving the everlasting oak to be viewed again in his naked and stern proportions. Making all due allowance for change of taste and opinion, it must, however, be confessed that there are certain governing laws imposed by nature on many branches of human wit, which are, to some extent, accessaries to the final cause, and which, having been found true in the beginning, can never be altered. The man who writes history, without naturally adopting the dignified style of a deep thinker and a grave instructor, may be an entertaining author, but is no great historian; and the man who writes poetry, without a due respect for the understanding and the laws of art, who despises verse, or who insists on *picture-writing* and microscopic minuteness, metaphysics, and cold colloquial diction, in preference to elevated sentiment invested with eloquence and the comely artifices of versification; or who, with the Dutch painters, will represent objects as they really are rather than as the imagination would have them appear, such a man may write an agreeable book, but he is no great poet. The translator of Homer, who prides himself on finding new and curious interpretations of words and adapting them to a metre which was never before heard in the English tongue, and who, from a keen sense of propriety, puts phrases into the mouth of Homer or his characters, which degrade them by a clownish simplicity, totally opposite to the genius of antiquity, and who, after all his sagacious endeavours, cannot boast of rendering a single striking passage better than his predecessors, such a man may be a good grammarian, or even an archæologist if you will, but he is a bad translator of Homer.

An attempt has been made of late, perfectly in keeping with the experimental spirit of the age, to persuade the public into the belief that the author of the *Iliad* was in some sort a ballad-poet, and that, in translating his immortal epopee into English, care should be taken to select such words and metre as would help to preserve the ballad qualities of his muse. Who knows but the London decorators are also entering on a process of

investigation to prove that Michael Angelo was a sign-painter as well as a fresco-painter, sculptor, poet, and architect? That Homer was a story-teller is true—and a sublime one; but if a ballad-poet, he was so different from what we now understand by that appellation, that he might with equal propriety be termed a tragedian, or comedian, or a lyric, amorous, elegiac, satiric, or didactic poet, and might be translated accordingly. One thing, at all events, ought to be kept in mind, that the national, or epic, poetry of old Greece admitted of no vulgarity; or that doggerel and vulgar verse was never elevated to the dignity of literature. The apotheosis of the barren ruggedness, and painful inability of the human mind, in its natural or illiterate state, has been reserved for the latter half of the nineteenth century. To prove the prince of poets, a primitive Zozymus of an eastern imagination, would be the noblest triumph of modern discovery. It has been found that the grand old story-teller composed, without the aid of writing materials; that he recited his heroic effusions in detached pieces, from the palace of one prince to that of another, that in after times they were delivered in public, for the purpose of inciting youth to the love of glory; that he sometimes delivers himself in a more popular or familiar style, and that certain books might be abstracted from the Illiad without detriment to the action of the poem. Notwithstanding these important discoveries, in order to present Homer in a guise, bearing even a distant resemblance to a ballad-poet, as that particular kind of poet is now understood, we must keep out of mind those remarkable qualities which have ever been considered as peculiarly characteristic of the great originator of epic grandeur of style and conception, and which have become identified with his genius. We must forget his ornate rhetoric, enriched with all the sweetest idioms and dialects of the Hellenic tongue, the elaborate construction of his polished verse, which, considered as a series of highly finished and musical lines, has never been equalled, and never can be surpassed; his frequent allegorical representations and studied characterisation, the great number of his *dramatis personæ* and their long speeches, their historical sketches, and the account of the countries from which they came; his many instances of the beautiful and picturesque, in describing even the deaths of his warriors and the interposition of his gods, and his manner of grouping them in scenes of action or perilous adventure, a species of artistic merit which breathes the purest spirit of the classic muse; his complex theology, his genealogy, geography, astronomy, surgery, and all the sciences known in the primeval period; but, above all, the watchful eye which he has ever kept on his grand design, as a whole, for the working out of the great catastrophe, a subject which has interested the noblest minds of the ancient and modern world; his sustained elevation of thought and natural passion for the sublime. Such a lumber of fine things would cruelly encumber the brain of a poet who paid even a passing regard to the ballad qualities of his verse. Let us, in the name of the dreadful bearer of the silver bow, the great far-darting Sminthean Apollo, “who was wont to protect Chrysa and the divine Cilla, and who bravely ruled over Tenedos,” let us place Dan Homer in his resting-place on the highest shelf, amid the dusty and

long-forgotten tomes of our libraries, but let us never travestie the deified bard by representing him in any other garb than that in which he has been honoured by all the nations of the earth for so many centuries, and in which he has beneficially influenced the taste and literature of Europe down to the present day. Let us regard him as the artistic, the pathetic, the terrible, the sublime, even the abstract sublime; the more we see in Homer of the book of Genesis and Job, or of Æschylus and Milton, the more Homeric will he be, and the more he will seem to possess of the true spirit of antiquity. Giving Mr. Newman credit for many qualities which might distinguish the scholar and the poet, we cannot, however, commend him for his vain attempt to exhibit the most ancient muse of Parnassus, stammering the barbarous dialect of his own Saxon ancestors; or for endeavouring to prove that the language of the middle ages, simply because it is to us ancient, ought to be a proper medium for conveying to us the feeling and sentiment of ancient Greece. He ought to have known that antiquities, like doctors, may differ, and that the ideas of the classic ages and those of the English ballad-writers of some centuries past, are *poetically antagonistic*; so that, to express the ideal beauty, pathos, or philosophy of the former in the manner and phraseology of the latter, would be to place a row of branching columns under the frieze of Apollo's temple, or to set a pointed arch on a Corinthian capital. Mr. Newman, in his claim to be quaint, happens to be particularly infelicitous in the choice of his expressions. Many of his favourite idioms and curious terms are such as have long since lost their dignified sense, if ever they can be said to have had such a sense, and are now directly at variance with the noble simplicity and magnanimity of the ancient world. They trace back to a gloomy period a frigid intellect, a mean familiarity, and are therefore anti-Hellenic. They might seem to convey the interchange of thought between Locksley and Friar Tuck and their merry-men in Lincoln green in their nightly foray or their deer-stalking, but are manifestly out of place in the mouth of Hector or Achilles. There can be no reasonable objection to the moderate use, in all poetry of a high order, of old English words, such as Spencer wrote; but it should be kept in mind, that Homer used few obsolete terms: the self-generating language which he spoke flowed from so pure a source, itself being, for the most part, its own root, and entered so freely and naturally into the composition of words, that, with some inconsiderable exceptions, unavoidable in epic poetry, it was as fresh and intelligible in the days of Demosthenes and Philip of Macedon as it was in those of Pisistratus or Lycurgus. To render Homer's works into quaint or obsolete English, would, therefore, be to misrepresent him. He used various dialects, but these were not different languages, but rather certain grammatical varieties in the terminations of the same words throughout the different states of Greece, and formed but one language. These various modifications of the Hellenic tongue were living in the mouths of men in Homer's time and for centuries after. They afforded abundant richness to his diction, but were never quaint or obsolete, and they superadded that learned elaboration of poetic expression and versification, the faultless display of which has ever been the darling

weakness of the most eminent votaries of the Pierian sisters, and is of all others the most notable, distinguishing mark which separates them from the ballad-writing class. The effect of these dialects in the works of the great epic is suggestive of intense poetic feeling, fancy, fluency, and a keen sense of harmony, which nothing short of the combined sweetness and power of this godlike language could satisfy. They continually remind us of the vast experience of this learned sage in the language, customs, and religion of the various *clear-articulating* tribes who flourished in the many isles of the Ionian, or of the fabled flood of Icarus, or on the mainland in luxurious Smyrna, or through laughter-loving Lydia, or far to west in the Doric land of the grave Eurotas, or northward in the pleasant Corinth, or the tragic land of Cadmus, and her rival Argos, or in that lively city of Attica, the eye of Greece, where the Autochthones debated near the bonied mount Hymettus, under the olive of Athene. They also remind us of his enviable wanderings through those Elysian climes at a period when the world was new to men, (the least of whom were heroes,) and when no enterprise was deemed worthy of consideration which conferred less than immortality. There is, by no means, that difference between the dialects of Homer which is found to exist between the language of Chaucer and that of Dryden, or between the pure English of Oliver Goldsmith and the Scotch dialect of Robert Burns; so that a translation of the Iliad which would embrace these several dialects of the English tongue, or any two of them with their peculiarity of idiom and phrase, would serve rather to puzzle the reader than to assist him in obtaining a right appreciation of the great original. The admission of the dialects of any language, such as those of Italy or Germany, into a translation of the Iliad, must depend on the easy and harmonious incorporation of those dialects with each other, and the careful exclusion of such of them as might be considered mean, obsolete, or inelegant. For if they be different languages, or if obsolete or vulgar, their free admission would effect but a gross misrepresentation. The language which he used, although now called a dead one, is immortal and unchangeable, and will be as new and as fresh throughout all ages as it formerly was to the generations of his countrymen throughout the thousand years of their heroic and brilliant career. Homer, although belonging to the primeval period, is the author of elegant and highly-finished Greek, and ought not to be introduced to us obscured in the venerable unintelligibility of obsolete language, or stammering the jargon of modern dialects; (except, perhaps, those of Italy,) or in the negligent costume of a ballad-rhymer, but sublimely chanting in the most polished tongues of the nations of Europe; and, when each of these will change, as must necessarily take place every three or four hundred years, he must be translated over again into the purest and most finished style of the day. His language is always current; he is truly catholic, not appealing in style and conception to any particular class of people or school of poets, but to the lovers of the great and beautiful throughout all ages and nations. He is universal in sentiment, time, and place; he is as new as he is old; his antiquity is the more wonderful as it is not forced on us by the accident of quaint or obsolete language, as is the case with Chaucer and Spencer,

but is owing to the remoteness of time, the "beautifier of the dead," and to that majestic simplicity of manner which bears the grandeur of the early world. History must first explain the date of his existence before we can believe him to be as ancient as he is; for the religion, customs, and mode of life treated of in his works, might also be the subject for a modern. He is like a well-preserved Grecian statue, whose antiquity is known only by tradition and a more spiritual beauty of conception and execution. Homer is ever new, and, therefore, there can be no translation of his poetry suitable for all time, for human speech is perpetually changing, and all tongues must, in due time, become obsolete; and the very words of an old translation must necessarily convey to us as much of the mode of thought, fashion, and mannerism of the period in which it was written, as they will of Homer.

Although Pope's translation lies open to the objection which we have just mentioned, reflecting, as it does, as much of the age of Queen Anne as of King Priam; still Pope's is a noble performance, and in the hands of youth serves as an excellent initiative to the learning and æsthetic genius of the ancients. It is admitted to contain much of the Homeric rapidity of movement and elevation of thought, and, as a series of lines in the purest English, it seems to have forced versification to its limit in fulfilling many of the artistic requirements of poetry. Let Pope's competitors of the present day remember that Cowper is neglected on account of his rigid fidelity to the original and his unrhymed verse; if his objectionable inversions and unmusical pauses were removed it would not mend the matter; that Pope has invested the grandeur of antiquity in the richest of modern harmony, combining, as his master did in Greek, the dignity of his native tongue with its greatest possible rapidity, and thus effecting the nearest resemblance to the original, and that, with all this, he has mingled a glowing poetic fire which never grows cold.

Notwithstanding these many excellent qualifications, he has manifestly destroyed several of the most striking passages of the *Iliad*; the vallies have been filled up, but the high hills have also been levelled to form an even road for his steamy Pegasus. Pope was not the man who could say with Homer, "like the night he came," he was not truly sublime; he is justly accused of superfine embellishments and ridiculous tautologies; still, we stoutly hold, that if it be possible (and it scarcely is) to read Homer out of any book but the original, Pope's is that book. Would the pen of an able translator be wisely employed in giving us an entirely new and *improved* version of Pope's Homer? Perhaps the work of translating the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is too great for one mind to effect. If there be one possessed of the self-denial and courage to correct Pope, he must not believe in that startling assertion of recent critics, which maintains that "the question of translating Homer devolves very much on the choice of the metre;" but feel convinced that the metre of Dryden with his triplets and Alexandrines, or of Milton without his inversions, is the legitimate interpreter of Homeric ideas. The English language is now too old and has passed under the revision of too many acute intellects, not to have discovered its own heroic verse. Every language naturally chooses for itself that metre which is

most conformable to the construction of its sentences, the length of its words, their accent or quantity and most harmonious combinations; such a metre might be called the focus of the language. The English becomes attenuated by extending its phrases to fill up a series of lines containing twelve or fourteen syllables. Such a metre must necessarily be clogged by a prosy redundancy of words, and will want that sustained energy and elasticity which a more striking connexion between the cæsural and final pauses gives to the shorter line. By such an elongation metre loses its buoyancy; the writer loses the focus of the language, and packs more words into a line, and often more of the sense than can conveniently strike the ear, and be conveyed to the mind in an inseparable union with rhythm, which is the great charm of verse and the aim of the true poet.

It is the merest vanity to hope to find "the true Homeric ring" in any language but Greek. The nearest approach to it is obtained, not by any endeavour to imitate the Greek hexameter in a modern language, but by embodying the Homeric ideas in a measure which is found by long experience to be peculiarly adapted to the harmony and grammatical texture of that language. Homer develops an idea in a cadence of dactyls; the reader of a translation is ignorant of his having done so; what advantage, then, is gained by the imitation? But, grant that he is capable of consulting the original, it might afterwards be found that what was smooth and poetical in Greek was harsh and unnatural in the translation. It is impossible to expect that the peculiar effect produced on Homer's ideas by this intimate connexion with his peculiar rythmical movement can ever be obtained in any translation by an imitation of the same rythmical movement. We will even go further, and say that the same movement (so widely do languages differ) associated with the same thought in English, may have a totally different effect to that which it had in Greek. We repeat, then, that the future translator of Homer has before him the spontaneous, and still, the most powerful harmony of the English tongue in the metre of John Dryden or in that of Milton. If rhyme be found objectionable, then, blank verse is at hand, and the Miltonic inversions may also be laid aside. But true it is that the iambic line of ten syllables, is, for any lengthened poem, the most musical measure in the English language. So naturally does the iambic foot adapt itself to our speech that we frequently discourse in that measure; and still, so well defined are the boundaries between poetry and prose, that the English will bear what is called blank verse better than any of the tongues of Europe. It is pitiful to see the English language in its old age, compelled to alter its periods and the harmony of its numbers, in order to please the wanton and whimsical taste of its task-masters; it is something like what poor Andromache complains she will have to bear when a bondswoman among the Greeks, and when her beloved and chivalrous Hector is no more

L.

THE TWO LENORES.

AN ELDERLY SPINSTER'S STORY.—IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

ON the morning of my forty-second birth-day I was sitting in the breakfast parlour of my little house in Brompton, balancing my spoon upon the edge of my solitary cup, and ruminating on a great many things. I like the custom of *keeping* birth-days. As we grow older, year by year, they are like the white stones which the boy in the fairy tale strewed behind him as he went on his journey, that thus he might afterwards find his way back again to his parent's door. Memory, too, is glad of the white stones as way-marks, when she goes on her excursions into the by-gone.

I like to keep my birth-day now by making a present to some poor little child who needs it. Doing this recalls freshly the time when gifts and caresses were lavished upon me on these festive anniversaries.

I was thinking, as I balanced my spoon on my cup, of how time was making way, in spite of his snail's pace, and how the few friends that ever I had had dropped off and left me like a withering leaf on a stripped branch; of the last ten years of my life spent in this small, dingy house all alone; of the utter improbability of my ever having any thing to love and care for more than myself. I looked back, and I saw bundles of wool and cotton knitted up by my fingers, to win a little bread for the poor. I looked forward, and I saw again my future of weeks, months, years, knitted away among my needles into quilts and stockings. And then I saw the end of it all, when I should lie by like an old rusty machine, when I should be shrouded and confined by strangers, and when there should be no one to go to my funeral.

Well! these were not very lively cogitations for a birth-day morning, so I cut them short and was busily trying to solve the weighty question, whether Peggy or Nannie, two little favourite orphans of mine, should have the nice, warm frock that lay in my basket, when my little maid came in with a letter. A letter! what an event! and with a foreign postmark too. Now, who in all the world, above all, who in Italy, should be writing to me or even know of my existence? Why, I had not had a letter from anyone for years and years. Well, when I had examined this letter and failed to recognize the hand-writing on the envelope, I opened and read it.

It was from a stranger, informing me that by the will of the late Philip Ennis, Esq., formerly of Aylemere, in the province of Connaught, Ireland, and late of the city of Florence, in Italy, I was appointed one of the guardians of his only and orphan daughter, Lenore Ennis. It furthermore stated, that, it had been Mr. Ennis's earnest wish that I should be the companion as well as the guardian of his daughter, and, as that young lady was now nineteen years of age, and had left school and been introduced

to the world, I was requested to signify whether or not it was my intention to comply in full with the dying request of the deceased.

Mr. Ennis had, at the date of the communication, been dead for several years, and my correspondent alleged his inability to discover my whereabouts as the reason of his delay in communicating with me. I dropped the letter from my hands and pondered long and wonderingly over its contents. Philip Ennis! Aye, right well knew I the name. My aunts' house was on his father's estate of Aylemere, where I was reared till I was fourteen years of age and was sent to school; and many a time he scaled the rocks to get me birds' nests. That is my earliest recollection of him.

When I went to school in England I made few friends, for I was quiet and shy; but I *had* one dear one, a Spanish orphan girl, called Carmel. I never could clearly understand why she loved me so much, for I had no attractions; but it was small marvel that I should love her dearly as a sister, lovely, and warm-hearted, and talented as she was. I can recall her perfectly at this moment as I used to see her in the black uniform dress of the school, with her pale, pure features, her deep eyes, and black braided locks.

She used to listen with keen interest to my romantic ravings about the glories of my wild mountain home, and she often expressed a longing to visit it with me; so, when I was leaving school, she obtained permission to come to Aylemere for a time, before going to seek an unknown home in far Spain. My kind aunt received us with open arms in her cottage among the moors and hills; and Carmel and I revelled in pleasure after our own hearts, climbing the mountains, boating on the lakes, chatting in the dusk evening by the firelight; taking it in turns to read our favourite books aloud. Ah! those days! It was in some of our mountain rambles that we met with Philip Ennis, my old play-mate, now come of age and sole heir of the Aylemere estates. After the first day he was often with us, soon became a constant visitor at the cottage, and before many months he had asked Carmel to be his wife. So we had a wedding in the little mountain church close by. I was the only bridesmaid, my aunt the only guest. Carmel wore a simple white muslin frock that we made ourselves, and I twined her a wreath of fresh roses and jasmine from our own garden. Never was there a lovelier bride. Aylemere Hall was a roomy, old-fashioned house, standing on a rocky height above the lakes, and half surrounded by the straggling outskirts of a thick wood that covered the mountain behind it. It had been the country residence of the Ennises for generations back, and thither Philip took his wife. It was, indeed, a delightful home. The wild and picturesque grandeur of the scenery around, the antiqueness of the house and the quaint irregularity of its architecture, as well as its isolated situation, all served to throw a halo of romance around the life of its inmates; and to this charm were added every reasonable luxury and every pleasant resource to make time wear pleasantly away.

Philip and Carmel had been wedded about a year when my aunt died, leaving me nothing, as her income, never large by the way, died with her. For a year after this event I lived at the hall, but after that, no entreaties

of its master and mistress could induce me to remain a dependant even on their kindness. I was of an active, stirring disposition in my own quiet way, and work was necessary to my existence ; so I accepted a situation as governess, and, with many a bitter tear and regret, I said good-bye to the two friends I possessed in all the world, paid a parting visit to my aunt's grave, and left Ireland. I little thought for how long. I was to spend every vacation with the Ennises, they were to come to London often in the season, and take me to see all the sights, and I laughingly told Carmel that, some years hence, when she required a governess, I should apply for the situation.

Soon after I left Aylemere, Carmel's health grew delicate. That pure paleness of complexion, which was one of her greatest charms, was no sign of robust strength, and my mind misgave me when I heard she was ailing. I had been about a year in England, when a little baby was born, and Carmel was ordered at once to breathe her native air, 'as her only chance of life. The baby was a weakly little thing, and unfit to bear the risk of travelling. The poor mother was, therefore, obliged to leave it in the care of a foster-nurse, a tenant of their own. It was a hard necessity that forced her to leave the little one behind ; but Philip was one ever prompt to follow the path he judged to be right. They hoped in a little time, when Carmel's recruited health would admit of it, to return to their child and their dear Aylemere. And so they sailed for Spain. I saw them in London on their way, and my heart sickened at the sight of Carmel so altered. A weary look life wore to me in those days, a look that I did not then know so well, but which has long been familiar to me.

Six months after their departure I heard from them, Carmel's health was not improved, and she pined for her child. Some time after the little girl, who had grown strong and healthy, was sent to her, and that was the last I ever heard of them. I watched and pined for a letter, but no letter came ; years passed away, and still no letter ! Then I was forced to guess that Carmel and the baby were dead, and that Philip had gone roaming over the world, God knows where. Perhaps he had written, and the letter had gone astray. At last I got used to this idea, and hoped no longer. There came no more messages from my old world. A dreary monotonous new one encompassed me, and life to me was to be a solitary, drudging unit in the thronging population of vast London. Yet even my dull existence had its changes. The first was when I was thrown out of employment and forced to seek a new situation ; and the last was when the death of an old relative, whose existence I had forgotten, and whom I had never seen, brought me a small annuity, sufficient to procure me the necessaries of life, without the drudgery of teaching. I then took these quiet lodgings. I often thought of returning to Ireland and living in my aunt's old cottage, if it were still standing and untenanted, but these were both chances ; besides, I could not summon courage to go back to a place haunted by so many memories, which must be so changed, and where no one would know me. No, better let youth and friendship be to me the brief dreams of

the past they had been. Better live on in London, doing what little good I could among the poor, the Irish poor.

And so, reader, having carried you with me over this sketch of my earlier past, I bring you once again to that morning when I received the strangely unexpected letter which seemed to me like a message from the other world.

That evening I got the following little note :—

“MY MOTHER’S DEAR FRIEND,—I can scarcely credit the joyful news that, though an orphan, I have still you to look to for a parent’s love and protection. I am longing to see you, and, unless you forbid me, I will drive over to-morrow early, and spend the day with you.

“Your ever dutiful and affectionate.

“LENORE ENNIS.”

With dim eyes I read and re-read the small epistle, and wondered if it were a true type of her who sent it, neat and pure, and smelling as of fresh flowers, which fragrance I imagined might represent the sweetness of a lovely disposition. I kissed the frank, clear handwriting, which I fancied to indicate a generous nature. I studied the honest-looking signature ; and, at any rate, I felt prepared to love.

Next morning I arranged my little parlour with anxious hands that would tremble, and many an odd tear fell among the china gim-cracks and geranium pots, as I handled and dusted them. I sent my little maid very early to bring some fresh-cut flowers to give the place a festive look ; and, when all was done, I put on my best cap and gown and sat down to wait. It was not long before a handsome barouche drew up at the door, and scarlet-tipped feathers appeared fluttering over the window blind. Jane, my little maid, in her Sunday gown and clean apron, was in readiness and opened the door. In another moment a young figure entered with the June sunshine that flooded over the threshold. I had a vision of light-floating drapery, a flushed and eager face, and two little, timid, outstretched hands. As I folded her in my arms I could only whisper, “Welcome, welcome, my darling, thank God for this!”

She sat in my arm-chair a few moments and sobbed with excitement, but her tears were quickly sparkling in happy sunshine again. In a few hours we were strangers no more, rather like mother and daughter than two people who yesterday had never seen one another. I found her a most loveable creature, with an exceeding sweetness of temper, and a winningness of tone and glance that found its way straight to the heart at once.

In the evening we went for a stroll to Kensington Gardens, and during that walk Lenore told me much about her past, and all that she knew of her present circumstances. She had left school about six months before, and was staying in one of the fashionable squares with a Mrs. Chirmside, whose carriage had brought her to me. The Chirmsides were very distant relations of Mr. Ennis, and had not been very good friends with him while he lived ; but when they heard that his daughter, an orphan and an heiress,

was returning to England, they gave her the warmest invitation to make their house her home, till at least such time as the guardian appointed by her father should turn up, which was a pleasantly indefinite period. An insignificant person like me it was difficult to discover, and my very existence was for a time questioned. Thus welcomed, the lonely little orphan, who had not the slightest notion of her importance as an heiress, grasped eagerly at the kindly hand that was extended towards her, and was received as one of the family at No — Onslow Square. Mrs. Chirmside, who had a large family including several sons, was a showy woman of the world, who liked to cut a figure in society, and who especially loved to have ample means wherewith to do the same. From Lenore's artless account I easily gathered that the lady counted on securing the heiress as a wife for one of her sons, and annexing her wealth to the house of Chirmside. I felt some resentment at this discovery, but took care to awaken no suspicion in Lenore's innocent mind. She had had some difficulty in getting leave to come to me, they were very anxious to keep her with them.

"They are very kind to me," she said, "I have been to all kinds of balls, and operas, and flower-shows, and John and Francis ride with me every day in the park; but John is always thinking about his clothes, and Francis talks such a deal of nonsense, that I get tired sometimes. I have not enjoyed anything yet so much as this evening's walk."

Chatting thus we sauntered over the green homewards. I could not but notice how many an eye glanced with admiration at the bright eager face beside me. Certainly she was very lovely, though I had remarked from the first that she had not the slightest resemblance to her mother. She was rather little and beautifully shaped, her dress suited her with a fairy-like neatness and appropriateness, her eyes were gray, clear, and intelligent, her features rather short and piquant, and her hair auburn, sometimes it looked chestnut brown, but in the sun, as now, hanging in wavy masses from under her hat, it was a warm, bright auburn. Her voice was the pleasantest I ever heard, it had such a heart-tone when she spoke in earnest, and such a ring of mirth when she chatted in the careless, joyous strain, which seemed as natural to her as it is the nature of the sun to shine or the lark to carol on a summer morning.

CHAPTER II.

We wound up that pleasant day by a long and earnest talk in the dark twilight at the open window.

"They say I am very rich," said Lenore, "and Mrs. Chirmside wants me to take a house beside hers for you and me, but unless you wish it I would rather not. I have seen a good deal of London and I want to go and see my native land. If I have wealth I will spend it among those poor, good people whom my mother loved so much. Dear aunt," (so she had begged leave to christen me,) "could not we manage to go and live in the

old hall? Mrs. Chirmside says it must be all fusty and dilapidated, but it could be done up afresh, and made nice and comfortable before we should go. Oh, I do so long to see the old place! Besides, my other guardian, Dr. Pierce Redmond, lives there, and I ought to be under the dominion of you both. If I stay here he will be null and void."

I did not see why she should not gratify her very natural wish, and I said so. We arranged it fully that night, and Lenore perfectly danced with joy when I sealed my letter to Dr. Redmond, asking him to get the house put in order and proper servants appointed. So it was settled that, as soon as the house could receive us we should go to Ireland and take up our abode in Aylemere Hall. Mrs. Chirmside made a great fuss, and John and Francis were in despair, but Lenore was obstinate. We had some curious days' shopping while Lenore supplied herself with the necessary materials for carrying out the thousand and one schemes she had conceived for the good of her people. At last Dr. Redmond signified to us that the hall was in readiness to receive us, and joyfully we set out, determined on spending our Christmas at Aylemere.

One dusky afternoon, early in December, found us in a comfortable travelling-carriage, making our way towards Aylemere along a narrow, hilly road, in the heart of the Irish highlands. The valleys were white and silent, the stillness was unbroken even by the sound of our carriage, for the wheels were muffled in the thick snow, and we passed along noiselessly as in a dream. The white peaks of the mountains rose one above another in spectral ranks; the sky was a vast sweep of monotonous gray, relieved by one broad fiery bar along the western horizon. A sweet solemn sense of rest stole over my spirit as I studied each well-remembered crag and moor. My latter life seemed swept away in a breath! At the sight of the dearly-loved wilds of my childhood my heart went forth in a gush of enthusiastic love, such as I had never hoped to taste again. The spirit of my youth seemed to return, and fill my soul with renewed vigour.

Lenore sat in a corner of the carriage, wrapped in cloaks, and perfectly quiet. I saw her earnest, speculative eyes, looking forth from under her hat, drinking in the wild beauty of the landscape with an intense thirst. I knew that she looked on it, not as a mere picture, but as a world peopled with mysteries, with whole tomes of history locked away in its mountain fastnesses, and shadowed by clouds that will never be rolled aside.

We were abruptly roused from our dreams by the carriage sinking in a rut, with a jerk, which threw us violently forward in our seats and flung the driver from the high box upon the road. The poor man did not rise again, and when we called to him he moaned out that his leg was broken. There was not a house nor a human being in sight. The carriage was stuck fast in a hole covered by the treacherous snow, and the horses began to grow restive.

"For the love of God, ladies, come out!" moaned the poor man, "for the carriage will be over the cliff."

I obeyed, trembling, but Lenore showed a presence of mind which I

had hardly given her credit for. She first satisfied herself that the wheels were all right and the carriage unbroken, and then, fearlessly taking the horses' heads she gently urged them forward, and succeeded in extricating the vehicle.

"We must do what we can for ourselves," said she, "for there is no sign of life about. Can you guess how far we are from Aylemere?"

"The man said he thought it was about four miles away." Lenore then lit the carriage lamps, for it was rapidly growing dark, and next began lifting out the cushions and making a kind of litter upon the ground. On this we gently shifted the poor driver, and, exerting our utmost strength, we lifted him into the carriage and made him as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances.

"Now, Aunt," said Lenore, "take your seat, and attend to the poor fellow as well as you can. I am going to drive. Don't be frightened, I have often driven Mrs. Chirmside's phaeton in the park; and, if you can only direct me as to the turns in the road, we shall get quite safely to our journey's end."

And so we did. The poor driver helped us as well as he was able with such exclamations as "Keep to the left, Miss"—"Hould up their heads well, goin' down the hill!"—"Take the next turn you come across, Miss!" etc. etc., till at last his strength failed him and he fainted!

Fortunately, it was not long after this before we saw the lights of Aylemere Hall glancing in the distance. The stars had come out, and I fully recognized our position. We should still have a long way to drive so as to reach the house by the regular approach, but I knew of a little gate by which I could find my way there quickly and fetch assistance. Lenore pulled up at this spot, and, finding the wicket unlocked, I made my way by a winding path up through the wood. My memory had not been at fault, and I emerged from the gloom of the trees to a full view of the hall with its lights and gables.

Several times during my ascent I had fancied I heard gusts of distant music, but had concluded it was the wind which was rising. I knew of old what strange sounds are made by the storm in the mountain caves. But, just as I left the wood, the unmistakable roll of an organ burst upon my ears with so grand a swell, that I stood spell-bound and listening. On swept the music, peal after peal of exultation seeming to shake the very trees around me:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's da'k sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free!"

So spoke the organ, in tones so triumphantly eloquent that the very stars seemed to flash and reverberate. For a few moments I forgot everything in bewilderment at the suddenness of the apparition of this loud-voiced spirit of music; but the next I bethought me that my half-superstitious feeling was absurd, and that it was very evident to reason that the sounds proceeded from the house towards which I was directing my steps. And furthermore, I well remembered Philip's organ, which had been one of his

crazes, and which he had had built into one end of the large old chamber that he used as a library. But who was thus celebrating our arrival with such a masterly performance? Was it one of the servants? Or could it be that Dr. Redmond was the musician? I would see, and quickly made my way to the library window, which was unshuttered and showed a bright red light. I looked in and saw that the room was lit only by the huge turf-fire which glowed in the wide fire-place just opposite the window. The fire-light was reflected on the black marble mantel-piece, on the shining pipes of the organ, which stood in its old place against the western window, and filled the room with a rich glow, sending the shadows dancing away into the corners.

One gigantic shadow kept moving backward and forward upon the wall, the shadow of a man who sat at the organ. I saw his figure swaying to and fro, as if with the energy of inspiration, while he seemed to pour forth his whole soul in magnificent harmony. At first I thought him alone, but a flash from the fire revealed the other end of the room, and danced over the oaken pannelled door, bringing forth from the shadows another head, and, good heaven! it seemed as if the face of Carmel Ennis looked out from the old wainscot; and what an expression of passionate worship was in the dark eyes as they gazed upward towards the organ and its master. Carmel Ennis! No, she was dead—I was dreaming! A superstitious tremour ran through me and I could have sworn it was an apparition, but that my eyes caught the glowing of crimson drapery, and I saw a figure steal from the corner and glide out of the door. I turned from the window, marvelling. All this takes some time to tell, but, in reality, a very few minutes had passed from the time I had left the carriage till the moment when I found myself at the door of Aylemere Hall. My hand was on the bell, but, seeing the door ajar, I entered without ceremony. I crossed the lighted hall and entered the dining room. A gentleman was seated at the fire reading. So absorbed was he in his book that I had some moments to observe him before he was aware of my presence, for I felt the awkwardness of my position and paused before I spoke.

This must be Dr. Redmond, I thought at once. But how unlike what I had expected to find him. I fancied him wrinkled and grey-haired, and this man could scarcely be much over thirty at the most. He seemed tall and well-made, and wore a gray shooting costume. He had a pale, dark face, which bore the evident stamp of intellect. The expression of the eyes was sweet and rather sad, the mouth firm, the brows stern and thoughtful. A shaggy dog lay at his feet. I had noted this much when he looked up. He started to his feet in surprise, and laid down his book. I hastily introduced myself, and told him of our adventure.

"But, dear Madam!" he said, "we did not expect you till to-morrow night. I merely came round here this evening to see that all the preparations were completed, and intended driving to D—— early in the morning to meet you, and introduce Miss Ennis to her new home. I am very sorry for this. There must be some great mistake."

And so there was. I had written a few days before to make known

an alteration in our travelling arrangements. The letter had gone astray.

At this moment another gentleman entered the room, and drew back, seemingly quite as much taken by surprise as had been the doctor, who hastily introduced 'My friend, Mr. Howard ;' and then, summoning several men, the two hurriedly left the house.

I went out on the terrace to meet Lenore. The aspect of things outside had changed by one of those sudden shifts peculiar to the country. Our whilome foe, the darkness, had fled before the full moon, which shone with generous beam, her lavish light, flung upon the water from the highest opposite peak, reflecting distinctly in the calm breast of the lake at my feet the entire range of mountains which skirted its shores. Under the silent light the snow seemed to clothe moor and upland with an unearthly beauty, and the deep blue heaven set starry jewels on the brow of every towering crag. The crisp frost hung sparkling on the trees and crackled under foot, and there was just enough of wind to give voice to the solemn wood which wandered away, undulating and dark, into the distant shadows of the mountains.

I soon met the doctor, accompanied by two men carrying our poor driver. He seemed greatly concerned about the sufferer, and, excusing himself to me in passing, went on into the house to attend to him. Following him, came Lenore, leaning on the arm of the gentleman who had been introduced as Mr. Howard. He offered me his other arm, and we returned to the house together.

We found all the servants gathered in the hall, looking curiously for a sight of their young mistress. Lenore went round shaking hands with them all in her frank good-natured way, and predisposing all hearts to love her. I did not much like the face and manner of the woman who pressed forward with many curtsies and announced herself as the housekeeper, and Miss Ennis's foster-mother. She was quite too obsequious, and her glances were too sly ; still more was I puzzled by the cold looks of a girl who stood apart at the distant end of the hall. I recognised it as the same face I had seen through the library window, it did not strike me now as so supernaturally strange a thing that this beautiful, wilful-looking peasant girl should resemble in feature my dead Carmel. Still she excited my curiosity, she was not a servant, she was not dressed like a lady, and yet her clothes were much too good for those of an ordinary peasant. A full skirt of crimson flannel fell to her ankles, and the beauty of her small feet was enhanced by neat stockings and buckled shoes. She wore a kind of jacket of snowy white. Her arms, bare to the elbow, were remarkably fair for a girl of her rank, and beautifully rounded. Her black hair was neatly braided, and coiled in ample plaits at the back of her head, she was wonderfully like Carmel, but less so than she had seemed in the brief glimpse I had got of her face in the library. Then, it wore a soft expression, but never had I seen Carmel's gentle features disfigured by so sullen a look as was expressed by the eyes and mouth of this strange girl, who, as she leaned sulkily against the balustrade, seemed eyeing us all with jealous contempt. I could not but look

at her, and as I looked I saw her flash and frown. I followed the direction of her eyes, she was gazing steadily at Howard as he politely drew Lenore's heavy cloak from her shoulders and handed it to one of the servants. All at once it struck me that Howard was the musician, and a curious page seemed laid open before me; I did not wish to read, however, and turned my attention to other things, trying to get rid of the uncomfortable impression given me by that girl's face.

I asked the housekeeper to let us have some tea, and while it was in preparation we went up stairs to get rid of our travel-stains. Lenore peeped here and there, and was enchanted at every turn; such fine wide old stair-cases, such dear old rambling rooms, such nice cosy little nooks! Our dressing-rooms were side by side, and snug fires blazed in each. What a delicious home-like sensation came over me when I found myself again the occupant of the room that (how many years ago!) was mine! By a strange accident it had been chosen for me by those who had little idea of the many dear memories that were woven into its hangings and twisted in the pattern on the wall, and larking in the shadows about the hearth, and sighing in the wind that swept the beech tree past the window. Tears would come when these memories thronged around me with their impetuous welcome; but there was little bitterness in them, for Lenore was growing all-in-all to me, and the happy present sweetened the saddening thought of the past.

• RUTH MELLANS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

In this glad season, when young hopes and flowers
Spring in the heart, and bloom around the bowers;
Child of harsh winter, cradled amidst tears, a
The graceful snow-drop timidly appears,
Emblem of hope, she lifts her fragile head;
Yet, drooping, seems to mourn the floral dead.
Then comes the crocus with her golden cup,
Which drinks the young sun's yellow radiance up;
While here the primrose, firstling of the Spring,
(To whom her mother rarest gifts doth bring,)
Opens her soft eye, rejoicing in the day,
And smiling, hails bright Phœbus' warming ray.
As a mild virgin, beautifully pale,
Yon simple flow'r the lily of the vale,
Modest and lovely, seeks the sheltered shade,
And with her beauty cheers the vernal glade.

Whence is this balm? whence do these odours spring?
Oh! the sweet south wind bears them on his wing
From yonder bank where laughs the new-born Rose,
Asking, "What flower such perfume can disclose?"
The little violet, from a leafy screen,
Meekly replies, "No other bud I've seen
To match with thee; thou art the garden's pride;
But, knowing this, why humbler flow'rs deride?
'Tis true thou'rt beautiful, and rich, and rare
In tint and vesture; but thou art not fair
Like the loved lily of the lonely vale,
Whose breath, as thine, delights th' enamoured gale;
Nor canst thou boast of the bright azure hue,
That bathes the Iris in celestial blue;
And the same glow that purples evening sky
Colours the lids of the sad violet's eye—
All these thou hast not, flaunting, boastful rose,
Then, wherefore Queen of ev'ry flow'r that blows?
And this I know, that in the rich parterre
I'm wooed as fondly as the proudest there."

Deep blushed the rose, and hid her lovely head—
"Forgive, forgive," the gentle violet said,
"I do but jest—look up, that cruel thorn
Will pierce thy cheeks; would I were never born,
Rather than see thee thus depressed with grief,
I'd yield my life if that could bring relief."
Sinking in sorrow on an emerald bank,
O'er which the Rose hung, prone, the Violet sank;
And the sad sighs that heaved her contrite heart
Did to the Rose soft sympathy impart.
Bending to where the weeping flow'ret lay,
She raised her rival from the tear-wet clay,
And, smiling, said, "Sweet sister! I'm to blame,
I am in fault, for Rose is but a name,
Which, if bestowed upon thy fragrant head,
All my vain boastings instantly were fled.
But, for the future, co-mates let us be—
I'll lend my colour, thou thy breath to me;
And mingling sweets of what to each is given,
No flowers of Earth shall have so much of heaven,
And all shall ask, while thus our essence flows,
Which is the Violet and which the Rose?"

JOHN DUGGAN.

A PHASE OF LONDON LIFE.

I ADMIT it. I have always been too fond of society ; but I have never been able to discover that society has reciprocated the compliment. Many a time have I neglected some important mission, rather than be absent from my devoted and admiring friends—friends whose midnight gatherings had become necessary to my existence, and whose social irregularities had plunged me into a sufficient number of scrapes to form as long a “chapter of accidents” as any writer of the “sensation” school could possibly desire. All sorts of engagements, whether on pleasure or on business, have I been known to break through that irresistible love of society which has been my rock-a-head through life ; and on one occasion (will it be believed, O Hymen ?) I was absolutely daring enough to annul a marriage contract, for, when I was expected by a trembling bride at the door of the church, I was some hundred miles away on a boating expedition with some roystering yachters ! The consequences of this false step were, of course, sufficiently serious to demand grave reflection, and some weeks afterwards I meditated upon the propriety of commencing an entirely new line of life ; but, in order to carry out this resolution, it was necessary for me to cultivate an attachment for my own apartments, and this I had so frequently attempted in vain, that I almost despaired of success. Often had I gone to my solitary abode at Camden Town, at an early hour in the evening, resolved to be content with my own society, and to avoid the pleasures of the dance, the song, and the glass ; but the reflection that my absence was being deplored by some merry companions shot a pang through my sensitive heart, and my virtuous inclination was destroyed. “Infirm of purpose !” cried *Lady Macbeth*, and so did I—why should I not make a resolution and keep it ? But how ? There was the difficulty.

Unfortunately, those reflections did not produce any great change in my every-day habits ; for I found that, struggle as I might against the desire to spend my time in society, the love of excitement tempted me forth into the world when I might have been peaceably and profitably occupied at home. A minister may change his politics or a divine his religion, but as for a man about town, custom hath made his way of life a “property” of so much “easiness” to him, that neither time nor tide can turn the current of his inclinations. A man who has been all his life going down-hill finds it a somewhat troublesome task to travel up it, even though Fortune points out the path. The moneys I had lost to friends, whose practice it was to demand “just half-a-crown, only till to-morrow,” ought alone to have opened my eyes to the error of my ways ; but No. Like an adventurer at the gaming table, I had proceeded so far on the wrong road, that, if I saw the right one before me I felt an instinctive preference for the former, and, though I lost heavily by the choice, I hoped that I might one day gain ; for he is a melancholy individual, indeed, who does not say to himself, when bright thoughts come uppermost, “Something good must turn up by-and-by.”

Some few weeks after the misfortune above recorded I had been requested by a lady, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, to escort her and her two daughters to the theatre, the understanding being that I should procure "box orders" for four persons—a system of patronizing the British drama which has obtained as much favour of late years, amongst those who are not entitled to the privilege as it has with that class of persons who claim it by prescriptive right. I had, however, received many kindnesses from Mrs. Dinwiddy, the name of the lady alluded to, and was, therefore, too happy to gratify her request in regard to the theatre, especially as I was to have the society of her two charming daughters—Clementina and Wilhelmina—one of whom (but I forbear, from motives of delicacy, to mention *which* !) had often made my sensitive heart go "pit-a-pat." Moreover, I knew very well (mercenary wretch that I was !) that, notwithstanding Mrs. Dinwiddy was glad to accept a free admission to the theatre, her husband, the late lamented Daniel Dinwiddy, hop merchant, had left her a very comfortable maintenance, as she herself called it, and surely there was no harm in believing that the ladies Clementina and Wilhelmina would by-and-by come into possession of a fair share of her property ? But at this particular moment Mrs. Dinwiddy's property is neither here nor there, and whatever became of it the reader must, for the present at least, forbear to inquire, lest he be induced to throw aside these pages in a fit of glowing indignation.

To proceed. By dint of a large amount of perseverance and no little d'plomacy (for, be it understood, I had no more claim to the suffrages of theatrical managers than the Queen of England has to the sovereignty of Spain), I succeeded in obtaining the required privilege ; and, presenting myself before Mrs. Dinwiddy and the young ladies at the appointed time, I displayed all my "orders" to their admiring gaze. Military orders are supposed to have considerable attractions for the fair sex, but all the decorations that ever glittered on the breast of a gallant son of Mars could not have shone more brilliantly in the eyes of these daughters of Eve than did the paper honours I now presented. Clementina had only been to the theatre once before, and Wilhelmina *never* ! What, a treat, therefore was in store, not only for them, but for myself also, who anticipated much gratification from the fact of seeing the lovely faces of two innocent spinsters beaming with delight through a long and popular performance ! The idea of the expense never once entered my head, though it will clearly be perceived that it ought to have done so ; for, how could I allow any body but myself to pay for the conveyance and all the little *et ceteras* in the way of ices, play-bills, box-keepers, and other nuisances incidental to a visit to the theatre in *such* company ? Arrived at the place of entertainment, I paid the cab-fare with a gracious air, and tripped lightly up to the free-list office, Mrs. Dinwiddy on one arm and the lady Clementina on the other, Miss Wilhelmina bringing up the rear—as elegant a party of *non-payers* as ever attired themselves for public display, the ladies being opera-cloaked and wreathed quite *a la mode moderne*, and myself (vanity apart !) being "got

up" in a manner which seemed to attract even the experienced eyes of the observant officials.

I presented my orders to the almost invisible person who sat at the receipt of custom, behind a little pigeon-hole, through which I placed my band, and I felt as much confidence as to the result as if I were offering a cheque of Rothschild's for payment at that distinguished Hebrew's bank. "Not admitted! a benefit night!" was the exclamation growled out through the pigeon-hole. These words struck terror into my brain, though they were obviously quite unintelligible to the ladies, who, in fact, scarcely heard them, and I instinctively cried, "How? what? explain!" "Look on the tickets," said the surly official, thrusting them into my hand with an offensive jerk. I did as he desired, and there were the awful words, "Not admitted on benefit nights," as plain as those in the "Inferno" of Dante—"All hope abandon ye who enter here!" "And is this a benefit night?" I quickly inquired. "Of course it is, else I should not have said so," was the polite reply. "Then, what must I do?" I asked, as by this time I observed the ladies were becoming confused and perplexed; and well they might, for it certainly was not the most agreeable thing in the world to stand at the entrance of a theatre, all unbonneted and adorned as they were, whilst the in-comers gazed at them with mingled curiosity and surprise. "Do!" howled he of the pigeon-hole, "pay, of course!" Had the fellow passed sentence of death upon me, I could not have been more horrified than I was at this announcement; for, I blush to say, as I then blushed to feel, that I might as well have been called upon to liquidate the national debt as to pay for the admission of four persons to the dress-boxes of a fashionable theatre. "Heavens!" I exclaimed, turning away from the relentless dignitary, who had thus brought my pecuniary weakness to light, and addressing myself in regretful terms to Mrs. Dinwiddy—"What is to be done? for, unfortunately, I left my purse at home." "Oh, I have some money, mamma," said Clementina. "And so have I," cried Wilhelmina, (the dear bewitchers, I could have embraced them, but I restrained my overwrought feelings.) "Nonsense, children," said Mrs. Dinwiddy. "do you think I'm going to allow you to spend your money at a play-house?" Unfeeling mother! little thought she how their gentle hearts were throbbing to gain access to the interior, where the performance had by this time commenced, and where the plaudits of the audience rang in their ears in mockery of their woe. Why, they would almost have given those very hearts to accomplish the one paramount object of that anxious moment; yet I, who had brought them into this distressing dilemma, was unable to relieve them from the difficulty. In this cruel predicament, the only idea that suggested itself to my mind was to say that I would run round to the stage door and ask one of the actors, who was an intimate friend of mine, to lend me what I required till morning. "No, no;" exclaimed Mrs. Dinwiddy, to the horror and amazement of the panting damsels, "do not give yourself any trouble about it; we can but go home again." For, as I have already hinted, that prudent lady, though fond of an evening's amusement, did not quite relish the idea of paying for it.

Notwithstanding her protest, however, I placed the three ladies in a retired corner, and was about to put my idea into execution, under pretence that I was going to fetch a cab to convey them home, when I encountered my friend Fitzmortimer Sims, (the very individual whose assistance I sought,) and who, not being destined to "stage business" on that occasion, was hastening to see the performance; for it should be known that actors, when they find the opportunity, spend as much of their time before the scenes as they do behind them. I explained to him my position, and the worthy Fitzmortimer, (small though his weekly stipend was,) immediately satisfied my want, for he had received some arrears of salary that morning, and the "benefit" was that of the manager himself, who had arranged it for that particular evening in order that he might reimburse himself for the money he had paid. "Come round to the stage when this piece is over," said Fitzmortimer Sims, leaving me to the exclusive guardianship of the ladies under my "protection." "All right," I replied, in an undertone, for I did not quite like the idea of my fair companions knowing that I intended to sever myself from them for a brief period in the course of the evening.

All obstacle to our *entrée* being now removed, and, indeed, in a much less space of time than has been occupied in telling the story, we were speedily seated in the dress-boxes. Being somewhat restless, and my natural excitability being increased by the humiliating position I had been placed in, I was compelled to leave my seat before the termination of the first piece, which chanced to be "Romeo and Juliet," and my susceptible heart could not bear the penetrating glance of the gentle Clementina's tearful eye. The secret is out! It was Clementina who stimulated the tender passion within my bosom, as the "agony" of the young lovers was being "piled up" before her. Begging to be excused for a few minutes, I went out into the lobby, where I came face to face with the gruff gentleman who had spoken to me so abruptly through the pigeon-hole; "Good evening, Mr. Wiggins!" said I, wishing to be very civil to Wiggins, for I felt that a man like him, "dressed in a little brief authority," had it in his power to make matters disagreeable to me on future occasions. "Good evening!" he replied, with the same unrelenting bluntness. "How came you to make such a mistake? You ought to have known it was a benefit night." "But I didn't know it," said I. "That's what I complain of," said Wiggins, "and I'm astonished at your ignorance." "I'm not obliged to know the movements of every theatre in London, am I?" was my immediate retort. "People who come with orders," cried Wiggins, "are bound to know what's going on." "That's quite a new doctrine," I observed, and somewhat offensively expounded. "Oh, I know all about you, Mr. Phubbs," said Wiggins, (Phubbs is my name, and Clementina did not think it a very ugly one.) "What do you mean?" cried I, indignantly. "Mean!" said Wiggins, with increasing insolence. "Why, this is not the first time you have *tried on* the same sort of thing." "I was never in a similar position before," said I, following him into a private room, where he was about to render an account of his evening's stewardship. "I know better," exclaimed Wiggins, standing before me, as if to bar my en-

trance. "Would you give me the lie?" I calmly demanded. "Yes," said he, "if you mean to say"—— I did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence, but instantly gave him a blow which sent him sprawling on the floor. In his fall he caused the lamp on the table to upset, and we were both in darkness, save for the twinkling light which came from the gas in the street. "I shall summons you for this," cried Wiggins, and he tried to strike me with the poker. Wrenching the weapon from his grasp, I threw it across the room; not, however, intending to do any mischief, but, unfortunately, it struck a looking-glass and dashed it to pieces.

Thinking it was now time to retire, I left Wiggins to his reflections and his right of summons. My next impulse was to rejoin the ladies; but this I had not the courage to do, considering the excited state of my mind, and I was quite sure they would judge from my manner that something very serious had occurred since I left them. I saw, however, that they were comfortably seated and quite free from any intrusion, and then hastened round to the stage door, where I was immediately followed by Fitzmortimer Sims, who said Wiggins was vowing vengeance against me, and the best thing I could do would be to tell the manager the whole story myself, for fear Wiggins should take advantage of me and exaggerate that which was only a petty quarrel into a deadly assault on my part. I agreed to follow Fitzmortimer's advice, and went with him to the managerial presence. I had just related the circumstances when Wiggins entered. I said I had told the whole truth and would now leave matters to take their course, promising, however, to pay for the looking-glass which I did not intend to break. I cared not to bandy further words with Wiggins, and, therefore, left him to entertain his manager as best he might, whilst I accompanied Sims to the "wing" to have a peep at the concluding performance; glancing up at the boxes I discovered, to my infinite surprise and confusion, that Mrs. Dinwiddy and her daughters had left the theatre!

The night seemed doomed to be one of misfortune, and this was the worst of all. I who was noted for my general politeness, and for my attention to the amenities of society! I who respected Mrs. Dinwiddy and loved one of her daughters! I who had contemplated with pleasure the gratification I should feel in the social supper, which, with hungry ears, I had heard Mrs. Dinwiddy instruct her cook to prepare against our return! I who was the responsible protector of three, otherwise unprotected, females, to be thrown into this ignominious position! What was to be done? The thought was maddening! I dared not go to Mrs. Dinwiddy's house, for how could I excuse myself for such an extraordinary want of gallantry? I resolved, however, to hasten round to the front of the theatre, to satisfy myself that the ladies were not awaiting my return in the retiring room. In vain I sought them there, and in vain I scrutinized the occupants of the boxes, thinking it possible, though not very probable, that "my party" might have changed their places—they were, to all intents and purposes, gone, leaving me to chew the cud of shame and regret. True, I had been spared the *exposé* of not being able to pay the cab-fare home, but that was a minor consideration compared with the reflection that I had escorted

three ladies to the theatre, and had allowed them to return from it by themselves. Not wishing to make an exhibition of myself for the benefit of the lobby loungers, who might see the confusion I was in, I went back to the stage in company with Fitzmortimer Sims, who had stood my friend throughout, but whom, unfortunately, I lost in the intricate turnings and windings of the stage, which chanced at that time to be more than usually crowded with scenery and "fitments." As soon as the business of the scene enabled me to wander about the premises, I sought Fitzmortimer in all directions, but found him not; and he had evidently left me behind, as my fair tormentors had done. The probability was that, having missed me in the bustle and confusion of the stage, and being in want of some refreshment after the evening's amusement, he had repaired to the "Blue Dragon," feeling a tolerable certainty that I should follow him thither. That renowned hostelry chanced to be in the neighbourhood of the theatre, and it was there I made Fitzmortimer Sims's acquaintance; but I doubted much whether I should join him on this occasion, for I had quite enough of excitement to last me more than one evening, and I thought it more prudent, especially as my funds were reduced to a cipher, to keep out of society until the next day.

The performances were now at an end, and the players were rapidly taking their departure; the lamps in the body of the theatre were extinguished, and the stage was almost reduced to darkness. Not being altogether accustomed to the penetralia of such a place, I had some difficulty in groping my way, and suddenly I found myself in one of the dressing-rooms. A fire was still burning somewhat brightly in the grate, and by its reflection I could discern, from certain palpable evidences, that it was the room which had been occupied by the *Romeo* of the night. There I was, in the sacred apartment where that love-born swain had adorned himself to meet the fascinations of the devoted Juliet! where, doubtless, in the march of time, hundreds of great actors had studied, and thought, and "fretted;" where all the well-known heroes of the classic drama had girded themselves for the mighty deeds they were called upon to achieve. These reflections passed rapidly through my mind, but they did not prevent me from exercising my visual organs, and I discovered, as well as the flickering light of the fire enabled me, a bottle of brandy from which the faithful *Romeo* had evidently been imbibing his "poison," and which, by some extraordinary accident, had been left on the top of his "dress-box." I did not stop to inquire into the cause of this phenomenon, nor did I for one moment doubt that I should be perfectly welcome to partake of the brandy if the owner were to see it in my possession, and, therefore, I very gladly imbibed as copious a draft as the strength of the spirit would permit. In short, nothing could have been more opportune, for I was much overcome by the annoyances I had experienced, and my nerves required a stronger stimulant than my pocket could supply. The benefit I derived from the restorative was so great that I took a second gulp, and immediately afterwards I discovered its effects stealing over me, for I had eaten nothing for several hours, and was, therefore, ill-prepared to resist the intoxicating in-

fluence of undiluted cognac. Fortunately, there happened to be an easy-chair in the room, and I instantly threw myself into its comforting embraces. In a few moments I fell into a sound sleep, and was soon visited by a dream, in which all the celebrated actors and actresses I had ever seen, (including the representative of *Romeo* on the occasion described,) appeared before me—some in their private costume and others attired in such dresses as were familiar to me from the stage. The most extraordinary fact was that kings, queens, heroes, warriors, brigands, priests, "chamber-maids," "old women," "heavy fathers," "walking gentlemen," and every description of historic character were jumbled together in the most heterogeneous confusion; and ghosts, witches, clowns, and fairies, seemed to be walking arm-in-arm. Ever and anon portions of a play were represented; and it struck me as being very remarkable, that, while a hero of tragedy was reciting a poetical speech, a jocose fellow would dart forward and introduce a burlesque scene with as much earnestness as if it really had some connection with the serious piece. But the most singular part of the dream was, that all the players, of whatsoever "line" or degree, appeared to act in a faultless manner; and I could only account for this fact by remarking that none of them seemed to have too much their own way—a state of things which, I was glad to perceive, had at length found favour on the stage. In the midst of all there stood forth the identical manager to whom I had explained the unlucky *contretemps* of the evening, and who most graciously welcomed my presence, and said he should be glad to see me at his theatre, free of entrance charge, "whenever the spirit moved me." I thanked him cordially for his disinterested kindness, and was about to contrast it with the treatment I had experienced from his *employé*, when I felt a violent tap on my shoulder and—I awoke! Wonder of wonders! I had slept all night in the theatre and the stage-door-keeper, on going his morning rounds, to see if all was right had brought me to a sense of my "perplexing predicament." A few words of explanation sufficed, for the man knew me very well by sight, and, feeling greatly relieved by the night's rest, disturbed though it was, I hastened homewards, the strange anomaly of my evening costume as adapted to a morning walk, causing some little merriment amongst the street idlers.

I had just left home in the afternoon, and was pondering on the events of the past night, when I met two of my old friends and boon companions, Harry Winter and Jack Spring. I was about to relate to them the adventures just recorded when the former said that, as far as the ladies were concerned, he "knew all about it," for he was at the theatre himself, and had observed Mrs. Dinwiddy and her daughters sitting in the boxes by themselves.

"Well, and what did you do?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Do!" replied Harry Winter, "I immediately joined them, of course, and offered them my services for the remainder of the evening."

"I was not aware you were acquainted with the family," said I (for I had lost sight of Harry lately, and was really ignorant of his movements.)

"Known them intimately for some months past," replied Harry "and

very nice people they are. The old lady is rather mean, certainly, but as to the girls, they are not to be surpassed for beauty and amiability."

"I quite agree with you in that sentiment," said I, "but what induced the party to leave the theatre before the performances had concluded, and before I could rejoin them?"

"Because dear Clementina complained of faintness and headache," said Harry, "and I could not allow her to remain at the theatre under such circumstances."

"Allow her!" I exclaimed, surprised at an expression which implied so much familiarity. "Have you, then, any control over Clementina's actions?"

"A great deal, I assure you," was the reply, "she follows my wishes in every thing, for she well knows they tend to her benefit."

"What mean you!" cried I, "becoming naturally jealous of the endearing language in which my friend was indulging."

"What do I mean?" he answered, "why, that I am engaged to be married to Miss Clementina Dinwiddy."

"The deuce you are!" said I, horror-stricken to think that I had been unprofitably spending my time and money in the hope of securing the same lady."

"A fact," he replied, curtly, "as this will serve to testify," and he showed me a miniature of the fair coquette which he carried in his pocket.

"And why have you kept the engagement such a profound secret?" I inquired.

"My dear fellow!" said Harry, "when a man is really in love with a girl, and seriously means to marry her, he does not usually publish the bans himself."

"Confound it!" said I, "she has jilted me."

"Don't call the lovely Clementina a jilt," exclaimed Harry Winter, with feigned indignation.

"If Harry threatens to play the indignant lover," said Jack Spring, who had just returned to us, after lighting a cigar at a neighbouring shop, "we had better change the subject and talk of something less agreeable than Clementina Dinwiddy."

We were very speedily furnished with the means of carrying out this suggestion, for we had not proceeded many steps further ere a summons was placed in my hands, to answer the complaint of Abraham Wiggins on the following day. Meantime I related to my friends at the "Blue Dragon" the particulars of the affray at the theatre, and of the extraordinary night I had passed. Fitzmortimer Sims, who was present, said he had left the theatre because Wiggins had accosted him in an insolent manner, and endeavoured to make him a party to the quarrel. But I desired no further explanations for I had received my share, and it need hardly be said that my reflections there-*anent* were by no means of an agreeable character. My love of society and my still stronger love of a fascinating damsel, had led me to hope I should pass a delightful evening, if not wholly free from

expense, certainly free from anything in the shape of molestation. And what were the consequences? An insult, a quarrel, a blow, a fractured mirror, a severance from the object of my most ardent aspirations, the revelation that she was engaged to another; and ("last scene of all") a summons to a police-court! Bitterly had I paid the penalty of my blindness and stupidity! But, no, it was not quite paid, for the summons had yet to be heard. I did not fail to obey it at the hour appointed, and was accompanied by Jack Spring, Fitzmortimer Sims, and my successful rival, Harry Winter. The complaint was investigated, and, as I thought, successfully answered; but my unlucky star still continued in the ascendant, and I was called upon to pay five pounds for the assault (because it took place in a gentleman's private room) and to defray the cost of repairing the looking-glass.

Such were the penalties I paid for following too industriously the "charms" of London Life! And, when I came to reflect calmly on all that had passed, I found abundant material to convince me that those who live too much for their friends have yet to learn the true meaning of friendship.

G. H.

THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

It has been said that, to write the life of Marlborough would be to write an eventful part of English history; it might be added, that a biography of his wife would be a narrative of all that was most interesting in the reign of Queen Anne. If the duke fought the battles against the French abroad, bringing glory and taxes to his country, the duchess fought his battles at home against jealous intrigues and calumnies of the meanest description. Of the two, the lady had, perhaps, the more difficult task. The Queen and herself were accustomed to chat together, call each other pet names—Anne being Mrs. Morley, and Sarah (the duchess) Mrs. Freeman. They had scandal enough to talk about, at all events, as one of them, at least, could recollect the wild doings at the court of the Merry Monarch. Mrs. Freeman could tell the story of her sister Frances, the most beautiful woman of her time, who, dressed as an orange-girl, went through the streets, and carried notes of assignation in her basket from one box in the theatre to another. Afterwards this lady was married to Tyrconnell, and was the first person who met King James in his flight from the Boyne to Dublin Castle. Anne was sometimes talkative, but usually sullen. Her husband, Prince George, was a good-humoured sot, who always wished for a quiet life and regretted even the trouble of joining William. The Queen, then, was entirely in the hands of Lady Churchill; and we can comprehend how she was bored beyond endurance with accounts of the exploits of the duke—his valour, his services, his loyalty, and disinterestedness. While his enemies abused him, why should his wife stand tamely by and listen?

She was grasping, imperious, and haughty, but fond of her husband—un-fashionably fond of him. When her once beautiful hair was gray, and Lord Conyngham proposed for her wealth and rank, the old woman drew herself proudly up and said: "If I were fair and young as I once was, instead of being old and ugly as I am, and you could lay the wealth of an empire at my feet, you should never take that hand which once belonged to Marlborough." With all her art the duchess was not able to hold her own with the Queen, and fought with her at the end of the chapter. It was whispered about court that her grace had a temper, and displayed some of it to her Majesty. She frightened Anne into a sense of her situation, and another favourite was chosen. Then, when too late, did Mrs. Freeman beg, beseech, and even weep, to make friends with Mrs. Morley; but Mrs. Morley was deeply hurt and would listen to no explanation. The only answer the Queen would vouchsafe to her importunities was, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none;" alluding to a saucy expression which the duchess had made use of in addressing her.

Having gallantly given "places aux dames," turn we now to the great captain of his age. From accounts gathered on all sides we can learn that he was a very handsome man, and, as the phrase was then understood, a fine gentleman. His manners were particularly attractive and courtly, and made him a general favourite, when very young, in all the revels of Whitehall. Like the "Young Lochinvar," he became as distinguished in love as in the field, and was a rival of Charles himself for the good graces of the Countess Castlemaine. That lady made him a handsome present of £5,000, and Captain Churchill, with a prudential foresight rather unusual in a gay Lothario, immediately invested it in purchasing for himself an annuity of £500 a year. Macaulay uses a very hard word in speaking of the relations between the captain and the countess, but he has nothing but hard words every where for Marlborough. Churchill certainly owed a great deal of his promotion to the interest of the countess, and was banished in a friendly manner to France, having got a company first in the Guards. When we think of his after career it is curious to consider that his first real service was in the cause of Louis XIV., in putting down the United Provinces. Here he enjoyed the immense advantage of studying the science of war under the greatest military engineer and the most successful generals then in Europe, Vauban, Conde, and Turenne. Marlborough (then plain Colonel or Captain Churchill) was, on one occasion, thanked for his distinguished conduct by Louis, in person, at the head of his army. He returned to England a still more polished gentleman than when he left, from contact with the French court. His political perfidy afterwards is now perfectly established. His promise to bring over the army under his command, to the side of the enemy, is an instance of gigantic treachery. With that, however, and all the other squabbles about him which have engaged the Guelphs and Ghibellines, Whigs and Tories, in endless disputes and recriminations, this article is not ambitious enough to deal, but there is one circumstance in his career that deserves all publicity amongst Irishmen, and is not out of place in an

Irish Journal. So anxious was Marlborough to entice Irish soldiers into his army, that he, on several occasions, communicated with the English cabinet for the purpose of getting such concessions for the Catholics as would reconcile them to the British service. Here is one of his letters to Mr. Secretary Harley, which the reader will find among his letters and despatches, as edited by Sir George Murray :

“ I know not where the Irish regiments in the French pay may serve this campaign, but it is likely some of them may come on the Moselle. I believe, in that case, it might not be difficult to influence good numbers to quit that service, if I could be at liberty to give them any encouragement, and, therefore, pray you will take the first opportunity to move the Queen in it at the cabinet ; and if my lords of the council think it advisable for her Majesty to take the same measures about them on this side as in Portugal, I pray you will hasten over to me the like powers and other papers, as were sent to the Duke of Schomberg, with what further instructions her Majesty may think fit to give on this subject.” The meaning of the allusion to Portugal was this. Under the condition of their deserting, Irish officers were offered the same rank and standing in the Anglo-Portuguese army as they had previously held in the French service. I believe those of our countrymen who would accept of such an offer would only do so upon the understanding that they could afterwards return to Ireland. But this doubtful advantage, it appears, was denied them, and they remained to become naturalized Spanish and Portuguese subjects.

In the diplomatic correspondence of the Right Hon. Richard Hill, envoy at the court of Savoy, during the reign of Queen Anne, the following document has come to light :—“ Whereas, there are several of our subjects of our kingdom of Ireland, and other subjects, who now serve in the armies of our enemies, who, we are informed, are willing to quit that service, provided they may be assured of our pardon, and of being entertained in our service, or in the service of our allies ; we have, therefore, thought fit to authorize and empower you to give all reasonable assurances that such our subjects, both officers and soldiers, as shall quit the services of our enemies, and come over to the king of Spain, or any other of our allies, shall have our gracious pardon for all crimes and offences committed by them in adhering to or serving under our enemies, and for any crime and offence relating thereto, and that they shall be received and entertained in the service of the King of Spain, or some other of our allies, where they shall best like, in the same quality and with the same pay as they enjoyed under our enemies.” This was an excellent *ruse de guerre*, especially at a time when the Irish officers were treated jealously by the French government. But the wild geese would not be decoyed to the farm-yard. The voice of the charmer was a waste of sweetness. They had new hopes and fresh aspirations in the land that welcomed them, perhaps friends there, and many brothers in arms. Some of them may have had French wives, and, considering the traditional temperament of Irishmen, this is not unlikely. It is well for us to know that their courage and prowess attracted the notable attention of Marlborough, and compelled

a concession from the English cabinet which remains an undeniable certificate of their worth and valour.

Marlborough has been reproached with every crime that could occur to those politically his opponents. His friends have sung his praises falsely, but have shirked from defending many unworthy accusations brought against him. That he was avaricious, though lavish enough in spending money on himself and his palaces, there can scarcely be a doubt. It is said that his most intimate associate Prince Eugene, when the duke was speaking to him of the loyalty and love he felt for his Queen, turned to some one near him and remarked, *sotte vocè*, "His Queen! Yes—Regina Pecunia." It is hard to believe that the victor of Ramillies and Blenheim, was making money upon the sale of bread, entering into contracts with Mr. Solomon Medina and other accommodating Israelites, and selling officers' commissions to the highest bidders, thus pocketing perquisites all manner of ways by which they could become at. Yet, his answers to those charges are very equivocal; and he got badly out of them. In his latter days, deprived of all honours from his government, though still retaining a place in the hearts of the people, he left England and went to live in France. On the death of Queen Anne, he returned and was welcomed with extraordinary enthusiasm by the nation. George I. received him warmly, and Alison says, "was proud to do honour to the chief under whom he himself had gained his first honours on the field of Oudenarde."

Two years before he died Marlborough heard of the death of his daughters, the Countess of Bridgewater and the Countess of Sunderland, both very young, who passed away within a few days of each other. From this shock, (for he appears to have been as affectionate a father as such a great man could have time to be,) he never thoroughly recovered. Not long afterward Garter-King-at-Arms proclaimed his style and titles, with all pomp, over the tomb, and in those words the ceremonial concluded, "Thus, it has pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory world the most high, mighty, and noble prince, John, Duke of Marlborough."

Of the literary men who lived in this age almost all that could be said (and something more) has been already both said and written. Mr. Thackeray, it may be asserted, has led the fashion, and no person was better qualified, he himself having assumed many of the airs and the style of that period. The sound English in which he expresses himself and the sarcasm which has made his reputation, are both of the age of Swift and Addison. Yet, in his lectures he is scarcely grateful to those to whom he is indebted. The only way his exaggerations can be excused is, perhaps, on the following grounds. There is a certain class of lectures where the lecturer is assisted in his recitals by the appropriate aids of music and scenery. Thus, when Mr. Gordon Cumming kills an elephant for an admiring audience, as large, or at any rate, very like a whale, he helps their imagination to conceive its magnitude and his skill, by showing to them an illuminated picture of the performance. The advantages of such an aid are at once obvious. It prevents people from listening with their eyes shut, which should, for evident reasons, be avoided, by giving them some-

thing to look at, and is an immense saving of words, as it is only necessary, generally speaking, to point out with a wand the points of interest, and recite a verse from any popular poem that has as little as possible connection with the subject. Now, a literary lecturer, (unless he professes science, and then he may have as many tricks and apparatus as a conjuror,) is, unfortunately, from the exigencies of convention and usage, deprived of such assistance. He is, then, compelled, to do something that will keep alive the attention of the listeners. If he cannot show them dioramic pictures and introduce an orchestra, he paints a word portrait coarsely, and with glaring colours. The thicker the paint the more effective before the foot-lights; he knows where to put in light and shade, and having daubed away, introduces what more resembles a sign-board than a likeness of the original. As for music, he is never at a loss, as he can take up his own trumpet and blow an obligato upon it any time he likes. In this way it must have been that Mr. Thackeray got up the "English Humorists," and hawked them about England and America. The manner in which he describes Swift is manifestly unjust. Addison, in one of his novels, is put down as a tippler, and Steele as a vagabond. Who will chronicle in a hundred years hence, how many glasses of port the author of "Vanity Fair," takes after dinner, and how much he owes his grocer? With such important matters Mr. Thackeray has occupied himself about the men whose reputation lives fresher than ever, though more than a century has gone by. Literary fame is, indeed, dearly purchased, if there are to be many future satirists like Mr. Thackeray.

It is curious to reflect that, in despite of the perpetual feuds of Whigs and Tories, persons would find leisure to read those delightful essays on "Sir Roger de Coverly" and the classic criticisms upon "Paradise Lost." A leading article in a modern newspaper would scarcely venture upon a merely literary subject or a domestic abuse except its special province was to deal with such matters. Political intelligence and sittings of Parliament, or the grievances, accidents, wonders, and murders of the day, engage its columns. In the time of Queen Anne such a thing as our newspaper was unknown. In the reign of William, so important and horrible an event as the massacre of Glencoe was scarcely noticed in the public journals. The coffee-houses were greatly in vogue. The merits of a poem or a play were there discussed—Pope's last verses, Addison's latest paper, Swift's clever *brochure*, or Dennis's newest diatribe—with as much interest as the movements of Lord Palmerston or the budget of Mr. Gladstone at a modern reform club. It is only when the editor is driven to desperation to furnish the necessary copy, that he now takes to ridiculing the fashions or printing a lament from seven Belgravian mothers, composed by the idle wits of London, or noticing the untimely and prodigious growth of a turnip in some very remote district. But the "Spectator" was the *magister morum* of the day. The manners, habits, and humours of Queen Anne's Cockney subjects are there reflected, as in a mirror, with unequalled fidelity. It gives us an insight into the lives of soldiers, courtiers, politicians, mohawks, theatres, fine ladies, prize-fighters, actors, and demi-reps, and contains an

account of one country gentleman that has won all our hearts. They are ingeniously made to display themselves by writing their own description. A barmaid sends a letter to the "Spectator," and tells all the wiles and coquetish airs by which customers are brought to her counter. Simon Honeycomb is bashful in society, and wishes to know a corrective for his complaint. Nathaniel Henroost is one of that tribe of unfortunates known as hen-pecked, and he makes his bow to the public asking their sympathy. His wife (he says) is pretty, but a vixen. The man is evidently a hopeless case, for he seems rather proud of his miserable condition. In another page Jack Modish complains that London fashions are overrunning the villages, and that, on last Sunday, at church, the rustic beauties were decked out with ribands, like victims for the sacrifice. Isaac Hedgeditch is anxious to be told (Isaac follows the precarious calling of a poacher) how many dogs the "Spectator" considers it would be legitimate to bring into the field, and how many pots of ale it is allowable for a man to drink after the day's sport. Lydia Novell is dying of love. She tells us her beau is a careless fellow, and will never come to the point; he is rich though, and that reconciles Lydia to the delay. Even Doll Tearsheet has a place in this motley company, which is much more numerous than select. Out of the entire you will not find one man thoroughly virtuous, or a woman pretending to be chaste, unless the first has the air of a hypocrite and the second the manners of a prude. Taking this book as a criterion of the state of society in London at the time it came out, there could have been but little improvement since the Restoration.

The plays of the time partook of many of the faults which disgraced those in which Nell Gwynne used to perform; and when the curtain was about to fall the chief actor or the prettiest actress spouted a frothy verse about virtue. No wonder that the ladies flocked to the first representation of a piece when its character was supposed at least to be doubtful, because common modesty forbade their appearance the second time it was played, when its character could not be doubted at all. It would be an unpardonable omission to leave out the name of Swift in a record, however slight, of the days of Queen Anne. He has identified himself with the great movements of parties, is hand-and-glove with those in power, and has stirred the town daily with essays, lampoons, ballads, pasquinades, and witticisms, in all shapes. Every body has had their say about this wonderful dean. People never tire hearing of him. Sir Walter Scott has been his biographer; Roscoe, the historian of Leo the Tenth, has been his editor. The Cathedral in which he held office, the house he lived in, the women who loved him, even the men whom he attacked, have all become interesting because of their having some connexion with him. One feels at a loss, then, to write anything of so recognised a genius that has not been written before. Let us take advantage, however, of that journal to Stella, where he jotted down almost every occurrence of his life—that journal, where he seems almost to think aloud. A happier selection might have been made, but we will follow his movements for a day or two during the month of December 1711. On the first, Swift writes to Stella that he

has an invitation to dine with Mr. Masham. He strolls down early in the morning to White's, the fashionable coffee-house, but is not fortunate enough to meet that gentleman. Lord Wharton sees him in the crowd, but Jonathan pretends not to notice him. My lord will not take the cut, however, and runs through a crowd of impatient bucks over to the dean, catches his hand, and, probably, compliments him on his last book. Mr. Swift believes that his lordship wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang that incorrigible dean. He is very anxious about the printer announcing a second edition of some one or other of his works, and wonders why he does not call; it is most likely a political squib, for he finds a letter on his table from Lord Harley, informing him that Harley's father would wish two small alterations made. Next day he is up early, having an appointment with a needy poet called Frowde, who, for reasons best known to himself, can only come out on Sundays. That squib has made a wonderful noise! Mr. Swift dines with the secretary, and they converse about it over their dinners. The secretary says the Dutch envoy intends to complain of it. The dean is amusingly scared at the sound himself has made; it has taken such astonishing effect people are trying to guess the author. Some lay it to Prior and others to St. John; but Mr. Swift remarks, very innocently, that he himself is the first put down for everything of the kind. It touches the Dutch envoy on so sore a part that he refuses to meet Dr. Davenant, thinking the doctor wrote it. A third edition is required. This one goes to Ireland, to be reprinted in Dublin, read up and laughed over everywhere. At two o'clock, on the 15th, Mr. Swift went to pay his respects to Mrs. Masham. She is at home, but begged to be excused for a while until she tried on a new dress. While waiting, the Lord Treasurer is announced and enters. He immediately commences rallying Mr. Swift, and somehow, though he is a lord treasurer, he seems to get the worst of the badinage. On the 15th, the dean finishes this chapter of his journal from which those extracts have been taken. He wishes his M. D.—his dearest M. D. (Stella)—farewell! He wishes her also a merry Christmas! He sends his love, and, once more, farewell! It is impossible to appreciate the wit of Dean Swift at its full value. So much of it was impromptu, and dashed off for an occasion, that it has now lost its applicability; but many of his sayings are of such true vintage that they have only improved by keeping. If the flavour is sometimes too strong for our more delicate palates, it should be remembered that a spade was only called a spade then, and for many years afterwards. We read that at the tables of most gentlemen the parson was always expected to retire with the ladies, as the conversation after dinner was such that a clergyman could neither join in or listen to. The grand aunt of Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Keith of Rivelstone, when very advanced in years, applied to Sir Walter, then a young man, to get for her the novels of Mrs. Afra Behn. Scott complied with her request, though he could not help feeling some qualms of conscience at supplying an old lady with the most licentious books in the language. He was relieved from all uneasiness, however, as the volumes were returned almost immediately. "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn," said Mrs. Keith;

"and, if you take my advice, put her in the fire. But is it not a strange thing," she added, "that I, a woman of eighty, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to look through a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles of the best company in London."* There is no special-pleading defence here offered for Swift from the accusation of employing language that would not now be tolerated; but, as we see, ladies were not ashamed to read infinitely worse books many years after Swift had died. The Dean of St. Patrick's did not attempt, as Wordsworth said of his own poetry, "to create the taste by which he was to be enjoyed." He found what the taste of the town was, and, as he invariably wrote for a utilitarian and practical purpose, he risked no experiments on fine writing. He used such images and such words as were current in drawing-rooms, in the coffee-houses, in the streets, and in the theatre, and everybody comprehended them. This highly moral and advanced age gives reports of trials and issues advertisements more immodest than anything Swift ever published; and if, in two hundred years hence, that New Zealander of Lord Macaulay should turn over a file of newspapers in one of his museums, when he comes to some of the proceedings in the court of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, he may express himself just as shocked as the virtuous Englishman who cannot bear to hear the name of Swift mentioned in his presence.

There are, in the history of literature, many authors whom their readers are accustomed to look upon in the light of personal friends and favourites. The great poets and historians are mostly excluded from this intimate communion as they seem too superior in intellect to associate with us mere ordinary mortals. No amount of extravagance or careless habits will have the effect of making us shut our doors in the face of a literary scapegrace who is harmless and unselfish, and of whom the old saying holds good, that he is nobody's enemy but his own. Such a man was Sir Richard Steele, such a man was Oliver Goldsmith. Even Macaulay, when he did the vicious work for the Edinburgh Review, softens towards Steele, and calls him "poor Dick" in a tone of affectionate commiseration. Hard-hearted Mr. Thackeray finds occasionally a generous word for the honest fellow, and the only man who ever abused him was that unfortunate Dennis, who abused every one, and he was won round, in the end, and absolutely did what he was never known to do before—wrote a civil criticism upon Steele's play of "The Conscious Lovers," but he was so unaccustomed to being civil that it was pronounced the worst thing the Grub street Hack ever produced. Steele is scarcely ever spoken of as Sir Richard; one would almost as soon think of calling rare Ben Jonson by the formal name of Benjamin. That he wheedled Addison out of many a guinea, that he drank it, that he vowed reformation, and never reformed; that he kept queer company and said queer things, and wrote such as but few men, in that Augustan era could write, we are all fully aware, and he is not

* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles. 1713-1783. By Lord Mahon. Volume seventh.

liked the less for his faults. It is wonderful how Steele kept his writings pure from the taint of his life and his surroundings. Somebody worthy the task, and able, ought to give his biography to the public, with the reading portion of whom he is already a favourite. The most curious incident in his curious career was his trying, as a last resource, to raise money by bringing fresh fish to the market. He was to carry live salmon from the coast of Ireland to London, by means of yawls furnished with deep wells, the wells to contain a sufficient quantity of river water to float the fish. He took out a patent for this scheme in the month of June, 1718, and, together with a Mr. Gilmore, absolutely fitted a vessel with all the necessities to test his invention. It was a dead failure—literally a dead failure—for not one of the salmon showed the slightest sign of life at the conclusion of the voyage, having been bruised to pieces against the sides of the ship. Dick had to bear the brunt of a year's ridicule on his failure, though, perhaps, he did not take the loss of the money so much to heart, as, in all probability, the most of that belonged to Mr. Gilmore. To linger with Pope would be a pleasant theme, but who is not familiar with his history? The delicate, puny creature, surrounded in his retreat with his books, and his flowers, and his clever friends, with the grotto which he has immortalized in such a beautiful verse, but which, in reality, must have been a damp cave, and, to a dull imagination, haunted by the demons of catarrh and rheumatism—all have been dilated upon until the picture has lost the charm of its novelty. He seems to have been in his childhood in the full sense of the term, precocious. He wrote passable verses when other lads of his age would be trying to stammer through their school tasks. Before he was twenty he frequented the coffee-house, and was gratified with a glimpse of the great Dryden, whom he almost worshipped. At sixteen he conversed with Wycherly and was proud of the honour ever afterwards. But he was far too weak to enjoy the pleasures of dissipation, though he seemed willing enough to indulge in them, for, as he himself tells us, he was at one time

“The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.”

His health compelled him to keep early hours and live moderately, so he remained at home tending his sick mother, who was a confirmed invalid, with a touching care and solicitude, which his biographers have never forgotten to extol. Pope was not destined, however, to be neglected by the world. Even the exclusive world of fashion followed him to his villa at Twickenham, and solaced the heavier hours of the poet with the elegant trifling and gossip then so much in vogue. Though physically weak and puny, Pope had a weapon always at hand for those who insulted him. His very delicacy rendered him doubly sensitive to any slight offered to his person, or to any sneer at his merit as an author. His revenge was scathing. His satire spared no fault or misfortune of its object. It has been said that those whom he so terribly punished deserve somewhat of our pity, even though their offence was great, for that

no guilt could be commensurate with the chastisement he inflicted. Yet he was both generous and kind-hearted, whenever a fair claim was made on his purse. He assisted Dodsley, the publisher, when Dodsley was starting in business with very small means; and he was a good friend to wretched, Savage, a clever, but vicious man, who became so besotted in the end, that Pope could not know him, and yet, to the last he helped his necessities, and kept him from starvation. Few authors were so fortunate in securing a respectable income by their profession as Pope. He was enabled to purchase an fortune of £500 a year, which was afterwards found charged on the Duke of Buckingham's estate. The subscriptions he obtained for his translation of Homer were very large; and in June, 1713, he wrote to a friend in Paris to look after a considerable sum,—3,030 livres, and 5,520 livres, which his father had invested in the French funds. The family of Pope, being of the Catholic religion, incapacitated them, in a great measure, from securing any property or moneys they might have, and this would account for their sending to France any available capital. Pope lived into the age when the first of the Georges was King; but I would be travelling beyond the record to follow him in the most interesting portion of his career, and, besides, would be bringing the reader through a beaten path with which every one is acquainted.

W.B.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PARLIAMENT STREET.

No portion of the metropolis has witnessed a longer succession of changes than the line of street which stretches from Essex-bridge to the Exchange. Previous to the middle of the eighteenth century, when Howard, the architect, at the instance of Parliament, projected a plan for "improving and widening the thoroughfare," it consisted of a narrow and tortuous passage, almost impassable by day, and impenetrable at night, (when its curious intricacies were sparsely lighted by reeking oil lamps,) to all save the choice spirits who frequented the taverns with which it abounded. The names of several of those primitive restaurants have been handed down to us, principally in connection with instances of the wit and foibles of their most eminent frequenters. Near the bridge, and under the shadow of the old Custom House, stood for many years, the famous "Sots' Hole," a tavern honoured by the patronage of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, and Dr. King, of Oxford, and we have notices of other eminent places of entertainment scattered up and down the fugitive literature of the seventeenth century. The trade of the street was principally divided between the printers and woollen-drapers, for notwithstanding its uninviting appearance, it appears to have been a place of no small resort. Amongst its inhabitants was George Faulkener, the publisher of the *Dublin Journal*, at whose table Swift was an occasional guest, and whose wooden leg subjected him to the merciless raillery of the humorous writers of the day; and David Hay, Printer to his Majesty, who carried

on business for a considerable period at the sign of the King's Arms. On the western side of the street, near Essex-gate, lived, in the year 1740, James Hoey. He was a Catholic publisher of respectable standing, and the proprietor of a newspaper, *The Dublin Mercury*, which attained, under his careful direction, an amount of public influence that caused it to be chosen as the official organ of the Irish Government during the brief viceroyalty of Lord Townshend. Hoey, it would seem, contrived, whilst satisfying all the demands of his conscience, to bask in the sunshine of the patronage of the public and of the government. His contributing staff numbered in its ranks no less personages than Marlay, the Dean of Ferns; Courtenay, subsequently made a treasury commissioner; and Jephson, whose posthumous fame as a dramatist has been regulated, with little regard to his own credit, by the judgment of posterity.

It was a warm period in the politics of Dublin, or rather in the politics of the country of which Dublin, in virtue of its rank as metropolis, was the controlling guide and centre. The *Freeman's Journal* was in the hands of the celebrated Dr. Lucas, with whom the notion of making the press a systematic weapon to be wielded in defence of the public liberties, appears to have first originated. A long and brilliant controversy obtained between the wits of the *Mercury* and the heavy artillery of the *Freeman*, in which the rival talents exerted themselves to the utmost; and their readers were kept charmed by a contest in which the logic on one side was equalled by the dexterous humour on the other. In the midst of this excitement, daily familiar with the click of the types and the creaking of the presses in her father's office, Elizabeth, Hoey's youngest daughter, grew up in all that matchless perfection of form and accomplishment of mind which secured her a foremost place amongst the beauties and amiabilities of the day. We are told that her form was of slender and exquisite mould, that her features were regular, except that her nose was coquetishly retroussé; that her eyes were blue, and her hair of a deep straw colour, almost inclining to golden. She was reputed to have the finest hands of any woman in the empire, so small as not to be fitted by gloves of ordinary size; and her slipper supplied Daly, the patentee of Crow Street Theatre with a model of the celebrated slipper in the extravaganza of *Cinderella*. Of her education, we know that she was mistress of Italian and French, a capital musician, and a landscape painter of no small merit. Thus fortified for society and the world, Elizabeth, at a very early age, became a pet lioness in the literary and even in the aristocratic circles of her native city, where she was caressed as a prodigy, and where those far-seeing, but often self-deluded prophets, who pretend to detect the germ of a whole forest in a grain of mustard seed, were not slow to predict for her a future of triumph and happiness. Fortunately for her own peace, her good sense preserved her from being carried away by the gallantries and polite attentions which she encountered on every side. She avoided display with a nervousness springing from an innate sense of refinement, preferring the society of her sister Grace, a prudent and an amiable girl, and her senior by a few years, to all the attractions which the world could afford her.

Mr. Hoey was tenderly attached to both his daughters, and felt a justifiable pride in the triumphs of the younger. His wife died early; and a better motive than mere vanity might be ascribed to the pleasure with which he congratulated himself on the fruits of the care bestowed on the culture of his children.

It was an evening of July, 1788, and a family party were seated round the tea-table in the front drawing-room, over the *Mercury* printing office. Besides the immediate members of the family, there was present Gabriel Guestier, a young gentleman of French extraction, and largely connected with the wine trade of Bordeaux. Opposite him sat Charles Talbot, an Englishman, of some twenty five years, with a wild, artist-like expression of head and face, and a pair of dark eyes, whose depths grew luminous with a suppressed fire whenever they turned on Elizabeth, as she sat with her back to the window, her pretty hand trifling with the gilt pendants of the tea urn. Above the fire-place, was an oval glass in an antique frame, surmounted by a burning phoenix, (one of the conventional atrocities of the period.) Gabriel's eyes were fixed with a sort of quiet fascination on the mirror, and his object in watching it would scarcely be guessed by one not aware that the glass reflected the profile of Grace Hoey. Grace loved him, and never did human passion meet with a more tender and earnest requital. The attachment had the sanction of her father: and it had been arranged that, before Winter, the young people should commence the world together; he strong in her love—she upheld by the nobleness of her reliance. Poor Elizabeth had a swarm of admirers, addicted to sonneteering and guttaring, but as yet no recognized lover! The men whom she met were either too sarcastic or too foppish to win the heart of a woman who prided herself, above all things, on her proper appreciation of character. All her experience had tended to make her only

“A student of happy faces, a lover of none.”

It is a singular phenomenon of the heart, that when it feels most indifferent, it is most in danger. The cord snaps where we thought it soundest; the road turns at a point whence we anticipated miles of perspective. So it was with Elizabeth. She had sunned her pretty person in the smiles of a Viceroy without feeling a single craving for his throne and coronet; and now (oh, inscrutable heart!) she was to fall a victim to the dark eyes of Charles Talbot, a poor and unknown artist!

They had been acquainted only a few months at the date of our story. Charles had sought employment from her father on the strength of a letter of recommendation, furnished him by the Earl of Shrewsbury, a nobleman of whom Mr. Hoey had heard something from his friend the Viceroy. This introduction, backed by various proofs of his skill as a designer, procured him a ready and warm reception from the publisher, by whom he was immediately employed to illustrate an edition of Montaigne, printed for select circulation, at the instance of a French gentleman, residing in Dublin. A few days sufficed him to win the esteem and confidence of his employer, at whose table we found him on the abovementioned evening.

Mr. Hoey had fallen asleep in a large and luxuriously-cushioned arm-chair placed at the right of the fire. The twilight thickened in the room, and Elizabeth rose and placed lights on the table.

"Pray, Mr. Talbot," she asked, "how old is your friend, the earl?"

Charles smiled. "I should think he cannot be much older than I—that is to say about the same age. We are very intimate."

"Your aristocracy, of course, improve upon acquaintance," said Guestier, with a quiet sneer, intended to reflect upon Talbot's patron. "Must mountains be always viewed from a distance?"

"That," replied Talbot, uttering his words rapidly, "depends in many instances on the taste of the observer. Like all other institutions, our aristocracy have mixed qualities—they are good and bad. You may compare some of them to capital Champagne, and others to very flat Bordeaux."

Grace reddened visibly, whilst the gray eyes of Guestier dilated on the speaker.

"Persons of quality, I should think, Mr. Talbot," exclaimed Grace, are too often apt to mistake sarcasm for wit, in the effort to make a figure amongst their acquaintances. I vow it is hard to blame them, when one remembers the flatteries by which they are surrounded.

It was Elizabeth's turn to speak. Evidently annoyed by the course the conversation had taken, and wishing to alter it, she exclaimed, "Saints, you are a pretty set of moralists to meet at a tea-table! Your talk is as dull as the last vaudeville. Come, answer me, Mr. Talbot—is this mighty earl handsome—is he refined?"

"Neither, I assure you," answered Talbot. "Take him for all-in-all, he might escape the envy of the men and the praises of the women, at a drum or a rout."

"Is he a brilliant talker, then—good at *bon mot* and repartee?"

"Well, so, so, Miss Hoey. He once turned, to my knowledge, a pretty epigram for a cat's collar—Lady Titfaddle's cat. S'death, and who'd take him to be a man of parts?"

"Married, of course, Mr. Talbot?" put in Grace, in a tone of elaborate carelessness.

"The gods have ordained otherwise. He is as single as a cane without the ivory, Miss Hoey. Gad, how some men escape and others are meshed might furnish matter for a second *Tatler*!"

"It is very obvious that your patron has very little of your affection, Mr. Talbot," said Guestier, as he handed Elizabeth the snuff dish. "He was a wise man who sought to be saved from his friends—eh?"

"Mr. Guestier misapprehends," replied Talbot, lifting the cup to his lips. "If the earl favour me, am I, for that reason, to become the gazette of his parts and goodnesses? Ah, I'd rather be a kitten, and cry 'mew,' as somebody says, than play the lacquey to any man's whimsicalities."

"Your spirit does you credit, Mr. Talbot," said Elizabeth. "I wish it were more commonly diffused amongst us."

"Bless me, how long have I slept?" said Mr. Hoey, starting up in his chair, and looking with some surprise at his guests.

Talbot rose, shook hands with Grace and Elizabeth, in whose fingers his own lingered for a moment, bowed slowly to Guestier, and took his departure. He was quickly followed by Grace's lover, and, Mr. Hoey having retired, the girls found themselves alone. Elizabeth had fallen into a reverie whilst examining the ornamentation on a cup of green Venetian glass. She was startled by her sister's voice.

"Liz, dear," said Grace, "is'n't that Talbot a haughty creature. I could have boxed his ears over that bad Bordeaux metaphor."

"Elizabeth looked up and smiled at her sister's vivacity. "Would you have him hold his tongue, pet, when Mr. Guestier grew so pointed? Surely, all's fair in war, or the proverbs have fibbed for ages."

"A fico for your proverbs! I should have so liked to pull the wicked creature's black forelock when he turned that savage look on Gabriel," and Grace stamped her slipper on the carpet with pretty vehemence.

"My own Grace," said Elizabeth, with a voice full of pathos, as she flung her arms around her sister's neck, and looked in her face, "you speak daggers, but use none. You must not speak ill of *him* for my sake. Will it promise me?"

One step from the hearth, and Grace confronted her sister with a look of sublime triumph—"You love him!" she exclaimed, "that artist fellow. Oh! Titania, Titania! the gods release thee from this ugly spell!"

"You are most ungracious," cried Elizabeth, whose blood was suddenly roused by the last insinuation against her lover. "He deserves no such reproach from you, from me, from any one."

"The little spiteful," said Grace, in a soothing, patronising tone, "will not even have her sister joke with her. But, pet, seriously speaking, this will not do. We must look up, not down. It would break his heart, (and she pointed to the empty chair of Mr. Hoey) if you, gifted and accomplished, and pretty withal, became the wife of a man of inferior station. You must not think of it, sweet—must not."

Elizabeth sighed, and running her fingers over the water glasses set upon a table under the windows, hummed this stanza from a popular ballad of the time:

"I know not if he love me; I know not
If sweet approaches meet with cruel blows;
O! heart, with him I'd gladly share my lot,
Taking the world as it goes."

For a moment she looked at her sister, who stood before her, puzzled and irresolute as to what she should say, then taking her candle, she whispered a quick "good-night," and left the room. Grace looked mournfully after her for a moment, and shook her head thoughtfully. "How true," quoth she, "was the crooked moral of the gold finder! The fellow went to gather stones for a fence and found the materials of a fortune. Lucky Talbot! Heigh ho!" and, sighing to herself, she left the room.

Six months have passed away. Talbot and Guestier are cool friends. One is proud of his money and mercantile position, the other glories in his art, and has grown so sarcastic that Guestier, unable to compete with such a rival, quits the field in silence. Grace, notwithstanding her sympathy with her vanquished lover, begins to like Talbot, who was one of those happy men that improve upon acquaintance. There was an easy dignity about his manners that fascinated the fastidious eyes of the young lady, and puzzled her sorely as to how the owner acquired them. As for our poor Elizabeth she feared to reflect on the hold he had taken on her heart. To her the world meant only Charles Talbot. She never told her love; but he guessed rightly when he declared his, and received in return the blessed assurance which is the noblest requital sought by a man's heart.

A brilliant party had assembled one evening about the middle of autumn in Jephson's rooms, in Exchange-alley. Amongst the guests were Mr. Hoey, Grace, Elizabeth, and Guestier. The rooms were divided from each other by crimson hangings, slightly drawn aside, so as to expose the inside apartment to the company assembled in the front. It was the era of hoops and feathers, lappets and rouge. The rustle of silk, poplin, and brocade made a pleasant murmur; and the light of sixty candles, fixed in silver candelabra, flared down upon the picturesque groups as they moved across the polished floors. Elizabeth had seated herself behind a dowager-like lady deeply intent on a game of loo, and watched the cards with a quiet interest until her ear was struck by a well-known laugh in the next room. Suddenly a chorus of voices exclaimed, "Bravo!—good, a hit, a hit." A group gathered around a table, on which were placed drawing materials opened, and in its midst she saw Talbot wiping off some pencil stains from his delicate fingers. He had sketched a caricature of Charles Lucas, with whom the wits of the *Mercury* were then at war; and the resemblance was so ludicrously perfect as to elicit the plaudits of those to whom it was passed around. Guestier examined the crayon and his malignant eye at once detected its striking resemblance to Mr. Hoey.

"May I reckon on your goodness, Mr. Talbot," he asked, "to make this sketch my property?"

"Pshaw, a mere bagatelle—curl-paper; do what you like with it, my dear sir," replied Talbot.

"You have too low an opinion of your own talents, Mr. Talbot," said Guestier, taking a pencil and writing the words "Old Hoey," below the drawing. "You have placed me, for the first time, under a handsome obligation to yourself."

"I cry quits," said Charles, with considerable vivacity. "I cry quits; ta, ta," and he waved his hand to Guestier, as the latter rejoined the ladies.

"What do you think of that—fine performance—eh; admirable fidelity, Miss Hoey?"

Elizabeth blushed from her chin to her turban. "Is Mr. Talbot the artist?" he asked,— "is Mr. Talbot the artist?"

"Jove, he is," replied Guestier. "Everyone knew it at a glance. But what do those angry brows mean?"

"I am very ill," said Elizabeth; "oh, Mr. Guestier, oblige me and call a chair."

"I am sorry you should leave us, Miss Hoey, on so short a warning. May I offer you an ice?"

"Oh, pray, call a chair, I am so faint," and Elizabeth leant back with an air of pain and exhaustion.

Guestier had scarcely left the room when Charles came to seek her. "I've come, dear, to ask you for one little camelia out of that gorgeous bouquet. Eh, you refuse! Pray what have I done, Elizabeth?"

"Did you sketch this caricature?" she asked, without lifting her eyes, "I scarcely give you credit for so vile a performance."

"I must plead guilty to that indiscretion, Elizabeth."

"Indiscretion! Mr. Talbot. I should blush to say what I think of it."

"And—why——?"

"Is not the offence obvious? You have dared to caricature one whom not only I, but all who know him, esteem and love."

"Chair ready, Miss Hoey," cried Guestier, from the door.

"I hate scenes," she continued, "and will not rehearse one for the benefit of the company, to give the town talk for a fortnight—but——"

"Can there be any unfortunate misapprehension, Elizabeth? For goodness' sake judge me not so wildly! Do you ——"

"Chair, Miss Hoey, the links will go out in the draughts," cried Guestier, who watched the altercation with ill-disguised interest.

"I know all," said Miss Hoey, as she gathered her train over her arm, "and oblige me by not calling again when you have reason to think I am at home. You are too well bred to misunderstand me."

Talbot grew white. "And all for a silly caricature of a stupid oaf!" he said.

Elizabeth turned round sharply, and her words came thick and rapid:—

"It wanted but this insult, Mr. Talbot, to fill up the measure of your ingratitude; go, sir. In forcing an outrage on my best friend, you have lost all claim to my respect, for ever and for ever," and, so saying, she passed from the room clothed in all the majesty of anger.

Talbot saw her take Guestier's arm as they descended the stairs. A flower dropped from her bouquet: he hastened to pick up the precious relic of the light that had passed from him for ever, and place it in his bosom. The world seemed to have darkened suddenly on his soul, and he shivered in the new desolation which compassed him round.

"Doing the philosopher in satin breeches," said a friendly voice, as a friendly hand clapped him on the shoulder. He turned round and beheld Jephson standing beside him, a gleam of malignant humour in his eyes.

"Gad! yes," said Talbot. "Deuced weary, isn't it? Is there a bumper of claret under Olympus?"

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They were weary days and nights for Elizabeth Hoey, since she had parted in anger with Charles Talbot, since her sister had left her to become the mistress of a strange home, and the daisies grew upon her father's grave in a suburban churchyard. Often and bitterly she repented the unmerciful way in which she had treated him, who, with all his faults, (and they were as few as angelic visitations) loved and revered her. Against him there was but one damning accusation; and her resentment was somewhat sanctified by the honour due to a parent's memory. Frequently, looking back upon her past life and shuddering at the dreariness of the years before, she would forgive Talbot, passionately praying, in her innermost heart, that he might return, and be reconciled to a heart from which his sin had too long estranged him. And then came a revelation which ate to the very root of her peace of mind, and made her life an imitation of the old fruit, whose rind glows with crimson and vermilion, while the worm gnaws at its core. Charles Talbot was innocent! Grace's husband had divulged the secret, in a fit of confidence, and his wife, in sheer pity, communicated it to her sister. It was the beginning of an epoch of misery and self-reproach, from which all justification of her past conduct, was rejected. Her heart was sickened when it contemplated, not only her own sufferings, but the pain and humiliation of one whom, a harmless jest had driven from her side for ever. Thus the months waned, and the years broadened into increase, and the rose left the cheek of Elizabeth Hoey. She became weak and despondent; and to assuage her melancholy accepted an invitation from the Walkers, friends resident in London, in the poor hope that the gaiety and variety of the metropolis of the world, might charm away the cares which threatened to sap the foundations of her life. Alas, for human expectations! In the new world to which she was introduced, she felt lonelier and sadder than ever; its vastness overpowered her—its lack of sympathy but superadded to the sorrows of heart and brain. Poor Elizabeth!

Descending one evening, with a half dozen friends, the approach leading to an exhibition of engravings in Fleet street, she recognized Charles Talbot. He was paler and thinner than when last she saw him; his dress was on the verge of shabbiness, and his whole exterior wore an air of misery and want. Unconsciously, he came within the circle of light shed from a lamp, in the centre of the hall, so close to her that she could hear him breathe, so close that the sleeve of his threadbare coat touched the dainty velvet in which her shoulders were enfolded. Elizabeth's heart beat violently and quickly, she would have given worlds to speak to him, but one word—one little word to interpret the horrible past, and win his forgiveness. A rush of carriages swept by the doors pressing back the crowd and dividing the poor girl from her companions. She had lifted her hand to touch Talbot's arm when a man, shabbier than even he, approached familiarly, and with a rough touch to his hat addressed him:—

"About that little affair, Mr. Talbot, the seventy-four, you know!—can't wait no longer must sponge you to-morrow, as I'm a gentleman."

Talbot laughed sarcastically. "My good fellow, follow your instructions

and don't mind me. 'Tis deuced hard for a man to be put between the lion's jaws for a trifle, but, gad! there's no helping it."

"Seventy-four pounds is an ugly touch, you know, sir. Sponge we must;" and the speaker dropped his stick by way of emphasis.

"There, don't bother me," said Talbot, drily. "I presume, you charge nothing for fresh air in your bastille, eh? and, as for your table, I defy you to annoy me, thanks to Duke Humphry. Zooks, will they ever let us out of this place?"

"I'll tip you a look in the morning," said the shabby stranger. "Let me see," he continued, producing a greasy note-book, "fourteen Eldred street. Be able to stump, sir?"

"Won't promise," said Talbot, in a careless way. "If the sky rain larks to-night, I'll hawk them at a groat a dozen, to-morrow, and refund with interest. *Bon soir*," and, before Elizabeth could arrest his progress, he had plunged through the crowd and disappeared, leaving her miserable and bewildered.

Miserable and bewildered, but not irresolute, with a woman's keenness she comprehended the full drift of the interview she had inadvertently overheard, and with the morning's sun, the necessary sum, enclosed in the following letter, was sent, by a special messenger, to her old lover:

"DEAR MR. TALBOT—At the exhibition of engravings, last night, I encountered you on the stairs, and was an unwilling listener to a conference between yourself and a gentleman who, you will pardon me for presuming, was an unwelcome intruder. May the enclosed satisfy him; pray be my debtor until better days.

"ELIZABETH HOEY."

"P. S. I believe I did you great wrong in the matter touching the caricature of Mr. Lucas. I am very miserable—callous to consolation.

"E. H."

"P. S. Can I be of any assistance to you at present? If I have the ability, pray do not spare me.

"E. H."

Talbot's answer was despatched quickly.

"DEAR MISS HOEY—May I call you, as I once did, dear Elizabeth? Your gracious kindness overwhelms me; I can hardly imagine that the dear hand which wrote the lines you have sent is the same hand, a little wave from which, on a wretched occasion, condemned me for 'ever and for ever' to a life of hopeless misery. Oh, if you could but adequately comprehend the wrong you have done me that my forgiveness might have treble the worth it has! You know me to be poor, yet neither poverty nor ridicule can make me resign, unless you wish it, the claims I once enjoyed to your affections, or make me other than,

"Your very devoted,

"CHARLES TALBOT."

"P.S. By Jove, I go to your house to-day, to look after some old engravings which your friends are anxious to have preserved. Pray don't deny me the pleasure of even seeing you. I come at two."

She is seated, our poor Elizabeth is, in the drawing-room, before the engravings which in a few minutes shall be blessed by the critical eyes of Talbot. She almost dreads to meet him; every step in the street, every knock at the door, every sound on the stairs fills her heart with indefinable tumults. The hands of the French clock on the bracket at last point to the hour; the doors of the room fly back, and Mr. Talbot is announced. In one swift glance she perceives that his attire is altered, considerably for the better, that his coat is of slashed velvet, and his hat of the newest fashion. Mr. Talbot walked to the middle of the room, raised his hat to his chest and bowed elaborately.

"I dread, for many reasons, Miss Hoey, that I am an intruder here. Will you have the goodness to tolerate my presence for a few minutes, whilst I examine this bit of Albert Durer?"

"Pray, have the goodness to consider me as not present," said Elizabeth, mortified by the coldness of his address.

"I am under so many obligations to Miss Hoey that this condescension makes me feel I am an extortioner—with nothing to lend. Heigh ho!"

"Your sensitiveness is exquisite, Mr. Talbot. By the way, this is the picture, and that, when you have satisfied yourself, is the door."

Talbot laughed, mounted a chair, opened a small glass, and fell to an investigation of the picture—"Death and the Knight." Elizabeth took up a volume of Dryden, and in a trice was apparently buried deep in its beauties. She could have thrown herself without the slightest reserve at Talbot's feet, only that she feared he might spurn her with disdain. And then, how inexplicable his conduct! Urged by an impulse, she could not control, she raised her head, and beheld him sitting on the chair, his arms folded, his eyes fixed intensely on her. She rose to leave the room, when his voice arrested her.

"Elizabeth, dear, dear Elizabeth, it is three years since we met—three long years, love; and though you condemned me wrongly, I never once blamed you—never allowed a reproach to rise to my lips, for it would belie my heart and humiliate myself. I have been wronged, not by you, but by one who is too low for generosity. God forgive him! This night I leave Europe—perhaps, for ever; but before I say good-bye to the land which holds all that's dear to me under heaven—which holds you—I conjure you to say if you love me? Let me hear the truth, though it were death. I conjure you do? Wretched and poor as I may be, the knowledge that, of all the world, at least some one cares for me will be as a staff and a light in the desert I am facing."

What could poor Elizabeth do. He stood before her, his head sunken on his chest, his eyes on the floor, his hands hanging purposeless at his sides. She remembered how dear he was to her in the old time in Parliament street, when he formed the heroic ideal of her youth, she thought of his patient suffering, his manly grief, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed at the bidding of a divine impulse—"Charles—I do—if my heart be of any worth—you—you, alone have it."

"God bless you for this," he said. "And, if I lived in the old world, dear, toiling and labouring, you at my side, might I claim you by a still holier title, and call you, my own—my wife?"

Elizabeth turned her face on his shoulder, and wept.

Again the doors were thrown open and Mr. Walker entered.

"My lord," said that gentleman, "you surprise me. I had no notion, when you came to examine my Albert Durer, that you and my sweet friend were acquainted. 'Gad, Eliza, is it fair to ask where you've known the Earl of Shrewsbury?"

"The Earl of Shrewsbury!" exclaimed Elizabeth, starting back and gazing with a white terror on Talbot. "Oh, you jest with me, Charles; they jest with me, do they not?"

"Is the jest unpleasant, dear? Being an earl, am I less a man? You've known me as Charles Talbot: to that name I am privileged to add Earl of Shrewsbury. Mr. Walker, allow me to have the happiness of introducing you to the future countess," and Charles led Elizabeth up to her friend.

"Shame on you," said Elizabeth, and she laughed till her teeth flashed.

"Shame on you for the wicked imposition you played off last night."

"A *ruse*, sweet, and i'faith a neat one. May your loan be placed at interest?"

Elizabeth frowned and turned away.

"I hear a sound of marriage bells!" said Mr. Walker, jocosely.

"'Gad, you hear a month off—doesn't he, Liz?" said the earl, playfully.

Elizabeth made an inaudible reply, which no one heard, and we cannot be expected to chronicle; but that day month the daughter of the printer of Old Parliament-street became Countess of Shrewsbury.*

A DEAR OLD FRIEND.

High up in the quarter Recouville,
In a chamber that looks to the north,
I sit by the stove in the twilight,
The loneliest soldier on earth.
Little's left but a few tattered volumes,
The shreds of my blue-collared cloak,
And a stuffed dog that sits on the sofa,
That dog was my poor gallant Roq,

'Twas in red-cheeked September I bought him,
For a franc-and-a-half, on the quay,
From a gamin of Paris who stole him
In return for arrears of his pay.

* The fact is related in Gilbert's "History of Dublin."

So I carried him home in the darkness,
Not a howl from the little beast broke,
As we stole through the streets, dumb and cautious,
Myself and my poor, gallant Roq.

Scarce a moon had gone round the tall chimneys,
When the fellow grew lusty and stout,
Even dared with that cat of Jean Bouli,
Our neighbour, to venture a bout ;
How they quarrelled, and grumbled, and scrambled
On the roof, in the midst of the smoke,
Whilst I leant from the sill of the attic,
And cheered on my poor, gallant Roq !

I was then a poor hack of a student,
With scarcely a sou of my own,
But, somehow, Fate always provided
For me and the youngster a bone.
One day, in her haste, she forgot us,
So my dog to the hardship awoke,
And, mounting the tiles, fetched three sparrows,
My gallant, affectionate Roq.

All day, whilst I read by the window,
He'd sit, on a stool, by my side;
Like a bearded philosopher, eyeing
The groups in the faubourg outside.
Not a dog in the whole of grand Paris
Could a howl from my darling provoke,
For he knew we should study in silence,
Myself and my dear little Roq.

Sagacious, accomplished, and ready,
He'd balance a quill on his nose,
Fetch a loaf from Desmartin's, the baker,
Or pluck, without spoiling, a rose.
He was even the Cupid that carried
My billets to Geneviève Loque ;
Oh, was there a dog in the empire
A match for my versatile Roq ?

Well, the star of Napoleon was waning,
For the eagles were weary of flight,
And their red wings were scorched up at Moscow,
In the blaze of its funeral night.

Drum and tabor were rattled at Paris
"Give me men," exclaimed France, "or I'm broke!"
So we rushed to her standard to save her—
Myself and my jubilant Roq.

For a time he was shy of the barrack,
And pined for the quiet of home,—
Fled the glitter of musket and bayonet,
And howled back the black cannon's boom,
(When it clattered at dusk o'er the city ;)
But soon to his duty he woke,
And marched at the head of our legions,
With the airs of a marshal—did Roq.

Ah, well I remember the evening,
We two fellows went to take leave
Of a friend in the square of St. Simon—
Our darling grisette Geneviève.
She patted his head, as we parted,
And he looked till his eye almost spoke,
And he stuffed his black nose in her fingers
The cute, sly, affectionate Roq.

Sharp, sharp, rang the bugles thro' Paris,
"For Belgium—*allons !*" was the cry :
Up, up went the blood-plumed eagles,
To flutter an hour in the sky—
Up, up went the dog of my bosom,
On his broad back I buckled my cloak,
As he tramped at the head of our legions,—
The proudest amongst them was Roq.

Ah, curse on the day when the Empire
Was laid in red Waterloo's dust !
Ah, curse on the mad deeds in Russia—
A curse on ambition and lust !
For I swear, if our swords kept from hacking
The glorious Republican oak,
Beside me, to-night, sound and living,
Would sit my affectionate Roq.

From morning till evening, our legions,
Horsemen, and footmen, and guns,
Were dashed on the squares of the British,
And smashed their array more than once ;

For our lancers leapt over their bayonets,
From the deep gulfs of lightning and smoke
And chief in the midst of the charges
Was my most invincible Roq.

"*Voilà ! bravo ! mon chien,*" cried Napoleon,
"If we punish these rascals to-day,
I'll make the brave beast a field-marshal,
And put him on permanent pay.
Look—look how he tussles that sergeant!"
And he lifted his hat as he spoke,
And I turned, with a heart full of triumph,
To look on my valorous Roq.

Ere nightfall, our banners were blasted,
And dragged to the ground by defeat;
To the roar of the battle, back thundered
The echoes of fugitive feet.
"Let the guards take the heights," cried Napoleon,
Alas! 'twas his last master stroke;
But I carried his words to the marshals
Myself and my valorous Roq. :

Like a dark cloud blown landward from Biscay,
Up the stiff slope the mighty host strode
On plumage, on helmet, and cuirass,
The rays of the setting sun glowed.
The hill-top was gained when a hell fire
From the ranks of the enemy broke,
My right leg was smashed, and a bullet
Was lodged in the heart of poor Roq.

He died, as he lived, like a soldier—
His blooded mouth glued to my face;
He died, as he lived, in his duty,
The glory—the star of his race.
I bore him that night from the battle,
Wrapped stiff in the folds of this cloak; :
O Geneviève! would that thy promise
Were true as the faith of poor Roq!

CAVIARE.

THE PERFIDY OF PAREZ.

AN EPISODE OF IRISH HISTORY.

It was a great hall that, in the castle of the Geraldines, and around it were strewn the remnants of the feast, as the red gleams of the summer sun slanted upward through the lanceolated windows. Two men sat together, speaking earnestly, at the table next the dais. One was tall and muscular, with a profusion of dark hair, which fell down in heavy folds upon his shoulders. His face was as fair as a woman's, and the red and curling lip was hardly covered by the delicate lines of a budding moustache. This, the younger of the two speakers, was a handsome man, and seemed by his air and manner to adopt the tone of a superior in his address to his companion, who was a being of a different stamp, hardly of the middle height, but built in the frame of a giant, his appearance was by no means prepossessing. A cicatrix which extended across his face disfigured it with its ungraceful seam. Bearded like a pard, the lower portion of his countenance was perfectly undistinguishable; and, from the mass of hair, his maimed nose, and gleaming eyes scarcely were noticable. The front of his head was perfectly bald, but over the rest of the round and well-turned cranium the black crop budded out in innumerable short, crisp curls. He leant across the well-covered board, where wines and pasties were profusely spread, as he spoke,

"I'll tell you what it is, Master Governor," he said, "the plan is a grand plan, and I'm no fool that tells ye so. Why, man, there is a crown at the end of it, a right royal and goodly crown, and our Lord Thomas is the prince to wear it; and wear it he will, with the blessing of St. Bride and the brave right arm of Ireland. By my faith, it is a rare day to see!"

"But, suppose," replied the other, "that those Irish chiefs, the O'Byrnes, the O'Briens, and the other O's and Macs should pursue their old game of fight dog, fight bear, and will not enter the coalition, what becomes of our master then?"

"I suppose nothing of the sort, sir seneschal," answered the stalwart fellow. "I suppose nothing of the sort. The Lord Thomas is a politic man, and a brave withal as ever I saw yet; and I have seen your heroes tried on land and sea more than any other who stands on Irish ground, for I've been fighting from my cradle up, and have scored my years in scars. Well I know that this Geraldine is fit to lead any men who ever walked out from a fortalice, I don't care where they are; and I know that, fit as he is to lead in the field, he is as fit to lead in the council, and his days in council will come when he runs Skeffington, the Gunner, back to Britain."

"But, now, Captain Rook," began the other——

"I told you before, Perez, not to call me that wretched name," said his companion, bringing his fist down with a force upon the table which made the board ring again. "O Bourke is mine and my father's name

before mine. I am an Irishman, and no half-bred who desires to ape the the manners or titles of the foreigner. Look at me, man, is there anything to jest at about me? I'll not take it if there be. I'm a son of the land and will serve it, and own my service in my lineage, as men know it, in spite of Dane or devil! O'Rourke you'll call me."

"Well, your countrymen are fiery enough, Captain O'Rourke," answered Parez, "but you are more fiery than your countrymen; however, we won't quarrel about names. In continuance of our conversation, however, it appears to me that this good Castle of Maynooth is the key of the position upon which you found all those glories you picture for the Lord Thomas in the crown and rule of Ireland."

"Aye, aye, Parez. Now you talk business; so it is, sir governor, so it is. Keep Willy Skeffington here, as you can keep him for many a month. Keep him before your gates, and Kildare will have every lord of the Pale and every reasonable lord out of the Pale, under his banner before winter. He is gathering them even now fast enough. I'll sweep the seas and guard the Bay of Dublin, whilst the miserable, hybrid, whitelivered dogs of the city will be starved into obedience. Trust me, I've kept them pretty hungry, for so far, in capturing their supplies from England; and I'll set a devil at them, in the shape of an O'Byrne and his mountaintain gathering, who will keep his eye on provisions coming landward, and make a good account of them too. Given four months in this fashion, and we are at council in Dublin Castle and a green banner fluttering out of its highest tower. A green banner, man, d'ye hear me, Parez? a green banner and no mistake; and, whilst I'm to the fore, who'll pull it down? Pah! you're moody, fill a beaker, and drink the chill off yourself. The man's not honest who never dips his beard in wine like this."

"Nay, nay! Captain," replied Parez; "never make such sweeping denouncements of sober men who like to keep their heads cool, and think for you, hot-brained spirits."

"Cool heads to cool plots," answered O'Rourke. "I can think as well as fight, and I'm a lover of the red juice of the grape; but I never think villany, which is a weakness I own my heart does not allow me. Drink, man! and be honest."

"Well, O'Rourke, did I not know your reckless talk, I should draw my good Toledan blade in answer to your exhortation, but we'll let it pass—we'll let it pass. However, I don't drink for all that."

"Well, don't drink, Parez, and I'll take your measure and my own. Your health, man!" The captain lifted the tankard to his lips and quaffed its contents to their last drop. "Gone, as I'm a sinner," said he; "gone, and I go too—to bed. I'll dream how I got through the sentinels of the Gunner's force in the morning twilight, when they dozed upon their posts, and did one of my tricks of war in relieving a beleaguered fortress—with news. Good night! You'll be constable of Connaught yet for us, when we hold the soil from sea to sea. We'll make you chancellor, as I'm a sinner; for you're rogne enough for the post!"

Grasping the hand of the soneschal, Captain O'Rourke staggered out

of the room and strode up the stairs to the upper chamber of the great tower, where he was to take his repose.

His companion sat still as he had left him until the sound of the loud slamming of a door announced the arrival of the doughty captain at his nocturnal destination, and then, slowly rising from his chair, he looked in the direction where O'Rourke had vanished, and, muttering under his teeth, paced up and down the dusky chamber.

"Soh!" he said, "the rude, coarse, unmannered dog half sees his blind way through my ready wit. That I know, at all events. 'Cool heads to cool plots,'" he mumbled. "Aye! cooler than he wots of withal. Why should I, Christopher Perez, seneschal of the fortalice of Maynooth, in the name of the Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, not make my way to be something more than the great man's great man? Have I not a brain as keen, an arm as strong, a sword as true, as he about whom all the pother is made, and for whom a crown is looming in the golder future? Pah! why should I not speak plainer here? Am I not more than the serf of the rash oaf, whose folly is only equalled by his pride? To-morrow, if he were lord of all the land, what would I be or who would I be more than a lackey in this prince's antechamber? and yet I have the key of the position now! The game of the sceptre is in my hand; the gold of the crown rests in the prowess of this arm. The dolt just gone knows that as well as I do! The wit of this plodding brain must make or unmake this haught Geraldine, and can it not be more skilfully exerted for myself? Hum! that is a thought worth revolving."

The speaker paced up the length of the apartment with slow and measured footsteps, and became silent, as if in commune with himself. As if he had resolved, he began again to talk in answer with his thought.

"To do things well, they must not be done by halves. This Geraldine shall suffer no more at my hands than the sufferings his fathers inflicted on the race that once possessed those broad domains where their castles frown to-day. Ho! Perez, thy fortune is thine own if thou art bold enough to grapple it withal. Now for my immediate plot." Striding to the door, he opened it,

"Ho, there, Cathal!" he shouted, "bring me my morion; I shall inspect the sentinels."

The attendant thus summoned soon made his appearance, and, pulling his helmet over his brows, the seneschal of the stronghold of Maynooth went out upon the ramparts to see that the watch upon the walls was well and safely kept.

The conversation which we have detailed took place in the ancient castle of the Earls of Kildare, on one of the evenings when it was besieged by Sir Wm. Skeffington, in the days of the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, commonly remembered as Silken Thomas, from the circumstance of his horsemen's accoutrements being generally fashioned of that material. The circumstances of the rebellion arose in the citation of the Earl of Kildare to London to answer some charges made against him before King Henry VIII. By order of the court he was imprisoned in the Tower of

London, and a report of his death having been conveyed to his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who exercised the office of Lord-Deputy in his absence, that nobleman hastened from his castle of Maynooth, and arriving at Dublin, summoned the Lords-Justices to the Council Chamber, where he indignantly flung the sword of state before them, and, in no measured language, declared his purpose of revolt against the authority of their master in Ireland.

Thus beginning, he proceeded vigorously. He sent ambassadors to Rome and Spain, and invaded the territories of those nobles in the Pale who remained faithful to the King. In addition to this he besieged the city of Dublin, but being defeated before its gates, he fortified his castles and went into Ulster and Connaught, in order to rouse the O'Neills and O'Connors into active co-operation with his plans. Whilst absent on this expedition the authorities attempted to attack the very seat of his power in besieging his ancestral fortress of Maynooth.

Before the Castle of Maynooth, then, the Lord Deputy, Sir William Skeffington, surnamed the "Gunner," by reason of his having held the post of Master of the Ordnance, held his leaguer. He planted a battery on the north side of this very important fortress and summoned the garrison to surrender. This request was contemptuously refused, and the Deputy made his lines around it in due form. Having levelled his culverins he attempted to make a breach in the walls by their fire, but was utterly unable to do so, and thus he had no chance of taking the place except by the reduction of the soldiery by famine. In this plan of operation there were contingencies to be contemplated which made its capture doubtful. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald was not only brave but keen-witted, and was making every exertion to mass an army elsewhere, and, whilst the siege of his fortress at Maynooth continued, he had that uninterrupted opportunity of making his rising successful which the occupation of the troops under the Deputy gave him. In his plans he was ably seconded by the daring and reckless Captain O'Rourke, who, equally at home by sea or land, interrupted supplies forwarded seaward to Dublin, and harassed, with hunger, the contumacious citizens who had repulsed Lord Thomas from before their gates when he besieged the city.

It was very possible, under those circumstances, that the Lord Deputy would have to raise the siege eventually, and meet Lord Thomas Fitzgerald in person, leaving him the possession of the important depot of Maynooth. It was with a view of ascertaining the condition of the castle for a state of siege that O'Rourke had been despatched thither by Fitzgerald, and so much interest did he place on ascertaining that fact, that he had stolen in the dawn through the camp of the besiegers, and performed the daring feat of passing their sentinels and swimming the moat without discovery. He found the garrison in high spirits, well provisioned and supplied with all the munitions of war necessary in those days. Upon this score he could bring a good report to the Lord Fitzgerald, but upon one point alone did he feel doubtful, and that was in the honesty of Parez. A portion of this feeling found vent in the soldier's ready words, as he sat over his cups with the seneschal, in the dialogue which we have given ; but, founded

as his suspicions were, only in a sense of aversion, O'Rourke did not think it necessary to take any proceeding upon them. Beside the idea of any treachery in the seneschal was foreign to the notions of the time. The foster-brother of the Geraldine was believed to be so much allied to his cause by the benefits he had received from that young noble, that if nothing else claimed his fidelity, they alone were deemed sufficient. In this way the gallant soldier reasoned away his doubts. However, he deemed it only prudent to act on his own responsibility, and to take no council with Perez.

After leaving the banquetting-hall the Captain ascended to his chamber and sat down.

"No sleep for me," he said. "I'll make for Dublin to-night again. I've got work to do, and I must not dally here. What sort of a night is it, I wonder?"

He walked across to the loophole which opened in the thick wall, and peered through it. "Dark as pitch," he muttered, "it will be ere long: I may as well prepare for my journey. Spirit of the sainted O'Toole and prayer of the holy Bride speed me by the camp of the leaguer!"

* * * * *

In the tent of the Lord Deputy, on that night, there was a group of officers seated around a table. The light of an oil-lamp, suspended from a chain above their heads, cast a faint glimmering over their council. At the head of the table sat the Lord Deputy himself. He was a tall and strong man, with a stern expression of countenance. The group around him were grave and serious. They were discussing some question of moment, and he spoke—

"You, Captain Holland, had charge of the sentinels on this morning up to dawn, and yet, Perez tells me that, the notorious pirate, Rook, managed to pass the lines, swam the moat, and entered the fortress. What laxity is this of keeping guard? Here is the scroll detailing it all, and accepting the terms I have offered for surrender."

"He must be Beelzebub, then, good, my lord," responded Captain Holland, from the lower end of the table, "for I went round the posts just one hour before sunrise, and found the sentinels alert, and yet this traitor seneschal tells us in his writing that it was just one hour before sunrise when the freebooter got into the castle. Why, I must have trodden on his heels."

"You were a blind follower, then," answered the general. "Do not commit such an error again, sir, if you value our approval."

"My lord," said Holland, "what a good officer could perform I did. I slept not on my duty; yet, if this knave deceived or outwitted our sentries, blame not me. Give me any deed of danger to accomplish, and I shall do it, so as to wipe away whatever stain is on me by this reproach."

"You shall scale the wall of yonder castle, then, first of all our men," said Skeffington, "and feel your punishment an honour."

"As such I accept it," said Holland, bowing.

"My Lord Deputy," said one of the officers present, "as the first post

is given to Captain Holland I ask to be his lieutenant in the duty, and get the second place amongst the stormers."

"Get first, if you can," returned Skeffington. "Get first, if you can, Sir William Brereton. There is room for you all to climb up; but take care and do not be coming back after your trouble."

A grim smile broke over the faces of the members of the council of war, and they were silent until the Lord Deputy again spoke.

"Now, the whole plan here detailed by Parez is a good one. Our object and end is to keep it secret, until its execution is effected. Let a feint attack be made upon the fortress to-morrow, and allow a culverin to fall into the hands of those rebelly rascals, by a retreat from their sally, if they make one. Parez promises to give them, in honour of their victory, a grand feast, wherein they may guzzle all the wine in his cellars if they can; and in the night he shall take care the ward of the tower will be neglected quite sufficiently to leave a free ingress for our men. Then we shall have the garrison at our mercy, in the confusion of the moment, and we will not spare them."

"Are you sure," said the officer, previously addressed as Sir William Brereton, "that this knave seneschal has no trick in it? Is he true, think you?"

"True," said the Deputy, "true, no, no! The falsest dog who ever saw the sky. Why, the man is selling his friend in the most shabby, huxtering way that ever yet shamed our foul and felon nature. I grow sick of my dealing with the wretch, but I shall have my end of the pitiful soul-seller yet. He is a hasty fool; he has overreached himself by very cunning. His price is marked down now, under mine own hand and seal. The gold for which he has bartered honour, honesty, and a brave man's trust is accurately noted therein, and he shall have it, every stiver. But the villain—treacherous rogue as he is, pleaded for no life in all the garrison of gallant fellows there—not one—not even his own miserable being, and it is not engaged to him, nor will he enjoy it; for here I doom him to death sure and inevitable! Of this we will speak again; for to-morrow, we are agreed in the course of conduct for our attack. You will arrange the retreat, so that those fellows may not follow us too far, but be awed back by our supporting force. It grows late now; we shall need a rest to-night, so, sirs, we had best retire. Details can be arranged with morning. To-morrow, hey for St. George! and the honour of his highness."

With those observations the Deputy rose from the table, and the council broke up. As the officers were about issuing forth, an exclamation from the sentinel on duty before the tent attracted their attention, and the man fell forward on the ground.

"Help, help!" he shouted, "I'm slain."

At the moment of the cry the form of a man was seen vanishing around the next tent, as he crouched down and ran low to avoid observation.

"I see the rascal," shouted Holland, drawing his sword, and pursuing the person in retreat. He was joined by the others, who, with loud outcries, followed in the direction taken by the assassin. In a few moments the

noise arose in horrid clamour on the right ; and the camp, which had been so recently wrapped in quiet and calm, soon became the scene of wild confusion. Soldiers started up from their beds where they had been reposing, and rushed, half dressed, into the air, grasping their arms as they ran, with a thought that the enemy had made a sally from the castle, or had been reinforced and attacked the camp in front and rere. The men questioned each other and could get no reply calculated to allay their anxiety. Torches were lit and flickered and flared through the markiness of the night, and in a short time every man in the tented field was abroad in a horrid expectancy of danger.

The turmoil roused even the beseigers, and wall and rampart, tower and turret, were soon lined with the garrison.

Parez was the last to appear.

"What is the alarm?" he said, breathless and pale, as he came amongst a group of officers who were gazing across towards the camp of the English army.

"You know as much of it as we do," was the answer ; "some say that Kildare has come up in force and surprised the Gunner. If it be so, we ought to do something by a sally. Where's Captain Rook?"

"Ay, where's Rook?" chimed in the voices of all.

"Go," said Parez, to one of the men at arms. "Go to the chamber of the captain and rouse him from his sleep. The hog is drunk."

The man disappeared, but in a few moments returned, saying that the room of the captain was empty, and there was no sign of his having been there at all.

"Who saw Captain Rook, last?" shouted Parez. "If there is any one here who saw him, let him say his say."

"I did, Master Seneschal, said a man-at-arms, coming forward. "I saw the captain last, and he told me to tell you so when I would be relieved from guard. He came to me when I was beside the gate of the little postern opening on the moat, keeping ward. 'What's your name, my man?' said he ; 'Andy Barry, captain,' said I, for I know the captain, well. 'Andy,' said he, 'Master Seneschal told me to tell you to open the postern, as I must get to Lord Thomas by morning, and you'll open it now.' 'To be sure I will,' said I, 'but how will you pass the sentries in the camp?' 'I did it before, Andy,' said he, 'an' I'll try it again, sure of doing it twice. Let me out,' said he, 'I am in a hurry.' With that, I opened the postern, and he jumped into the moat as he was, hose and doublet, and swam across, and I saw him last stealing away for the camp."

"Ha!" said Parez, "Master Rook has been outwitted this time. He was too deep a rogue. The 'Gunner' has caught him at last, and that is the cause of the rout yonder. To bed! the alarm has been but a foolish one, after all. I see through it all now."

Notwithstanding the order of the seneschal for their retirement, the soldiers of the garrison continued to gaze still over to the illuminated camp.

They saw, as they looked, little groups forming and joining with others, but the noise which first excited their attention gradually became less

audible, and the lights faded one by one, until at length the camp resumed its wonted aspect, and no sound broke the stillness beyond the challenges of the sentinels, as they kept their rounds, and only the feeble light of the stars showed the ghostly outline of the tents, as they were spread upon the sward.

The crowd upon the castle walls gradually retired from their watch, until at length the sentries only occupied the ramparts.

"Master Perez was right," said one of those to a man-at-arms who lingered still, "the brave captain was caught at last, and never will do a deed of war again. Oh, but it was a gallant heart, and true as steel!"

"Look," said the other, "I know the captain rightly, and not all the men in that camp can hold him, if he be alive, and to stop him was just as foolish as to stop a missive from a culverin. I know it, and don't believe his capture. We shall hear of him again.

* * * * *

There was high state in the ancestral hall of the O'Neill on the fifth night after the events we have recorded. The banquet was over, and the chieftain and his guests had retired to an audience-chamber—entered from the banquetting-room through a lofty arch. Before the passage hung a crimson curtain which concealed all view of the interior, and at the sides of the entrance stood two gallowglasses, each armed with a drawn sword. A confused murmur of voices could be heard from within the apartment shaded by the awning, and a red light fell through the crimson drapery. Silent stood the soldiers, the glittering swords flashing in the flicker of the torches, as they shone around the room in which they kept ward. No word spoke they to each other. Whilst they stood so still, footsteps hurriedly approached the banquetting-hall, and from its farther end a figure advanced, travel-stained and spotted with human gore. It approached the silent guards, attempting to pass into the hall shaded by the curtain; both the guards stood in the way of the new-comer.

"You cannot pass," said they.

"For the love of heaven, let me into the Lord Fitzgerald!" said the stranger.

"No," responded the guards. Their swords were raised high above the head of the applicant, as if to strike, should he persist.

"I must get in," he said, stooping as he spoke, and seizing both the gallowglasses under the knees, pulled them forcibly, by an effort of great strength, off their feet, and, springing through the curtain, entered the chamber of audience.

The sight which met the eyes of the intruder was one which astonished him. Ranged on each side of the hall were a number of chiefs. Each had the cross-shaped hilt of his sword raised upward, and seemed in the act of attestation by the symbol. Elevated on a seat at the upper end, sat a mere youth, upon whose face the down of manhood hardly showed its faint traces. The finely cut nose was dilated as if with pride, the large and lustrous eyes gleamed with excitement, and the fair face was flushed

as a noble-looking man presented him with a scroll, and proclaimed, in a loud voice,

"Here, my Lord Kildare, is the treaty to which we have sworn!"

It was at this moment the toil-worn figure we have noticed rushed up to the seat of the young noble, and cried, in a voice which rang again on the ears of the surprised listeners,

"News, my lord, news!"

"What news, my good captain?" in a voice of unperturbable calmness, questioned the youth, who sat like a monarch before the new-comer.

"Bad news, Kildare, Maynooth has fallen; its garrison is slaughtered in cold blood, not a man lives to tell the tale, not even the traitor Parex, who sold the hope of our land for gold to the Lord Deputy! I was a witness of it all, and woe is me I live to tell you."

"Maynooth fallen! the garrison slaughtered; Parex, my foster-brother, a traitor! Pooh, your fancy is distempered, O'Rourke, the thing cannot be!" said the nobleman, slowly.

"Would to God it were even as you say, my lord!" answered O'Rourke, for the intruder was no other than the daring captain.

"Would to God I were mad, and this thing not true! But here," he said, uplifting his blood-clotted arm, "here is a sign and a token of the soldiers of the Deputy, I shall bear with me until I lift my sword in battle no more, and lie on some hillside of this land of mine, dead and still." He paused for a moment, and then resumed. "Some other time you shall hear, my lord, how I stole within the lines of the leaguer, on the night before your castle fell, and, hidden without his tent, overheard the villainous plot of Parex, as Skeffington detailed it to his cavaliers. My faith, my ears tingled in the story of the caitiff's treachery, and I would have foiled it all, but for a prying sentinel who poked me in this fashion with his spear. The poor fool suffered for his unskilfulness, for this good *skean* of mine went straight to his heart. I fled, my lord, before the whole English camp, for I can tell you there was a commotion, and I got no chance to pass their line of double guards again. Wounded and wearied, I hung like a bloodhound at their heels for all that, and saw the foul play done and over. A day, a night, and a morning told me all. The royal banner of Henry of England floated from the watch tower in the waking breeze. The corpses of the garrison were flung to the carrion birds. The head of Parex frowned down beside the flagstaff, and the gold, blood-stained and accursed, for which our cause was bartered, lay piled on the battlement beside the traitor's body. By my soul, they rewarded him well! 'Pay the knave, Mr. Treasurer,' said the Deputy. When he was paid—'Chop off his head, executioner!' and the thing was done. This is my tale my lord, and it is true!"

The lord of Kildare mused a moment, and then rose from his seat. Every eye was fixed on the noble lineaments of the youthful warrior as they were proudly uplifted before the chiefs.

"Ye have heard this news of disaster, my lords," he said, drawing

himself to his full height ; "are ye of a mind to venture with me still in this enterprise of danger ? If ye are, speak !"

There was a momentary silence, and then, with a common accord, their utterance came—

"We are !"

The rush of distant winds through winter forests sounds like their reply.

"Well, there is hope for Ireland still !" said Silken Thomas.

Not many years after, on the road which led from London to Tyburn, a crowd of people passed along in a morning of February. The season had been unusually mild, and the appearance of the country around gave the promise of an early summer. The sun was bright and unclouded, and shone so clear and fervent that the chill air which lurked under shady hedges or in northern aspects grew warm and pleasing wherever his rays fell. The breeze rose up from the meadows and brought the faint odour of early flowers—the hardy snow-drop or sheltered primrose—upon its breath. The carol of the thrush woke up in the distance, as he perched on some budding branch, the thrill of the lark, as he soared heavenward, and poured out his lay of soaring joy, the familiar robin, that "ever in the haunch of winter sings," made a sweet and blissful harmony, and grew symbolic of the voice of natural life around. The herds who pressed along seemed oblivious of the scene, beautiful, pleasing, and promising as it was. They walked together in groups and chatted and laughed, whilst at intervals the words of a low or obscene song rang out from some of the wayfarers, in which the others joined. Everything betokened a holiday which they were assembling to enjoy. One of the groups was larger than the others and more mirthful. At its head walked a misshapen, ill-humoured-looking fellow, clad in a black-soiled fustian dress. As he went along he kept up a ringing fire of dry, caustic wit, which provoked the unceasing merriment of his companions. When they came in view of Tyburn, at a turn of the road leading to the spot of execution, so familiar in the tragedies of the law for many a century, they were met by two wayfarers who were coming from the spot whither all else were hurrying. One was a man strongly built, his face marked with a healed gash which disfigured his countenance. The other was a woman clad in a cloak which enveloped her from head to foot, the hood closely drawn about her face. The dwarfed creature thought the travellers good game.

"Well, beauty," he said, in his cracked voice, "why turn thy back on Tyburn so soon ? Art fearful thy face may convict thee without warrant of bluff King Hall ?"

The person addressed gave no answer, but an uneasy twinkle of his eye betrayed impatience as the crowd hailed the sally with a roar of laughter.

"Ha !" pursued the wit, "'tis dumb as well as lovely. Heart of grace for it ! I wager the suit of clothes, I get to-day, and the Angels to boot,

that the taste of you knave in company is better than his countenance."

"Let us see if Dickon, the hangman, be right," said one of the crowd, "and deprive him of his wage to-night for swiaging the Irish earl. Come, dame, or damosel," he said, approaching the female, who clung close to her companion, "give us a chance to strip Dickon yonder, and drink thy health in Malmsey."

The speaker approached as if to force his request. He reached his arms forth to seize the shrinking girl. Her companion stepped forward and with one blow, well directed, prostrated the ill-mannered boor on the path before him.

"There!" said he, with a voice hearse with passion. "So shall I do by any of ye, cowardly dogs that ye are, to molest or insult a woman."

In an instant the crowd gathered around the strangers, and menaced them with injury. The fellow who had fallen was lifted to his feet, and with angry imprecations, rushed to the man who had felled him. Whilst the peril thus rose, the female who had been unwittingly its cause stepped before the combatants, and casting off her hood, revealed a countenance of the most beautiful type. A fair, girlish face, pale, and marked by the touch of sorrow, appeared before them framed in clusters of yellow hair, which fell down around it in a profusion of curls. Eyes large and lustrous looked out, as if they were mirrors of a soul whose nobility could awe them back by its self-reliance. She spoke to the astonished crowd, as they gaped with open mouths at the unexpected vision,

"Ye are men" she said, and her voice fell with a liquid clearness of tone, "and ye are many, pray, let us who are strangers pass—unknown and weak as we are!"

"I'll have my revenge," shouted the risen and angry man, and fine speeches won't baulk me of it."

The alternations of feeling in the crowd for their comrade, and respect for the mien of the lady, were visible in the division of its members into parties, which severally urged summary punishment or immediate peace for the daring stranger, and it was doubtful for a moment, what way the event would go, when loud cries diverted their attention, backward by the way they had recently passed. The gleaming swords of horsemen, and the armour of troops were visible as they surrounded a cart approaching, in which a tall and erect form was standing up.

"The Irish traitor!" yelled the crowd, and the cry ran from lip to lip. Hisses and hootings filled the air as the cortege approached. The crowds opened and lined the road on each side. The two strangers stood on a slight elevation. Looking around as if for some expected sight, stood the doomed man. At last his eye rested on the fair girl, who stood pallid and staring beside the ill-favoured stranger. A smile crossed his lips and a flush rose to his cheek which changed into an expression of alarm, as the girl clutched the arm of her companion; but he assumed the appearance of composure as he saw the strong hand of the man grasping hers. The smile settled again on the young, manly countenance as, by a movement, scarcely

understood by any, except her for whom it was intended, he raised his plumed cap from his brow and bowed low. Just at this moment the cart stopped, and, amid the laughter and applause of the crowd, Dickon, the hangman, was lifted into it. For the moment, the youth turned his eyes again to the two watchers; but now they were fixed on the man, and they met his as they looked with a fond earnestness, strangely misplaced, in such a countenance. More than words could tell, was told in the glance of each. In that of the youth there was an appeal of implicit faith and solemn trust. In that of the scarred and bearded man, there was a mournful assertion of loving obedience. As if to interpret, his soul, by a sign, he drew the lady closer to him. The cart moved on. The youth raised his head proudly and bravely, and upon his face there was a gleam of pleasure and a smile of trust, bright as the sunshine around. He heard or heeded not the execrations of the crowd that clamoured about him, anxious like wolves for his blood.

The cart swept on, the horsemen guarded it, the mob followed after, over the plain, to the gibbet which lifted its horrid shadow in the distance. The wayfarers stood until all were gone. The face of the lady grew more pale, but her eyes were dry, as became one whose pride of love and sorrow of loss contended. The face of her companion was hidden in his broad palms, and his strong frame shook, whilst great drops of grief, distilled through his fingers, fell down fast at his feet.

"We have seen the last of Kildare," said the lady, "come, O'Rourke, when you leave me with the good nuns of Roncesvalles I shall be at peace with this world—come!"

"The last of Kildare!" said the man, "the last of Kildare—what a day for me. Why did I live to see it?"

Those were the words that burst from two broken hearts, as Lord Thomas Fitzgerald was swinging from the gibbet at Tyburn.

THE WORLD OF COSTUME.

In the days of Richard II., as Jones has read somewhere, whilst engaged in researches to prove the identity of modern rouge with Tyrian purple, a baron's waiting-man was supposed to see "that his master's petticoats were fairly aired and garnished" every morning. The practice may appear exceedingly effeminate to his readers who glory in knickerbrockers and peg-tops, but Jones would remind them that the men who went about in garnished farthingales at that remote period were not the less valiant because of their dapery—indeed, he is half open to the impression that the skirts have the best of it yet; and this superiority is never more evident than when their sweet occupants are compelled to wage war in defence of their reputation, historical or personal. From the time when the Egyptians scribbled on papyrus (long before the introduction of the excise duty on paper,

be it observed) to the days when one may carry home a quire of cream-laid note and a dozen covers for two-pence-halfpenny, the wits of the coarser sex (to which the present writer has the unhappiness of belonging) have been persistently employed in traducing the tastes and peculiarities of that solitary remnant of the old Eden which has been preserved to us—woman. Ages ago, she was insultingly defined, “an animal that delights in finery.” The reproach does not appear to have broken her heart or diverted her attention from the study of those graceful laws, the observance of which imparts character and elegance to her person. It is easy, as Jones knows from extensive experience, to invent a calumny, reflecting on the noblest achievements of industrial intellect, by robbing the original workers of all right to the fruits of their exertions. It is easy to call woman an animal, and decry her passion for the beautiful—to misinterpret her sublime concern for the proprieties of outline and colour, as the feeble manifestations of a brain whose calibre is unequal to larger considerations. “The dog,” as Hamlet says, “will have his day,” the detractor his season; but, as long as history continues to be a collection of evidences, it will be hard to deny the angelic sex the credit of having been the first promoters of the fine arts, through the medium of the toilet. Ninety-nine of every hundred of that wretched and unfortunate class, known as bachelors, who appear to be born specially for the support of lodging-house-keepers, and laundresses, will have the hardihood to smile at this statement. Jones is accustomed to have his gravest propositions thus ignored, tickled to death with laughter and buried in “ha, ha’s.” Nevertheless he never once despaired of converting the incorrigibles, and the number of his acquaintances who regularly take in *La Follet*, the *Magazin des Modes*, and other delightful organs of the fashions, testify to his extensive practice and brilliant success.

In any inquiry of the nature he is now prosecuting, as in all researches which unite importance with magnitude, it is necessary, for the clearer elucidation of truth, to begin at the beginning. An essay, like a walking cane, has a top and a bottom, and we know which the knife of the cleaver cuts first. When Epaminondes was arraigned before the Theban tribunal for a breach of military discipline, committed in the campaign against the Lacedæmonians, and was asked what he had to urge in defence of his conduct, he replied by making a sum “tottle” of the benefits he had heaped upon the commonwealth. When woman, at the instance of a generation whose vanity is greater than its remembrance of obligations, is accused of waste and extravagance, and requested to quote some service performed as an apology for the same, she, with a magnanimity, far surpassing that of the Greek general, points to the architecture which is the glory of the world, and claims to be its foundress. Jones, as a grave and decorous judge, impartially reviewing the depositions of the contending parties, is obliged to own that, having given the matter his most attentive consideration, he finds that the best of the argument remains with the feebler adversary.

The case stands thus :—

The most primitive form of architecture with which we are acquainted

it the tent. It was a habitation essentially suited to the clime in which the first fragments of human society concentrated themselves previous to the dispersion, and the establishment of separate communities. Picture to yourself its tapering outlines, its fluted folds, its voluptuousness of figure, and there will be no difficulty in attributing it to its original type, a female, veiled from head to foot after the fashion of the East. The tent at first was an unambitious structure, the exterior of which admitted of no decorative features, for its simplicity was co-existent with the severity of the toilet which it imitated, and which consisted of bleached papyri, fastened together at the edges, and thrown over the head as a protection from the sun. One century, however, after its introduction, we find the tent pole ornamented on the top with a variety of embellishments, such as tufts of gorgeous feathers, and symbols, wrought in the precious metals by the Tubal Cainists of the period.

The change took place unheralded by any warning, but, fortunately for Jones's lovely clients, history accounts for its origin. It is now satisfactorily established that about this period woman, for the first time, adopted the use of ornaments in her hair. The races had begun to spread southwards; and her appreciative eyes could not behold with indifference the splendid plumage of the golden pheasant, or the glittering productions of the virgin mines, without a desire to elevate both to the dignity they deserved. Thenceforth, the seven-toothed comb of gold adorned her poll, and the stately plume nodded above her ivory temples. The initiative thus given was eagerly mimicked; and man heaped favours on his tent-pole, whilst forgetting to honour its inventress. When cities ceased to resemble Donnybrook fairs, when rude huts, approximating more or less to the form of the primitive habitat, were being erected, a great change was operating secretly at the toilet-table, and its results were subsequently manifested in the marvellous architecture to which Egypt, apparently by a process of artistic intuition, gave birth. Leaving the pyramids out of the question (what are they but the old tent with the pole-top sawed off?) Jones would invite the attention of the inquisitive to the civil and domestic architecture of that singular people. Taken in the rough, it presented an agglomeration of vertical and horizontal lines, rising from heavy cornices, resting on massive pillars, and sustaining the pressure of incumbent masses of architrave. The columns were shaped into irregular cylinders, the surface of which was enriched with elaborate spiral flutings, scrolls, and wreaths. Whence the Egyptians obtained the models of this peculiar style remained for ages a subject of unprofitable inquiry. It was reserved for Jones, in the interest of maligned woman, to lift the veil and discover the secret. Goguet, in his *Origine des Lois*, has a curious chapter on the social condition of woman in the early stages of Egyptian society; and with a perspicacity which does eternal honour to his name, describes her dress and appearance, on the faith of Justin (Hist. lib. 2) and the testimony of the most ancient monuments of the country. He tells us that the outline of a full-dressed Egyptian lady of the time was an oblong, a circumstance which arose from the fashion of suspending her outer drapery or cloak from

a rod of burnished silver ingeniously balanced on the crown of the head. The sides of the drapery, which fell stiff and straight, were enriched with deep borders; and a moveable hood revealed or covered the face at the wearer's pleasure. The similarity of the lady's figure to that of the temples is a coincidence not to be lightly overlooked, for, by all the laws of rational induction, there can be no doubt that the former inspired the latter. Baker was a bit sceptical on this theory, (a proof of his hopeless dulness,) when it was first propounded by Jones, and earnestly asked what it was supplied the first models of the cylindrical columns? To a man of ordinary abilities the question must have proved embarrassing, to Jones it only furnished a stimulant for increased exertion and research. Having heard that a cargo of mummies had arrived at London Bridge, from Kalapsche, one of the oldest Egyptian temples, *en route* to the British museum, he waited on the captain of the vessel and begged to be favoured with a peep at those cheerful people. The request being complied with, he descended to the hold and found three of the crew engaged in putting together a mummy case, which had been accidentally broken. Its late occupant reposed at a little distance, on the top of a water barrel; Jones approached and examined the sleeper. From the size and symmetry of the foot he knew it belonged to a female body.* Whilst turning it to the light, the left leg cracked at the knee and parted from the trunk, as easily as a twig parts from a rotten alder. Rather than be amenable for the consequences, Jones piously placed the divided member inside his coat, lifted his hat to the captain, took the first penny boat to Nine Elms, and arrived safely home with his treasure. Baker awaited him; they carefully unwound the gummy bandages which swathed the limb, and what do you think they came to?—as sure as there's a grey hair in his head a stocking woven spirally and elaborately interwoven with flutings, scrolls, and foliage. "Mr. Baker," said the present writer, with his usual severe dignity, "by all rules of retaliation, don't you deserve that this leg should kick you?" The individual apostrophised, took out his pipe, by way of reply, and inquired if any grass-cut was left in the canister. Such is the blind obstinacy of the incredulous. The influence which female costume exercised on Grecian art in the days of Pericles, when the Hellenic genius wrought those marvels whose *debris* remain to inspire the dwarfed conception of the current age, might form a subject of curious and fruitful inquiry.

Plutarch gives us the start in a passage written with less than his accustomed sobriety and exactness. "Celerity," he says, "seldom produces any work of lasting importance or exquisite beauty; while, on the contrary, the time which is expended in labour is recovered and repaid in the duration of the performance. Hence we have the more reason

* Dolbert, a French physician, has left behind him a curious work on "The physiognomy of the human foot." "One day," he says "I saw, a tumbler, loaded with dead bodies, returning from the guillotine. A foot protruded through the canvass covering. And such a foot! I could have sworn it had been the servant of a god-like intellect "The assertion implies little respect for the eighth commandment.

to wonder that the structures raised by Pericles should be built within so short a period, and yet built for ages." Writing six hundred years after their erection, he continues:—"For each of them, as soon as finished, had the venerable air of antiquity; so, now that they are old, they have the freshness of a modern building. A bloom is diffused over them which preserves their aspect untarnished by time, as if they were animated by a spirit of perpetual youth and unfading elegance." Does any one imagine that the grave and sententious Plutarch, with whom to be vivacious was to be criminal, could have been betrayed into such warmth of expression on a subject which invited extreme frigidity, absence of metaphor, and barrenness of description? Is it not obvious that some keen motive underlies the picturesque surface of the writing, and that, in bestowing such praises on the architectural works of Greece, he was but elaborating a compliment to the Greek women, with whom that architecture originated? The dress of the period, we admit, could not have materially assisted the founder of that order who borrowed his pillars from the Egyptians, clapped tiles on their upper surfaces, and called them Doric. Let us see to what extent the other orders were indebted to the Greek toilet. Is it not plain as daylight that the volute of the Ionic capital is but a stiff copy of the kiss-me-quicks which the ladies of the day cultivated on either temple? The fashion has been revived of late with considerable success, and has afforded Jones some exquisite excuses for invading the cherry lips of his sweet acquaintances. Take a kiss-me-quickened Greek head, wreath it with blossomed acanthus, plant a graceful pitcher above it, and, laying your hand to your heart, confess what it most strikingly resembles. It needs but little examination to pronounce it the prototype of the Corinthian capital lacking only the conventional idealisation of that happy ornament. The story of Lysander's flower-basket and its subsequent transformation may do admirably for the marines, but will not hold water in this microscopic generation. "We starve for facts," quoth Mr. Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus." If the "great thinker" be open to tenders for those commodities, Jones will cheerfully undertake the contract to any reasonable extent. The Romans, he believes, take credit to themselves for the invention of the arch, which is manifestly a copy of the female eye-brow. Some commentators, (for there is no possible limit to the extravagances of educated ignorance,) pretend that it was modelled on the rainbow. Wretched men! Rainbows were unknown until the time of Noah, whilst eyebrows were coeval with the last day of creation. Could mendacity have gone further? Touching the Gothic style, the wildest theories have been propounded respecting its origin. One set of enthusiasts would have us believe that it sprang from an imitation of the caverns, supported by natural columns, and roofed with stalactites to which the early Christians resorted for the unmolested celebration of religious rites, whilst another equally misguided class affirm that its "idea" was caught up from the tangled branches of the forests, as they formed themselves into natural arches and spandrels, when agitated by the wind. Both conjectures are equally destitute of probability, and only serve to show the mazes of error into which human

speculation may wander, if unassisted by the keenness and intelligence which the present writer flatters himself has been brought to bear upon this inquiry. He begs to be told in what part of the world a cavern has been discovered, with a groined roof and colonnade of reeded shafts; and further, if any man has alighted on a forest in which the trees were equally thick at the top and bottom, and the floor was paved with mosaics. The simplest and most natural conjecture is that the style originated in the delicately-interwreathed curves of the female drapery, multiplying themselves with every movement of the wearer into pointed arches, richly encrusted spandrils, and broad areas of variegated space. The stained window is a feeble copy of the gorgeous bloom of a lady's shawl, lifted by the air and illuminated by the sun. The hollow porch is an humble imitation of her bonnet, and those horrible tympanums that surmount the doorways, a disfigured revival of the charm of a bodiced waist. If it be asked, and Jones is prepared to answer the question if put with elegance and justness, whence we derived our present system of civil architecture, that shocking uniformity of oblong doors and windows, straight roof lines, and square street traps, he replies, from the emperor of abominations, the male hat. It has been useful, he admits, in one particular, as it first suggested the model of that round hole in the flags, through which peat and coal are poured into our cellars; and the tin vessel in which Phœbe, the dairy-maid, fetches the milk for breakfast. This is its highest achievement—no, he begs pardon, probably it had something to do with the manufacture of gun-caps. Who knows, after this, but that the puff-adder discharges some healthy function?

To the bitterly-maligned female toilet, therefore, man is indebted for his first notions of architecture; and, bearing this in mind, there is nothing singular in the circumstance that in the Society Islands, New Zealand, and the West Coast of Africa, where the ladies cannot afford to dress either extensively or expensively, no buildings of any note have been yet discovered. The fact speaks for itself, comment would spoil it. Having generalised so far, Jones is anxious to take a hasty review of the most important changes which have taken place in the costume of these kingdoms. Applying the glass of time to his eye and looking down the long line of fashions, he is half persuaded he has taken up a kaleidoscope.

In the chronology of costume, the painters are our greatest authorities. The sculptors do little for us, preferring to be copyists of the past rather than registers of the "form and pressure of the time," current. Between the Norman conquest and the Reformation, dress as it existed may be found fairly described in the missals and monuments of the period. Womanly taste, Jones fears, had lamentably degenerated in the interval. The textile arts were positively backward, and France was too much occupied to trouble herself with the exportation of milliners. "The Kingdoms," were left to their own resources, and, between one distraction and another, they managed them badly. With the sixteenth century a change was observable. An ambitious woman, vain of her charms, was seated on the throne, and every device was exerted to gratify her caprices and add

lustre to her attractions. The head-dresses of Elizabeth and her court were so lofty, that doors and corridors had to be re-constructed to admit their passage; the neck and throat were hidden in enormous ruffs, with which the lively pencil of Zuccherò has made us tolerably familiar. Garments, in which allegories were conveyed, swept the ground, and the plumage of the head was embedded in a wig of awful dimensions and hideous shape. This style of dress, whilst it tended to overburthen and render the wearer ridiculous, was also artfully contrived to expose the person, for the gorget could be loosened at pleasure, and the stiff ruff, when detached from the front of the stomacher revealed a whole acre of neck and back. Jones has shed tears of the wildest grief, whilst contemplating the painted records of this age of monstrosities; he could indulge in a good cry this moment, if all his handkerchiefs had not been consigned to the custody of the laundress. He turns, with a heart charged with the sublime gratitude, to Mary Queen of Scots, his ideal of all that is chaste, tender, and beautiful in woman. In the sweet figure before him, he marks how the dress (samite, mystic, wonderful,) mounts, with a conscious delicacy, over the highest and last swell of the delicately formed bust, ending in a narrow ruff of limpest lawn, not broken into massive quillings, as round as a tailor's thimble, but fretted with the daintiest crimpings that hands could fashion. The head is half enveloped in a hood, so deliciously pretty, that it might be thought saucy were it not for the veil which falls over all like a sweep of transparent darkness. Let invention rack its brain as long as invention may, it will never discover a more decorous, lady-like costume than this. It represents grief seasoned by propriety. Whilst the sombre tone of the bulk of the dress speaks of a widowed heart and a sorrowed mind, those airy ruffs peep out at the sun-light and whisper consolation.

Holbein, after all, was the first painter who gave costume a settled character. From the myriad diversities which the time produced he singled out that which was rewarded with the most eclectic patronage, modified a few absurdities, and made it a standard model. His portraits look stiff, but it is not the rigidity of flesh and blood which hurts the eye, but the harsh materials in which they are clothed. The dress of his period abounded in angles, scarcely suffering a curve to point out the position of the shoulders. It was intended to suit neither youth nor extreme age, but that critical period of life when the "hateful crow" treads the corners of the eyes, when the cheek is perceptibly sunk, and blushes are to be had only at the perfumers. Excluding all sight of the hair, which somebody has called "potentest weapon of the softer sex," it hooded the head with a triangular-shaped cap, filling up the space left vacant between the border and the forehead with a band of gold tissue. Within the blind thus provided, all peculiarities of hair colour were concealed, the carrotiest red sharing the same asylum as the glossiest black or loveliest auburn. Notwithstanding the reflection that this contrivance helped the gray-haired to mask one of their most hopeless infirmities, Jones cannot repress his emotion at the thought of the number of fine heads which a practice so barbarous rendered valueless for all legitimate purposes of exhibition. As

for its inventor or inventress, may—the presence of the ladies alone restrains his over-wrought feelings. Descending from the aggrieved head to the bust, he finds that the latter was encased in a stomacher, defiant as a buckler, hard as a breast-plate, and so overcharged with pearls as to remind one of the sliding trays exhibited in the jewellers' windows. The dress rose high over back and neck, concealing, with honourable impartiality, the charms of youth and the failings of age. Under this Pallas-like protection granddaughter and grandmother were reduced to a happy uniformity of contour and development; for the partlet—a non-transparent species of habit-shirt which filled the space left vacant by the gown—was too thick and too wanting in elasticity to betray what it was intended to conceal. Bad as it was—and Jones wishes to know which of that brilliant circle of women who revere him as their guide, philosopher, and friend, would vote for its revival—it afforded a capital apology for the highly-elaborate ruff or collar by which it was surmounted, and which lent an air of coquetry to the delicate throat it encircled. Holbein had a horror of draughts, and this may satisfactorily account for the thick lawn handkerchief that is usually found depending from the cap-cauls of his portraits, and which could be wrapped around the wearer's neck on the slightest appearance of bronchial symptoms. The contrivance was comfortable, but Jones condemns it as deficient in grace and lightness. It may answer a Japanese lady to enfold her person in thirty skirts of silk and satin, or to follow the example of the early Dutch female colonists of New York, who, as Knickerbrocker tells us, wore as many as fifty slips at a time, with the thermometer standing at 90; but the practice merits reprobation in a land whose daughters have won their best blushes and pearls from a healthy familiarity with the atmosphere. Mr. Holbein's sleeves were nice in their way, with this abominable defect, that they totally concealed the arm, which an enthusiastic modern thus describes:—"a lovely branch, smooth and glittering like pale pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure and terminating in five taper petals, pinker still, folding and unfolding, 'at their own sweet will,' and especially contrived by nature to pick your heart clean to the bone before you know what they are about." Jones is concerned in the history of a sleeve which embarrassed so many pretty metaphors. He remembers, indeed, that his grandmother wore a sleeve open to like objections; but, then, she was a grandmother, and it suited her. Who would put a cocked hat on the brows of Jupiter or an evening wreath around the lovely head of the Grecian Diana? With all its defects, and they were manifold, Holbein's costumes had some redeeming features. His head-dresses, which may be described as systematised heaps of colour and jewellery, tended, from their brilliancy, to relieve the features of the wearer. The descending sides were artfully contrived to supply the oval outline when disordered by age, or to render it still lovelier when perfected by youth. His mantles—great wastes of purple and violet velvet, bordered with costly fur—were a charity in themselves. They stood out in defined folds from the figure, and there was no guessing at the symmetry that lay beneath them. Old Lady Butts, as she lives on the painter's

canvass, is buxom, fat, and visibly on the decline, but, treated as Holbein alone could treat her, she seems wavering on the verge of the cruel transition that comes with forty-five, and aspires to antiquity at fifty. It is true, he had little room for idealisation, for the people who patronised him were vulgarly addicted to calling a spade a spade, and a chimney-pot a chimney-pot. Jones, however, thinks he made noble use of the materials at his disposal, and, by way of proof, he points to the glorious portrait of Lady Richmond, in which the genius of the painter made a bold innovation on the fashion of the time. Instead of being swathed up in that horrid lawn, the pearl-white brows are encircled by a slender bandeau of gold, from which there hangs a fall of gossamer-like lace, meeting beneath the chin. The arrangement of the hair, which is divided in the middle and laid low upon the cheeks, is bad, because it is formal and constrained. With Holbein went out the fashions which he registered with such fidelity. Jones passes over the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and, with a good jump, arrives in the middle of the seventeenth century. The whole *personnel* of the toilet underwent a scathing reformation in the interval. The hoops, he regrets to add, disappeared, and in their place came attenuated trains of glossy satin or stiff brocade. The hair, no longer plaited or banded, flowed wild and free, or was coaxed into swarms of black or golden ringlets, which either poured over the bust or rolled down the back in a wealth of light. The drapery, ceasing to be hard, fell into soft, wavy masses, which reflected all the actions of the wearer; and its *ensemble* was rendered still more ariel by the profusion of delicate laces and sparkling linens with which it was environed. All at once the stomacher broke down, the partlet was rent asunder, and bust and arms were exposed to the light so long denied them. An air of studied negligence was obtained, so as to gloss over the faults and freedoms of the new costume. Everything was developed, and, where an imperfection retreated from the eye, its asylum was hidden by a burst of gorgeous drapery descending from the shoulder, sweeping across the bust, and caught up by a glittering aigrette at the hip or waist. In this guise age ceased to share the sacred privileges which made her more than a match for youth; it suited none but the young and beautiful; even with the assistance of the enamelling process (by which Jones has seen more than one actress, at fifty, pass for a school-girl in her teens) it permitted of no deception.

Look at this young person as she steps out of the canvass of that glowing Vandyke. "Head," as Mr. Tennyson has it, "Sunned over with curls," white throat, closely ringed with a triple lace of pearls; waist short but somehow classic, and a bust for which a single rose discharges all the functions of stomacher and partlet. Small foreheads were cultivated, (by the way, Jones remembers that Petrarch praises his Laura for her "sweet, small brows,") for the ringletty coiffure descended very low, so low, indeed, as to impart a shade of its quality to the eyes.

"She stood on the garden terrace,
'Mid the lilacs' violet dust,
With a single ring on her finger—
A single rose in her bust.

Coquetish, saucy, and pretty,
And shy as the shyest mouse ;
What was the charm that quickened
In the narrow pearl of her brows ?

Ask me not, curious stranger,
She mistressed a lordly hall ;
Her fortune was fifty thousand,
And mine was—nothing at all."

Vandyke's costumes, on the whole, airy, and in some measure indecent, served, after all, to drape none except those who united a faultless conformation of person to extreme youth. It was admirably adapted to round faces, with less of feeling than of fulness, but would never set off the real charm of a spiritual countenance. In truth, it was too sensual to enhance the goodness of anything beyond ordinary muscularity. The intellectual tone of the face was sacrificed to mere prettiness ; fine women (in Jones's acceptance of the word) were lost in the mazes of a raiment which aspired to combine the ordinary decencies of life with the freedom of the stage ; whilst failing to realize the first, it triumphed in the second ; and the result is too lamentably manifest to require the keen, revelant criticism of the writer of these pages.

With Charles II. the coiffure, which, until then, had been restricted to something approaching uniformity, became more *degagé* and less *prononcé*. If we take Sir Peter Lely, (of whom it was said that he was felicitious enough to worship vanity without offending the truth,) we find it to have grown looser and wilder, less reconcilable with modesty, and more in consonance with an age which cherished Nell Gwynne, and paved the way for the last conquest of the "kingdoms." Lely's ladies are, in despite of himself, unnatural. Fancy a duchess, in a short skirt and straw hat, herding sheep ; and a duke, in trunk hose and velvet jacket, playing the flageolet to a group of long-horned cows ! He was a courtier of the true stamp—the Polonius cast, perhaps—and knew how to make himself agreeable to the fine ladies and gentlemen of the court.

Whenever, in obedience to the wishes of his patronesses, he denies his portrait the pastoral character, and paints her into a tame similitude of real life, either his genius or the peculiarities of the current costume paralyse his pencil. Jones has seen *his* beauties, and, taken on the whole, they have little to boast. He had a good eye for drapery, but little knowledge of its proper disposition. His ladies are unquestionably "persons of quality ;" but, then, they dress so much like professional equestrians that you only undo a single hook, and the major part of the drapery comes to grief. Bare necks and bosoms, hideously full skirts, painted cheeks and powdered arms are his specialities. Get Lely outside the range of these artificialities, and he would fail, even in the capacity of a respectable sign-board painter. No doubt, his style tended to preserve the charms of youth and hide the deformities of age ; but Jones has little sympathy with an art whose office it is to brazen out a lie, in defiance of all the laws of truth. People, he thinks, should have their costume accommodated to their experience ; for

there is nothing more disgusting (in his elevated opinion) than to see a young girl dressed dowdily, or one of two scores and a-half adopting the costume of a woman of nineteen. He prefers to speaking on this subject himself, to quote the opinions of a French authoress who appears to "write with a pen of iron on tablets of lead." "To the slaves of society, when all the enjoyment of love has passed away, when all the interest of passion has vanished, there remain but the pleasures of the promenade, the flare of gas-light, and the satisfactions of the fool. After all the dreams of love and ambition have died out, there subsists the desire to shine and to have it asserted of them, '*j'y étais hier—j'y serai demain.*' It is a sad spectacle to behold women who conceal their wrinkles under flowers, and cover their barren foreheads with feathers and diamonds; every thing about them is false—false bust, false hair, false teeth. Spectres revived from the gaieties of another epoch, they come to assist at the festivals of to-day, as if their aim was to afford the young a melancholy lesson in the laws of philosophy; this, for instance: 'my pretty girls, it is thus you shall pass away.'"

From Vandyke, although the stride is a long one, Jones passes to Sir Joshua Reynolds. It would have been a miracle, indeed, if the man who enjoyed the society of Garrick, Johnson, and Goldsmith, and had read the essay on "the Sublime and Beautiful," could have been else than an elegant and accomplished costumier. Holbein had been stiff and formal, Vandyke criminally the contrary; it remained for Reynolds to unite both, whilst he tempered their excesses, and imparted to the result a style which combined the virtues with the graces. He caught the character of the age, and it had that in abundance; but with him it is a nobler glory not only to have corrected the errors of his predecessors, but, to have erected a standard of taste for all who succeeded him. Combating with foibles of a time which did its utmost to overload nature, and make the human frame the slave of the worst caprices of fashionable invention, he succeeded in arranging, or rather perfecting, a system of costume in which every thing is decorous, chaste, and noble. He despised the vulgar sycophancy which, at the expense of decency, sacrificed its own opinions and instincts to the loose tastes of its patrons. In him nothing is intended to assault the soul through the eye—there is nothing vulgar or meretricious: every touch of that magic brush awakens feelings of reverence, accompanied by the deepest admiration. Looking at the costume *per se*, Jones hardly knows what it is that captivates his fancy. He takes a lady, and finds that her wardrobe, if properly inventoried, would stand thus:—first, the head-dress, a castellated structure, which rises in a delicate slope from the forehead, and, through three or four interchanges of jewellery and feathers, ends in a tuft of something or another which he is incapable of describing. Sometimes the architectural features of the pile are compromised by a blue or saffron scarf wound around the base, and terminating in a fringed knot over the left ear. As for the dress itself, it "claves" to the figure like ordinary theatrical tights, as far as the *torso* was concerned; and below that the skirt (not inflated, by the way,) dropped in voluptuous folds, well calca-

lated to set off the rich gleam of the costly material of which it was composed, or was tucked up in loops and festoons, so as to display a gorgeous under-skirt of saffron or plum-coloured satin. The shoulders were high, the bosom low; and the sleeves, ending at the elbow, were trimmed with a double or quadruple ruffle of lace or cambric. Reynolds's style has an enormous advantage over all its predecessors. They made it their aim, as if intellect were inconsistent with loveliness, to dwarf the forehead, and thus depress the moral tone of the being. He, with that largeness of capacity and intuitive tendency towards truth which won for him the estimation of his greatest contemporaries, laboured to elevate the head, and develop the intellectual life of his subject. The Germans are very eloquent and very verbose, by the way, on the æsthetic principles of dress; but not one of them has projected, even in theory, an atom of an improvement in which he had not been anticipated by the English master. The great misfortune of the early portrait painters was that, in covering the head with a pyramid of finery, they absolutely united the latter with the former in such a way, that it is hard to guess where the natural leaves off and the artificial is put on. Reynolds drew the line with a bold but delicate hand, and abolished, Jones hopes for ever, the reign of such monstrosities as ladies with sugar-loaf heads plentifully besprinkled with handsome confectionary. Let us hear what a capital authority remarks on this subject. Writing of the high head-dress he says: "It is the *idea* of elevation in the part where by nature it is most noble which conveys the highest and finest impression of mental dignity. A woman thus costumed looks a high-priestess dedicated to noble things. This is more especially the case when it is the hair itself which gives this height to the head. For of all the weapons of beauty which a woman possesses, for good or evil, it is her hair in which lies most of the expression of either. It is the head with loose, wandering tresses, more than any other feature of the costume, which, from the days of the syrens of mythology to those of Lely's gallery, has most undeniably revealed the Dalilah. Gather them up or conceal them under a hood, and the woman is changed. On this account very long, loose, flowing hair is only suitable for children or young girls. The moment the face is hidden or covered in any way by the hair, head and head-dress become one, and the impression left is no longer of a head carrying its load with ease or freedom, but of one overpowered beneath it. This rule does not apply when such a cap or coiffure is seen on a child, as in Sir Joshua's picture of little Lady Caroline Clinton feeding her cocks and hens; for children, by nature, have large heads, and the intellectual expression produced by the bare forehead and face is out of character with them."

Dress continued to be modelled on Reynolds's "projection" until 1855, when hoops (thank goodness) were again revived under the highest auspices. If any indignant male, after reading the foregoing luminous and beautiful essay, should hesitate to deny that woman was the original fountain of pure taste and the foundress of architecture, Jones has already published his address in these pages, and would be obliged by an early morning visit.

REVIEW.

TESTIMONIES TO THE MOST HIGH.*

THE author of this pleasant and edifying volume, already well known by his labours in the field of moral literature, has attempted to provide in it some counterpoise to the efforts made to endanger religion, by promoting a spirit of infidelity amongst the middle and lower classes of these kingdoms. That such efforts have, unfortunately, succeeded too well for their promoters, need not be urged upon anyone acquainted with the social condition of the secondary and tertiary strata of English life. In both layers, and they are broad and deep, the spicula of a demoralizing doubtfulness in revealed truth are lamentably apparent. To attribute this unhappy fact to lack of "spiritual attention" would be an unpardonable mistake. Churches abound, nor are preachers silent, as any one may convince himself, say by a visit to Hyde Park, Battersea Slough, or Clapham Common, where every second tree is converted into a pulpit for the accommodation of the pious orator of the hour. It has been suggested that, notwithstanding his eloquence and enthusiasm, the orator does less good than harm, that he exposes religion to contempt, and frequently obtrudes it with a sufficient amount of offensiveness to disgust his hearers. Side by side with him, it is not unusual to find an orator of a different class and larger audience. The latter is an emissary of the Infidel Societies, which have established no unimportant organization over the country. His aim is to shake his hearers' faith in the Fall and the Redemption, to prove that Christianity is a trade got up for the benefit of its professed ministers, and therefore, worthy rejection at the hands of "the intelligent and respectable people," whom he has the honour of addressing. Strange to say, whilst the "pious" preacher generally exhorts slender congregations, addicted to "chaff" and inattention, the infidel is sure to have a crowd of hearers fascinated by the daring and novelty of his discourse. The machinery of God's universe supplies him with the most specious arguments for the non-existence of its Creator. He has Voltaire, Hume, and Paine at his fingers' end; but his last and most dangerous resources are found in the wonderful harmony of wisdom and goodness which the Almighty architect has spread around us. Arguments of this sort multiply daily; they teem in every new discovery, as geology, in its infancy, furnished proofs of "Biblical mendacity." "It is a holy and a wholesome thought" of any man, gifted with the powers of which the writer of this volume has given unquestionable proofs, to take the side of nature

* *Testimonies to the Most High, drawn from the books of Nature and Revelation, by the author of "Sunday Evenings at Home."* Dublin and London: JAMES DUFFY.

for God against the systemists of nature against God, and to read in the variety and inexhaustibleness of his works, the highest "testimony" to his all-seeing power. It is hard to pick out of the mass of Christian erudition with which this volume abounds, a portion, illustrative of the general character of its contents; but we cannot help placing before our readers, as a sample of the whole, this felicitous extract:

"Not unlike Columbus, an entomologist, with a powerful lens, may discover an island-population in a drop of water, or a new world in a crumb of cheese! According to Lowenhock, there are insects so diminutive that twenty-seven millions of them may be grouped on a pin's head! Ehrenberg also asserts that millions of the *infusoria* tribe together do not exceed a grain in bulk; and that, side by side, a thousand of them may swim through the eye of a needle! Millions of atom shells have been discovered in a cubic inch of silex! Naturalists likewise assure us that mountain chains, and other parts of the earth's surface, have been formed by insects! The leaves of plants and flowers feed numerous colonies. On the stem of the rose, as well as on the bean-stalk, groups of tiny commonwealths are discernible. Insects have been detected in vapour and smoke, it is said, as well as in more solid materials. Hitherto unsuspected empires have recently been made known by microscopic explorers. As was before observed, there is authority for asserting the existence of animalcula many thousand degrees less than a mite! The powdered bloom of a peach skin is supposed to be formed by variegated insects, with such delicacy of tint, no mosaic work may compare. While representing in colours the graceful elegance of some insects on the wing, do not a skilled painter's most elaborate efforts fall far short of the mark? The atmosphere we breathe swarms with organic beings; and the marvel is worth repeating, that each well-nigh imperceptible atom has eyes, mouth, stomach, and organs adapted to the usual functions of life. Forest and garden foliage teem, also, with animated creatures. Myriads of insects are born, live, and die, in the trunks and branches of trees, and in other substances; lynx-eyed investigators tell us that even the hardest flints, pebbles, and stones have living inhabitants. Of their economy, however, but little, if anything, is known. If we refer to those with which naturalists are more acquainted, it may be remarked how ephemeral is the existence of some flying species, whose life extends not beyond a summer's day! Some *infusoria* are said to go through all the phases of existence in fifteen minutes! Who has not witnessed emigrants from the green hedges gaily dancing out their brief holiday of sunshine, to the music of their own wings? Such evanescent pleasures may suggest to mortal men how transient are the joys of their own fleeting lives. It is conjectured that sea-water is an element composed of animalcula. The medusae, or water butterflies, float in shoals, covering an expanse of many leagues. By flapping their tiny wings, these diminutive creatures decompose the rays of light. Glittering, with all the hues of the rainbow in the distance, they appear like animated diamonds. These, as well as other phenomena, give evidence that, 'whatsoever the Lord pleaseth He hath done in heaven, in earth, in the sea, and in all the depths.' (Ps. cxxxiv.) The Ocean, which covers seven-tenths of the globe, is a huge nursery of 'creeping things without number—creatures little and great.' By experiments recently made, organic beings have been found at a depth of two miles from the sea surface. The caverns, mountains, and plains of the vasty deep, are cradles and tombs of myriads continually exchanging life for death! Of ocean's gigantic inhabitants, mention has been already made; but the whale's malthusian plan of decreasing its own cutaneous population was not before stated. To get rid of tormenting vermin, the leviathan monarch of the deep occasionally rises to the surface. Here he quietly remains until the sea-birds, that speedily alight upon his back, have glutted themselves with his enemies. At length, his unconscious friends depart; and then the colossus sinks, relieved, if not altogether freed, from his

tiny foes. If the land has its multipede and biped road-sweepers, and dust-men, the ocean's Ruler has also provided it with efficient surveyors, nuisance-inspectors, and offal-scavengers. The shell-tenant of ocean, like the land-snail, carries with him a rent-free house. This portable dwelling—at first a cradle—grows with the occupant's growth until, enlarged to full dimensions, it becomes his coffin and his grave. According to Michélet: 'An insect called the *drilus* gets into the dwelling of a snail, when the latter returns from a food-seeking expedition, the intruder lives upon his host, and contrives, in about a fortnight, to eat him out of house and home!' In the animal series of creation, even the sponge has its office. Contemptible and yielding as it is in appearance, the sponge, nevertheless, can dismantle solid rocks, and thereby make their ruin useful, in Nature's economy, for other purposes. The pores of the sponge also serve as the dwellings of numerous *polypi*. The last-named species of animal is endowed with so great a faculty for reproduction, that, when divided into a dozen or more pieces, each separate portion becomes a new, perfect, living creature! Naturalists assure us that a plumed species of *polypi* among seaweeds, is the habitation of a colony as populous as Paris or London. Hence, a poetic philosopher exclaims—

“In the wide-spread circle of creation,
Not an atom can be spared,
From earth's magnetic zone, to the
Bindweed round a hawthorn.
And, perchance, the universe would
Die, were not all things as they are.”

“The study of creation helps candid inquirers to prepare for the change that awaits us all. Natural wonders and revealed truths combine to elevate our thoughts to an all-provident Ruler, and to look hopefully forward to a union with Him, in a world without end. In conclusion,

“Almighty Father, while we cling
To our crumbling hold, so soon to fall,
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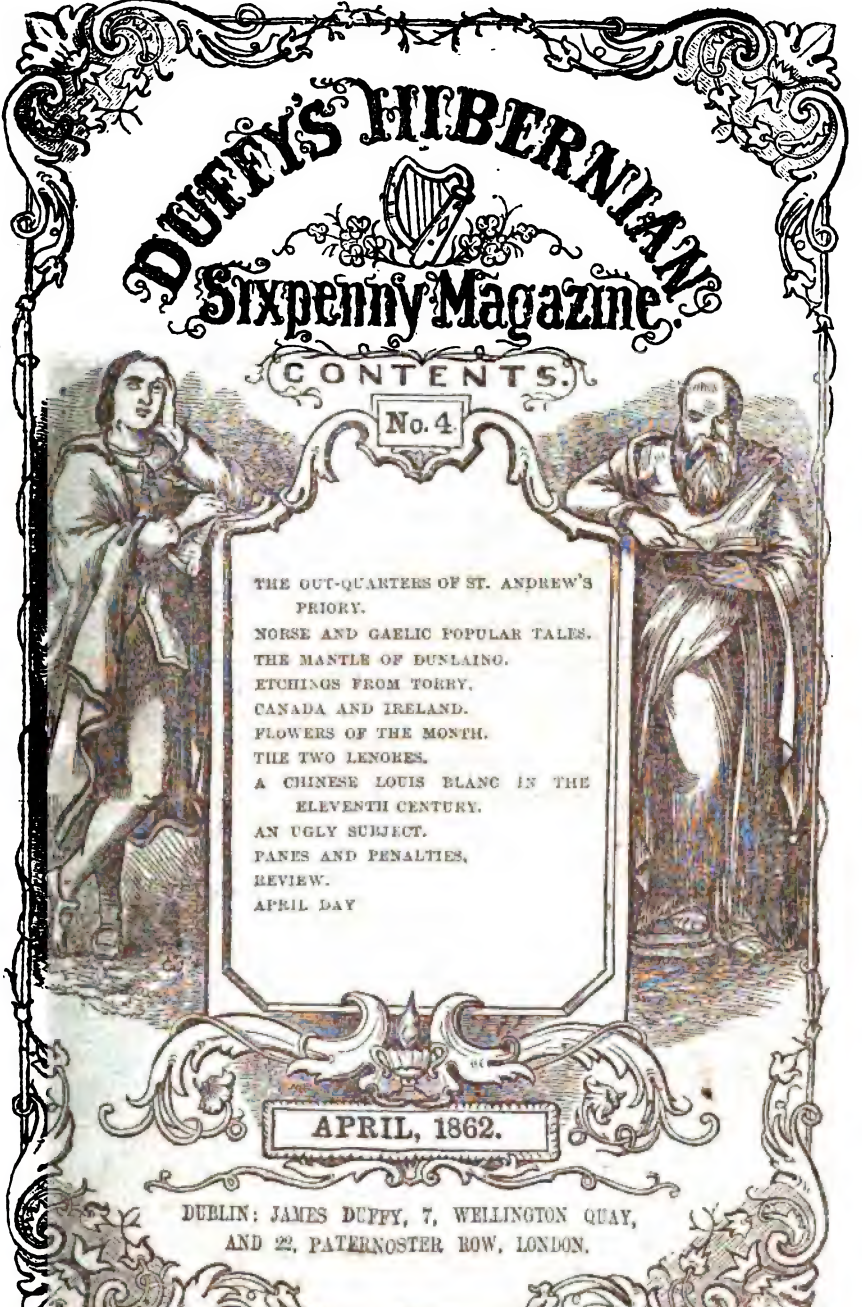
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No. 4.

APRIL.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER X.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

THE ringing of bells at length ushered in the morning which was to brighten up once more the old halls of Tregona. Everything wore a holiday garb announcing the welcome festivity. The only one to whom this gay day might have awakened recollections of happier times was not there; and though, almost within hearing of the joyous sounds, he had been care fully precluded from taking any share in them. But, to return to the fête; the sun had scarcely forced its way through the clouds of an autumnal sky when the rustics began to arrive and take possession of those quarters allotted to them and their amusements. As the day further advanced the neighbouring gentry made their appearance to witness the sports of the peasantry, and present their good wishes of the day to the new proprietor of Tregona.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the endless diversions and repasts that followed each other, we will leave them to the imagination of the reader, and only say that all were well pleased with the entertainment.

Amongst the guests there was one we would not wish to pass over, destined as he was to play a prominent part in this narrative. This was Lucius Gorley, the friend of Humphrey, and whom he had mentioned in such glowing colours in his letter to his sister. It was true that he was a young man of considerable attractions; in addition to a handsome person, he possessed an easy and courteous deportment, accompanied with so much wit and humour as to dazzle and delight all those who heard him. He was dressed in the most costly fashion of the day, which his tall and well turned figure set off to the greatest advantage; whilst the good opinion he maintained of himself made it no difficult matter to discover the advantages he possessed over the greater part of the worthy visitors assembled on the occasion.

He paid marked attention to Mr. Marsdale's daughter: showering down laudations in a style which, he flattered himself, would be sure of furthering the ends that his caprice had chosen for the moment to adopt. He was, however, mistaken. The frivolity and self-complacency of his address were too evident not to produce on the gentle Alice impressions the very reverse of those which were aimed at; and, though she could not refrain from admiring, with others, his brilliant acquirements, she went no further, but received his advances with cold civility.

The day had now nigh passed away, and no appearance of him whose promised arrival was to crown, in the estimation of his dear sister, the pleasures of the fête. Nightfall had already announced the time for commencing the merry dance, and gaily-dressed figures began to fill the lighted rooms.

"What can detain Gerald?" whispered Alice Marsdale to the Rev. Mr. Treverbyn, as they encountered each other in the moving throng.

"A thousand things," replied the young rector; "bad horses, bad roads, or any other casualty of that description; we must not vex ourselves if he should not arrive."

At this moment Gorley, sumptuously attired, approached the speaker, and, without taking notice of Mr. Treverbyn, carried off the fair Alice to the dance. The rector followed them with his eyes as they hastily proceeded onwards; and, could his looks have spoken, it is not impossible that they would have given expression to no very pleasing observation; the parties were soon, however, lost to his view, and he was walking away, absorbed in his own reflections, when his attention was directed towards the upper end of the hall, where a certain commotion was observable near the doorway. Full of eager hopes as to its cause, Treverbyn anxiously watched the result, when a sudden drawing back of the guests confirmed in an instant his most ardent wishes. A young man, booted and spurred in the garb of a traveller, was seen to advance with hasty strides, disregarding all present, and to make his way through the wondering crowd till he reached the lord of the feast, and there, on bended knee, to beg a father's blessing!

Mr. Marsdale was much touched with this mark of Gerald's affectionate attention, and listened with pride to the recital he gave of his determination to overcome every difficulty that should stand in the way of wishing his father many happy returns of his birth-day. Alice and Mr. Treverbyn were not long in adding their joyful expression of welcome. Humphrey alone seemed a little tardy in coming forward. His brother's arrival had considerably surprised him, he had not looked forward to the circumstance as likely to occur so soon, and would have preferred it had not done so. Gerald and himself had so frequently taken opposite views of the same subject that he feared, should he learn the plans he had in contemplation, he might endeavour to mar them. This demur on the part of Humphrey was, however, unperceived by Gerald, who, happy at finding himself once more amongst his relatives, received the greetings of those around him with unmixed delight.

Alice having conducted him to an apartment prepared for his reception,

he hastily equipped himself in a suitable manner to join in the concluding gaieties of the evening.

"Who is this gallant?" said Gerald to his friend Treverbyn, "who I am told is paying his court to my sister. What name does he bear, and what is his history?"

"I fear you must go to better authority than myself if you wish to know any particulars about him. All I can say is, that he is the intimate friend of your brother Humphrey, and by him brought down to Tregona. Report speaks well as to his means, but of the rest I know nothing."

At this moment the subject of Gerald's inquiries was pointed out to him as he passed an open doorway. Gerald had but a momentary glance, but it was sufficient to fill him with the utmost astonishment. "Gracious heaven!" cried he, "whom do I see there? can it possibly be the same person? No; I left him far away. You told me not the name he bore?"

"Gorley," replied Mr. Treverbyn.

"Gorley! that name is totally unknown to me. I was, no doubt, mistaken."

On saying this, he resumed his usual serene demeanour, and their conversation turned upon other topics, though Mr. Treverbyn could not help remarking that the eyes of his friend were frequently reverting to the spot where Gorley had made his appearance; and, thinking that he was not thoroughly convinced of the mistake under which he laboured, suggested the propriety of dispelling his doubts by a nearer examination. This being agreed to, they bent their steps towards the large saloon. On their way thither they were met by a party of merry dancers tired with their exertions, and escaping from the pressure of the throng. This movement gave Gerald an opportunity of seeing each one as he passed, and of learning from his friend something of his name and history. Treverbyn expected to see Gorley and Alice Marsdale amongst the rest, but he was disappointed; they appeared to have taken a different direction.

At length came the worthy proprietor himself, accompanied by Mr. Justice Sandford, Merris, and other friends. They were making their way to the great hall, where a sumptuous repast, comprising every costly dainty, was spread out in grand display. Gerald joined his father, and was desired by him to place himself near him at table.

Towards the close of the banquet, during a momentary pause, the attention of Gerald was arrested by the sound of a voice not unfamiliar to him; he hearkened a moment, then, bending forward, ran his eyes down the table to try and ascertain from whom it proceeded; they soon alighted upon the identical countenance which had before so forcibly struck him. Gerald gazed at him steadfastly till all further doubts on the subject vanished at once.

"It is he, and no other!" said he to himself. "What audacity to have thus wormed his way into my father's house! I must not countenance so unwarrantable an intrusion;" upon which he rose abruptly from his seat, and advanced towards the spot where Gorley had placed himself. The latter, turning suddenly around, encountered the full force of Gerald's scru-

tinizing stare. The recognition was instantaneous. Gorley gave an involuntary start, but, immediately recovering his self-possession, turned towards Alice Marsdale, who sat next to him, and carelessly inquired the name of the individual so strangely looking at them?

"You know me well," said Gerald, "though, perhaps, a little surprised at meeting me here to-night; but I have, fortunately, arrived in time to put a stop to an intimacy as objectionable as dangerous."

"Gently, gently," replied Gorley, mildly, "you are labouring under some mistake—some wild delusion. You take me for another; we never met before; but, for the sake of my fair neighbour," pointing to Alice, "I will not further notice this unfair attack upon a stranger."

"Unfair!" replied Gerald, indignantly. "Am I to overlook the fact that on my return home I find an unprincipled adventurer domiciled under my father's roof?"

"*Your* father's roof?" retorted Gorley, with ill-suppressed surprise, betraying his ignorance of the speaker's kinship with the family in whose house he was a guest.

"Yes, *my* father's roof; and the less you know of it in future the better."

"Young man, this language is unbearable!" exclaimed Gorley, losing all further self-control, and, rising hastily from his seat, placed his hand upon his sword.

"I care not for your anger," said Gerald, resolutely. "I here denounce you publicly as a dishonourable gamester!"

"Draw, draw!" cried Gorley, bursting with rage, "let our swords decide on the spot who most deserves that epithet."

The angry tones of the dispute soon drew every one's attention to the spot; and, as the vehement recriminations increased each moment, a general hush swept over the astonished guests, till the rapid clashing of swords spread universal alarm throughout the crowded saloon. Alice shrieked with terror. Exclamations resounded from all quarters, whilst parties rushed forward to separate the combatants. This they at last succeeded in effecting, after a slight wound had been inflicted by Gorley's sword on Gerald's left arm.

Humphrey who, like others, had been attracted by the noise of the fray, endeavoured at first to make light of the matter, but, seeing the serious turn the affair had taken, he felt deeply annoyed, and prevailed on his friend to retire, whilst he loudly blamed his brother for his ill-timed, inhospitable attack. This misadventure broke up the revels of the evening: each one withdrew, forming his own opinion upon what had occurred. Mr. Marsdale was distressed beyond measure at the untoward event, and was with difficulty prevailed upon, by his old ally, Master Merris, to let the matter rest over for the morrow, when a proper *dénouement* of the whole affair would, no doubt, clear up the unpleasant mystery.

CHAPTER XI.

A PLEASANT INTERVIEW.

THE morrow at length arrived, but unaccompanied with those satisfactory explanations which the master of the mansion expected to realize. Mr. Marsdale, with that kind consideration for others so prominent in his disposition, was most unwilling to condemn Gorley before he was thoroughly convinced that there was just cause for his doing so. In the present instance he could not bring himself to believe that a young man, known and approved of by his son Humphrey, should be given to such practices as were laid to his charge.

He felt persuaded there was some mistake in the business. Extraordinary resemblances had been known to deceive the most acute, and he was led to think that, in all probability, something of the kind had occurred. This opinion was considerably strengthened by the perusal of a letter left by Gorley, on taking his departure at an early hour of the morning. This carefully-written missive was couched in the warmest terms of gratitude to Mr. Marsdale for his hospitality and kindness; dwelling at the same time upon the absolute necessity that existed of leaving a roof where he found himself under the strange anomaly of not being permitted to prove his own identity: he, nevertheless, trusted that Mr. Marsdale would not give ear to the merciless accusations thrown out against him, but give faith to the assurance of his having been grossly mistaken for another.

"I greatly fear," said Mr. Marsdale, perusing the above, "that Gerald has acted precipitately. What he did was, no doubt, for the best, but he should have been more certain of his man, before he ventured to denounce him in so public a manner."

"Let us say no more about it," said Humphrey, "Gerald is fond of conjuring up some prudish story, some idle romance; and in this instance it afforded him the opportunity of playing the hero before his new friends."

"The risk of being run through the body is rather an awkward mode of courting an effect," said the old preceptor.

"Enough, enough," exclaimed Mr. Marsdale. "I trust the affair is at an end, and that no further contentions may disturb the peace of my hitherto quiet household."

"As far as I am concerned," replied Humphrey, carelessly, "I shall give myself no further trouble about the matter. Let my brother settle his own quarrels; I have other and more important business on hand that claims my immediate attention."

Having thus, with perfect indifference, disposed of his much-admired friend, he went in search of Mr. Justice Sandford, with whom he had made an appointment to meet him that morning. In the meantime, Gerald, who was confined to his chamber by a slight wound in the arm, could with difficulty conceal the gratification he felt in having succeeded in expelling from his father's house, a man whom he well knew was unworthy to be there. During his stay in the French capital he had had opportunity of wit

nessing so many dishonourable practices in Gorley's gambling career, that he had marked him out as one unfit for social intercourse. It was, therefore, no matter of wonder that his indignation should have been aroused when he found this very man, under an assumed name, installed in his father's house, and, still more, endeavouring to win the good will of his sister. Finding that his well-timed attack had so well answered its purport, he willingly consented to let the matter rest. The subject was therefore dropped, and all went on with apparent satisfaction and peace.

As soon as Gerald had recovered from the effects of his encounter with Gorley, he became anxious to make himself acquainted with the surrounding localities of Tregona; places which Alice had so frequently dwelt upon in her letters to him. "Let us begin with the roofless little chapel," said Gerald, as he sallied forth with his sister beyond the precincts of the dwelling for the first time.

On entering the deserted sanctuary, the eye ran over an uninterrupted space of marble flooring, apparently recently cleared of every obstruction, and whose surface was but very slightly injured. The surrounding walls had every appearance of strength, and were pierced at intervals with lancet windows, whose elaborate stone tracery, had, no doubt, contained many a scriptural story emblazoned in stained glass. The architecture of the building was of a florid order, and infinitely beautiful in its details; whilst the perfect proportions of the whole could not fail to produce the impression, that in its day it had been a perfect gem of beauty.

Gerald looked around with admiration, not unmixed with regret at the barbarous hand that had turned the place into a ruin.

On advancing further into the building, his attention was drawn towards a small prostrate object, apparently a painting. "What have we here?" said Gerald, stooping to examine it more closely; and seeing that its surface was pierced with holes, inquired of Alice its history.

"It is an old portrait," said his sister, "which Humphrey tore from the panel in the long gallery, to do the duties of a target on my father's birth-day, and for which pastime this place was so suitable."

"Suitable?" said Gerald, "anything but that, dear Alice. Did it not occur to you that there was something like irreverence in making use of a consecrated building for such an idle amusement?"

"Oh! it never crossed my mind on that busy day," said Alice; "but now that you mention it, I own it would have been better to have chosen some other spot."

"And of whom the portrait?" said Gerald, looking nearer at the target's substitute.

"Only some old monk's likeness," replied his sister, "we can easily find something more cheerful to fill the vacancy in the gallery, though it answered the purpose of affording plenty of merriment in its new office."

"I have no doubt it did," said Gerald; "nevertheless, I think it was not quite fair; I should have preferred a subject less likely to create feelings foreign to the game. However, we will take compassion on the poor battered abbot, and see if we cannot repair the damage done to him, and

replace him in his old position. During my travels abroad I learned something of the use of the brush, and shall be glad to make my first essay as a limner on this unhappy picture." This agreed upon, they resumed their exploring excursion towards the cottage of old Dame Trenchard. This, however, they found closed, and its inmates gone.

"I regret this absence," said Alice, "for I much wished you to see this good woman, however, it must be for another time; so let us journey down to the sea-shore, my favourite spot, which I have so often detailed to you with my pen; but you may now judge yourself of its romantic scenery."

"This is grand, indeed!" said Gerald, when he reached the sands and looked up at the noble range of rocks that bordered the shore. "I little thought so formidable a barrier protected our Cornish coast; does it extend far?"

"I know not; with this part alone am I acquainted."

"And these distant groves," said Gerald, "are they within our new domains?"

"No, they are not; they belong to Sir Algernon Trevillers; his lands join ours in that direction." In saying this, Alice looked searchingly around as if seeking some one who was not there; and true it was, she had so frequently met Urcella Trevillers on that retired beach that she secretly hoped she might again find her there on the present occasion; but she was not to be seen, and Alice was on the point of betraying her disappointment when a gleam of sunshine pointed out through the misty distance two figures approaching. She was not long in ascertaining who these figures were, and hastily sprang forward to meet them, begging permission to make her brother known to them. This request was easily granted, as Gerald's good name had preceded his arrival; and in a short time they were all engaged in animated conversation.

The theme turned upon continental life and the various customs and manners met with in different countries. Urcella took up the subject warmly. She had passed half her life in Italy's fair land, and her affections and pleasant associations were all centred there. She accordingly expatiated with zeal upon the many advantages that prevailed in her favourite quarter, in preference to those which she was now supposed to enjoy in her own country.

"Surely," said Gerald, feeling himself in honour bound to stand up for his native soil when he considered it undervalued, "no fair daughter of this isle should compare those volatile nations of the south with our staid, unrivalled country?"

"Yes," said Urcella, with an arch smile, "I am one of those ungrateful daughters, and I feel, moreover, confident that I should be able, in due time, to convince you that the volatile propensities which you seem to have discovered in our southern neighbours are completely counterbalanced by a thousand other good qualities. Still, as it might be unbecoming of me to exult in my assertion, I will say no more, but resign the argument in favour of one of her proud sons, who I see already looks triumphant;

but remember," she added, playfully, "I give way only through courtesy."

"Well," replied Gerald, "this is at least a strange victory on my part, if it is only to result from the courtesy of my fair adversary. I ought not to feel satisfied with such an advantage, at least without requesting to know what those weighty reasons might be which could so easily convince me of the superiority of my foreign neighbours over my own gallant countrymen."

"Ah!" replied Ursula, turning her fine expressive eyes towards the speaker, "there are circumstances which may render this great nation less happy to some than to others; circumstances which cannot be touched upon at present, but which are of such an important nature as to make me frequently turn an envying eye on those whose fate has placed their homes on the opposite shores of the British Channel."

Gerald, perceiving that a shade of sorrow betrayed itself on her countenance as she uttered these words, was unwilling to press the subject any further, and referred to her father's stay at the Priory.

"My father," said Ursula, "intends making his residence there but a temporary one. After an absence of so many years, he finds many matters to settle, some of an intricate nature, and those may delay him longer than he anticipates. It is at present a desolate place, but it has many interesting associations attached to it which render the spot dear to us all."

Mistress Anne Trevillers, who was following with Alice Marsdale, now rejoined her niece, and, after a little general conversation, attended with many expressions of good will on all sides, they separated for their different homes.

"Now," said Alice, turning round to see that she was beyond the reach of being heard, "tell me, Gerald, have I in the least overrated the beauty, wit, and goodness of my friend Ursula?" "Tell me at once, brother what you think of her?"

"Why, dear Alice," said Gerald, with a smile, "I should indeed be gifted with more than ordinary powers of perfection, if I could ascertain, in so short an interview, all the perfections you name. I am ready to allow that nature has played her part unusually well; but you must give me a little time to discover the more essential qualifications, before I pass those sweeping commendations which your partiality would fain urge me to give expression to."

"If it depend upon *Time* only," replied his sister, somewhat chagrined at Gerald's want of enthusiasm for her friend, "not much of that need be wasted in making the discovery."

CHAPTER XII.

RESOLUTIONS TAKEN.

DURING the time that Gerald was making himself acquainted with the various localities around his father's new domain, as detailed in the previous chapter, other matters of a less sociable character were transacting nearer home.

Counsellor Grimsby had just reached Tregona from the capital, bringing with him, according to instructions, copies of the various penal statutes which had been issued from time to time against those who had refused to conform to the religion of the state. This refusal on the part of Sir Algernon Trevillers had been suspected for some time by Humphrey, and on his return home, after the loss of his suit, he took every means to ascertain the fact. Having succeeded in doing so to his entire satisfaction, he considered the time arrived for putting his well-arranged plan into execution—that of prosecuting his successful antagonist as a “Popish Recusant.”

The mortified feelings which his defeat had engendered still held possession of his heart; and he felt he should never consider himself thoroughly avenged till he had held up to public obloquy his successful antagonist—and this he was confident he should succeed in doing if he could prevail on his father to lend his approbation and assistance. As for his brother Gerald, he feared he would obtain but little sympathy from him—a conjecture which had rendered his sudden return from the continent rather a matter of regret than otherwise, but which inconvenience he hoped to obviate by withholding from his knowledge as long as possible his intentions.

With this determination, he profited by the temporary absence of Gerald with Alice to lay his plans before his father and Mr. Justice Sandford, whose presence he had secured, and who was ever most willing to give his magisterial aid in such matters. All parties, including Master Merris, and Humphrey's law assistant, Mr. Grimsby, having assembled in the study, Humphrey began pompously to unfold his case, conveying the attention of his hearers to the main point by a circuitous route, which he felt confident would answer best in making the desired impressions.

“It is well known to us all,” said Humphrey, “that cabals and plots of the darkest description against the state have, of late years, been discovered, and, by the vigilance of the law, happily suppressed. It is also well known that the originators of such cabals were traced to those disappointed men who once carried all before them, but who have been at length humbled to the dust; many of whom at this moment are undergoing the awards of their contumacious deeds—amongst which, that of obstinately clinging to a faith fraught with dangerous tendencies, and which the state has wisely put down, is not one of the least.” He then continued to say that there existed little doubt that those crest-fallen men, under the guise of much resignation, were pursuing a game that threatened the peace of the country and the safety of the crown.

“I trust,” said Mr. Marsdale, availing himself of a pause in the conversation, “that you have over-rated the case, and that there are but very few to be found imbued with such disloyal sentiments.”

“Not so few as you imagine,” interrupted Mr. Justice Sandford; “they know how to keep their secrets, and be in readiness to seize the first opportunity of carrying out their designs.

“Exactly so,” rejoined Humphrey. “Those mysterious men should be

sought out, watched, and detained; and this could not be more effectually done than by placing them at once within reach of the law, which would soon put a clog on their movements."

"Certainly," said Justice Sandford, emphatically.

"Now," continued Humphrey, "that we are agreed upon this point, I must proceed to the painful task of revealing that not far from this spot, under the shade of yonder limes, resides an individual of this dark description—one whom I have reason to know defies the laws of the land by his determination not to embrace the creed laid down by the legislature; thus rendering himself amenable to those penal statutes framed to meet such contumacy: a man whose scornful bearing and morose pride keep him aloof from the social meetings of his fellow-men; in fine, one whose strange demeanour has occasioned so much remark by all those who live around him as to render it scarcely necessary that I should name Sir Algernon Trevillers to be that unhappy man."

"I thought," said Mr. Marsdale, gravely, at the conclusion of Humphrey's disclosure, "that we were coming to this. Duty is, indeed, an unsparing monitor!"

"A monitor," interrupted Mr. Sandford (who did not quite like Mr. Marsdale's observation), "which has traced out for your son a path replete with honour to himself and credit to his family."

"Sir," replied Mr. Marsdale, "my son knows his duty. I say no more."

"Down with our authorities," said Humphrey, impatiently, to Grimsby, who was slowly folding and unfolding various documents piled up before him.

"The following," replied the man of law, "seems to meet the case."

"Out with it," said Humphrey.

"That to which I allude subjects him who maintains the authority of the See of Rome to a *præmunire*."

"That will not do at present," said Humphrey, hastily; "we must first see *cause* to impeach him; and when that is effected we shall find no lack of penalties to keep him in subjection."

"Then," continued Grimsby, "we will begin by that enactment which compels, under heavy fine, the attendance of each one of her Majesty's subjects at their parish church on Sundays."

"Right!" exclaimed Humphrey. "This is precisely what we require."

"Quite so," echoed Mr. Justice Sandford. "We must commence by issuing a summons for the appearance of Sir Algernon Trevillers before the justices of the peace at the approaching quarter-sessions, to account for his not attending his parish church on Sundays, according to the statute."

"A most iniquitous dereliction of duty to his Creator," said Humphrey, affecting a sanctified air.

"Methinks," rejoined Mr. Marsdale, mildly, "that you are a little too excited in your feelings and over-strong in your indignation. Such important accusations should be carried out with calmness and discretion."

"If my expressions are in any way faulty," replied Humphrey, "it is because they are not strong enough. I might have added 'disloyalty' and 'treachery' to them."

"Stay, stay," said Mr. Justice Sandford. "We will not commit ourselves by imputations before we prove they are merited. We must not proceed too hastily. We have the law on our side, and we will follow its dictates, but not step beyond them."

"You speak cautiously," said Mr. Marsdale, evidently more at ease; "this unpleasant business will be discreetly conducted in your hands."

Every preliminary arrangement being now made to forward the impeachment, the parties separated, to meet shortly at the quarter-sessions.

On leaving the study, Humphrey followed his father, and, making use of those artful persuasions in which he was so finished an adept, prevailed upon him to keep the matter carefully from the knowledge of Gerald till the sessions, being fully convinced that any interference on his part would only put difficulties in the way. Mr. Marsdale, with that implicit confidence which he ever felt in the clear-sightedness of his astute son, fell immediately into his views, promising to make the old preceptor attend to the same precautionary line of conduct.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NORSE AND GAELIC POPULAR TALES.*

OUR readers, all, doubtless, remember the time when "Jack the Giant Killer," "Tom Thumb," and "Puss in Boots," formed, if not the favourite reading—for then, doubtless, they had not yet mastered those mystic letters, the keys to so much knowledge and so much mischief—yet, at least, their chief literary treasure. The guardian of that treasure, who was so constantly assailed with requests to open it was, perhaps, a mother—perhaps an elder sister—perhaps, most likely of all, some ancient dame, who, under the name of nurse, exercised no small influence over us all in those days of infancy. Much was she dreaded, much revered, much loved too, that ancient dame, and manifold were her means of power over us. Yet, perhaps, by none of all those means did she more bend us to her authority than by a judicious use of her vast traditionary lore; for a nurse is, or at least, in the days when we yet wore petticoats, was a living library of old stories, and her promise to tell us a new one or her threat never again to relate to us the adventures of our favourite heroes, were more potent to sway us than bribes of sugar or cakes, or menaces of bed, or the dreaded corner! What a theatre the nursery fire-side formed in those days! We, young people, all sat round it mute and attentive while nurse, in the chimney-corner, poured forth her flood of tradition. No rhapsodist

* Dasent's "Norse Popular Tales;" Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." Edinburgh.

of old, in the early days of Greece, ever had a more silent or a more believing audience than she. Fairies and giants, princesses and valiant knights, damsels in distress, dragons, clubs, enchanted swords, all arose before us as she spoke. We were frightened, and yet delighted; we were sorry that she had begun the story, yet we almost wished it never might end; and when the wicked giant was slain, when the lady and her champion were married, and the time-honoured formula, "if they don't live happy, that you and I may," was duly spoken, a sign that the tale was done, what a babble of childish voices succeeded the long silence! What a torrent of questions was poured out on the narrator upon different points of the story, whilst the more timid among us rejoiced that we had never been exposed to the trials of the hero of the tale, and the bolder ones declared that they would have finished off the giant by a much more summary process than the one related in the history to which we had just been listening! Then we went to bed, to dream, perhaps, of what we had heard; and when, next morning, we looked out of our nursery window, we should not have been in the least astonished to see a gigantic bean-stalk growing in the garden below, or to hear a trumpet proclaim the arrival at our door of some knight, clad from head to foot in complete steel. But life goes on; from children we grow into boys, from boys into men. We come gradually to care little for what was once so great a pleasure to us; and, from caring little, as our course of reading grows wider, or as the practical cares of every day beset us more and more, we actually acquire a contempt for the stories of the nursery. We are merchants, perhaps, and our account-books form our favourite books; perhaps we are lawyers, and those volumes in calf binding, which are ranged along our shelves, give us more reading than we have time for; or we are students and scholars, and the mighty men of old, who still live in their writings, are our daily and nightly companions. When we have them to commune with, lower society is distasteful. "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Cinderella" are dethroned. They might be fit for children's amusement, but they are unworthy to occupy the time or the thoughts of men.

They have their importance, nevertheless, although it is but recently, comparatively speaking, that that importance has been discovered. There are few studies which can be more interesting to man than the history of his own race; and, accordingly, we find that one great subject of investigation in all ages has been the question, whence have sprung the various peoples that now occupy the fair fields of Europe? It is very easy to say that one race descends from the barbarians of the north, or that another has occupied its country from time immemorial, but still the question remains, whence all, whether Northerners or Southerners, Teutons or Celts, took their origin? This is a question which, in modern times especially, has been with very eminent men the subject of deep inquiry; and several distinct branches of science have been called in to aid in the investigation. None of those branches of science has, however, so much assisted in the conclusion, which is now universally arrived at, as philology—the study of various languages, and of the relations which tongues, at first sight the most

dissimilar, bear to each other. Philology, as it is now studied, is, however, a science which has only of late been pursued with anything like exactness or real research. For a long time a sort of belief was entertained that the origin of the dialects of modern Europe was to be referred either to the two great classic tongues, Latin and Greek, or else to an older root still, in the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages. The investigations which led to either of these conclusions were, however, unsatisfactory, and proceeded, perhaps, rather upon the fancy of the investigators than upon any solid study of the subject in hand. At length, however, in the last century, a new light began to be thrown upon the matter. A new method of investigation was applied—severer studies opened up a fresh way; a language began to be studied by scholars which had previously been little, if at all, known; and Sanscrit, an ancient Indian tongue, of which there exist several valuable literary monuments, became of the greatest utility in the pursuit of the study of philology. In truth, it may be said that, with the researches of Sir William Jones and other learned oriental scholars, that science began to acquire anything of the dignity which it has since reached. Those researches have been zealously continued down to the present day, and from them has been derived the conclusion, that all the great dialects of Europe—the German, the Scandinavian, the Celtic, the Greek, and the Latin—widely as, at first sight, they seem to differ from each other, are yet kindred tongues, children of the same parent, and referable to a common original. That original is to be sought in the East—in the old Sanscrit; and, as in it are to be found the elements of these various European languages, so, in the land to which it is to be traced, is found the cradle of those races which now occupy the mountains of Norway and the plains of Italy, or dwell by the banks of the Rhine, the Thames, and the Shannon. Iran, a tract of Asia, lying to the north-west of Hindostan, was the first home of our forefathers; and from it band after band poured forth successively in various directions. Some went south, and settled in the plains of India; others turned their faces west, and pressed on across the Asiatic frontier into Europe, through which they marched, detaching from their number as they went several bodies, which established themselves in Greece and Italy. New bands came again, which drove on those who had gone before, compelling them to move onwards, till gradually, in this way, every part of Europe in time received its share of colonists. And so it is shown that for all there is one common origin. The Milesian Irishman sprang from the same stock as the Dane, who, long afterwards, came to plunder him; and, stranger still, the same blood flows in the veins of the swarthy Hindoo and in those of the fair-skinned inhabitant of Western Europe. Such is the well-established result of the modern science of philology—such is the conclusion to which the seemingly insignificant study of such little things as words, syllables, and letters, has irresistibly led.

Our readers will think, perhaps, that we have wandered a long way from nursery-stories, and the connection between the old nurse of our childish days, and the great scholars who have grown gray in the study of an important science, may not at first sight be very apparent. The connection

exists, nevertheless, and we have not digressed so far as it may be imagined. If philology has led to the result which we have just stated, that result is powerfully confirmed by the various tales, which, for long ages, have been popular in different countries, and which are the foundation of those stories which, as children, we listen to with so much delight. When an old woman relates to us some fabulous tale, the matter seems insignificant and unworthy of much attention. If the tale is interesting, we listen to it, and then, perhaps, forget it; its value appears to be limited by the momentary pleasure which it gives. But if we are told that that very same story, or one at least which in its main incidents and its essential character, bears a very strong resemblance to it, is to be found in a book, written thousands of years ago, in a distant country, in a language which we cannot understand, in letters even which are as strange as the words which they make up, our curiosity cannot fail to be awakened, and we must acknowledge that the fact is, at least, a striking one. If another step is taken, and we learn that, in addition to this, the story is one which, for an immense space of time, has been a favourite in a number of different countries, that in different forms it is to be found among the traditions alike of Hindoos and of Greeks, of Germans, and of Celts, our astonishment gives way to reflection. And then, when we are further told that this is the case, not with one story alone, but with an entire mass of stories, that several races which we have always been accustomed to look upon as total strangers to each other, have what is manifestly a common tradition, we cannot help feeling that, if there is a common tradition, there must be more, and we are borne on to the conclusion that those races have also a common origin. This is the philosophy of old wives' tales, and thus it is that our old friends, "Tom Thumb," "Jack the Giant Killer," and all the rest, are persons of much more serious importance than we imagined when we were first introduced to them. For these worthies are not merely heroes of our modern nurseries. Their adventures are related in many different languages, and they have been favourites in many more regions than our own country, and in ages very distant from the times in which we live. Accordingly, the value in this respect of these seemingly childish stories is now fully acknowledged and the collections of them, while still serving the purpose of amusement, have been made to do good service, as aids to philology, in the study of the history of our race. Popular stories and nursery-tales are found in the hands of children of a larger growth, who use them to good purpose.

The two works, the titles of which stand at the head of our article exemplify strongly much of what we have been saying. It is not too much to say that a century ago, the tales of which they are collections, would have been looked upon as completely unworthy of the attention of any one who pretended to the possession of, we will not merely say learning, but of the most ordinary common sense. That one gentleman, one of the most learned Scandinavian scholars of his day, should have thought it worth his while to translate a collection of the stories which are popular among the peasantry of Norway; that another who, from the preface and notes to his book, is evidently a scholar of no mean acquirements, should put himself to

infinite trouble in order to gather together and publish, in their unpolished simplicity, a number of the tales which are still preserved by the people of the West Highlands of Scotland, are two facts which, we need not say, prove most strongly the value which is now-a-days attached to traditions of this kind. The books themselves, too, when considered together, further attest the truth of what we have said above upon the subject of the community of tradition upon many points in races which are usually considered the most different from each other. There are scarcely any two branches of the human species which are generally thought to differ more widely from each other in manners, in character, and in their various modes of thought than the Celtic and the Scandinavian. Yet, when we read their books, we are at once struck, as in the course of this article we shall show to our readers, at the vast number of instances in which the popular ideas of both races coincide, and in which both alike appear to draw from the same common fund of intellectual entertainment. But, while this is the case, we cannot help recognising at the same time the widely different manner in which each of the two races treats this common fund, and the great difference of style between the Norse tales and those of our Celtic brethren of Scotland. It is right, however, while adverting to this, to state the very different circumstances under which the two books come before us. The tales which Mr. Dasent has translated from the Norse appear to have gone through a process of editing. They do not profess to come straight from the mouths of the people, but though they have a popular foundation, they have been, we suspect, more or less worked up, smoothed, and toned down by the Norse gentleman from whose book Mr. Dasent's translation is made. It may be, perhaps, from this circumstance, as much as from any other, that some of the peculiarities arise by which these stories are distinguished from those in Mr. Campbell's collection. In simplicity, conciseness, and straightforwardness, the Norse tales are, it must be admitted, infinitely superior to the Gaelic ones. They are stories which, as they stand, cannot fail to possess the greatest interest and charm for the general reader, who, when he takes them up, has no other object in view than his own amusement. Many of them, we are sure, will be as popular with children as are the German tales collected by Grimm, or the delightful fancies of Hans Christian Anderson. This can hardly be the case with Mr. Campbell's work. The Gaelic stories are often long, full of wearisome, though strange detail, and crowded with episodes which branch off in a number of directions, and, of course, interfere with the progress of the main narrative. Inconsistencies frequently occur in their course, and we are constantly detained by incidents which are trifling and silly, and, not seldom, all but unintelligible. While making these complaints we must, however, recollect what the stories are. They are emphatically popular tales, taken down word for word from the mouths of the poor people who related them, and so given to the public, without any attempt to alter or improve their fashion in any way. Indeed, one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Campbell's book is that in which he enumerates the sources from which he has taken his materials. Sailors, fishermen, gamekeepers,

old women, travelling tinkers, discharged Highland soldiers, such are his authorities, and in every instance, he allows his informant to tell his story in his own way, and never permits the fastidiousness of the educated gentleman to introduce any refinements into the rude speech of the unlettered narrator. Another matter which, at least to a mere English reader, throws a good deal of strangeness into the style of these stories is this, that Mr. Campbell gives these in almost a literal translation from the Gaelic, rendering word for word of his original, and carefully preserving even the most idiomatic Celtic expressions. All this, of course, often creates a good deal of harshness and obscurity, but, for our own parts, we must express approval of this mode adopted by Mr. Campbell, for we thus, at least, get a true insight into the Gaelic mind, and are presented with a faithful picture of the mode of narration which has for centuries delighted the Celtic population of the Highlands.

Passing from these general topics, it is time that we should give our readers some idea of the contents of the books before us. Both collections, of course, bring us back into that world of enchantment which was familiar to us in our younger days. Our old friends, the giants, cruel and blood-thirsty, but stupid withal, as of yore, start up on every side. There are ladies to be delivered from distress, and, as of old, we get swords of sharpness to do our knightly work with. Beasts obtain the gift of speech and aid their masters or benefactors, each in its own way. In the Norse tales a principal part is played by a race of beings called Trolls, who, in some instances fill the place occupied by the giants in the stories of the modern nursery. These Trolls, who also occupy no insignificant position in the old Scandinavian mythology—a subject to which we hope to be able to return at some future day—are represented as the chief enemies of the human actors in the stories. They are full of malignity, and their malignity is equal to their power. Their dwellings are generally in some wild, inaccessible places, where they jealously watch over the enormous treasures of which tradition makes them the guardians. They have, however, with all their wealth, power, and malignity, one strange weakness. They cannot bear to look upon the light of the sun, and when they are compelled or induced to do so, their death immediately follows. Besides the Trolls we also find giants in the Norse stories. These giants are of enormous strength of body, but their minds are weak, and they are easily deceived by human cunning. In their relations with ordinary men, they seem, indeed, as Mr. Dasent in his introduction suggests, to represent some primitive race struggling vainly against the superior civilization of a newly-arrived people who are gradually overcoming them, and driving them out of their ancient seats. With respect to the humans, the grand representative of them is a personage who, through all the Norse tales, bears the name of "Boots." Boots is always the youngest of several brothers. He is often a sort of male Cinderella, kept at home to do the drudgery of the house while his brethren are living at their ease. He has, however, a mighty soul, and is full of an energy which prompts him to escape from his bondage, go abroad into the world, and carve out a destiny for himself.

Sometimes, he and his brothers set out together to seek their fortunes. Boots, indeed, accompanying his elders on sufferance only. But, though they despise him, they are always very much his inferiors. Boots is alive to everything, and full of curiosity and spirit, while they are but commonplace mortals. He has a habit of wandering about things and searching out their causes, while his brothers are satisfied to accept matters as they are, which always ends by setting him at an immeasurable distance above them. If there is any great exploit to be achieved, the elder brothers attempt it in vain; but, poor despised Boots, by his courage and intelligence, invariably succeeds. It is Boots who always marries the princess and gets half her father's kingdom. He is usually a good-natured fellow, and bears no malice to his brothers for their past ill-treatment of him. On the contrary, when he has made his fortune, he generally, if he can, makes theirs also. Such are some of the principal personages in the Norse tales. There is not in the Gaelic stories any such personification of human energy and intellect as is Boots, but, with this exception, there is in them no want of actors. We have giants, of course, strange beasts with many heads, sea-maidens, or mermaids, and a being called Brollachan, which is a compound of ferocity and blundering stupidity, and which seems to be not quite a beast, and yet not altogether of human kind. Kings and king's sons and daughters appear on the stage, and with them characters of a lower degree, who, however, make up by their mental qualities for their want of birth. There is one circumstance about these Gaelic stories which must make them peculiarly interesting to Irish readers; that is, the frequency with which Ireland and Irishmen are introduced. The scene of several of the stories is laid in Ireland, and many of the characters whose adventures are narrated, are Irishmen. Dublin, or as it is termed in the Gaelic, Baile Cliath, the Tower of Hurdles, is often mentioned. One of the tales even begins with a reference to the old state of the country previously to the Anglo-Norman invasion. "Conall Cra Bhuidhe," says the story to which we allude, "was a sturdy tenant in Eirinn; he had four sons. There was at that time a king over every fifth of Eirian." After Ireland, the country which is, perhaps, most frequently named is Lochlann, the land of the Danes, though, whether the term refers to Scandinavia itself, or to the Danish settlements on the Irish coast and in the Scottish islands, is not very clear. Be this as it may, both facts, the frequency of the mention of Ireland, and that of Lochlann is a strong proof, if any was needed, of the identity of the Gael in Scotland and in Ireland. Irishmen, when these tales first were told were not strangers in the Highlands, but brothers, whose land, though separated from Scotland by the sea, was as much the home of the Scottish Celt as Scotland itself. Irish names of places were familiar to the Highlanders, and, on the other hand, the foreigners who were most foreign in Scotland, as in Ireland, were the men of Lochlann, the deadliest enemies of the Gael upon both sides of the Irish sea. In both countries there were the same sympathy and the same antipathy. Deadly, however, as was the feud between Dane and Gael, these volumes prove, as we have already remarked, that they had at least, some traditions in common, and further,

that both had traditions which they shared with other branches of the human family. Thus, among the Norse tales we find the originals of some of our old nursery favourites—"Puss in Boots" is, or was, familiar to us all. From Mr. Dasent's book we see that the very same story, under the name of "Lord Peter," is well known to the peasantry of Norway. So, we all well remember how Jack cheated the Giant by pretending to swallow his food, while he merely threw it into the bag which hung before him, and then, ripping open the bag, induced the poor monster to destroy himself. Precisely the same catastrophe occurs in the Norse tale, called "Boots, who ate the match with the Troll." But a more curious instance is afforded by the Gaelic story of "Conall Cra Bhuidhe," which we have before mentioned. Here, too, the similarity which exists is not merely with a nursery-tale, but with one of the best known fables of antiquity. Conall Cra Bhuidhe, as we have already told our readers, was the father of four sons. Now, these four sons one day chanced to kill the sons of the king who ruled over that part of Ireland in which Conall lived. The king was, of course, very irate, but consented to spare the lives of the young men on condition that they and their father should get for the king "the brown horse of the king of Lochlann." Conall and his sons accordingly set out, and in due time arrive in Lochlann, where, in order to endeavour to lead away the brown horse, they conceal themselves in the king's stable. There they are discovered and condemned to die, but again Conall is given a chance of saving at least his three sons' lives one by one, by relating certain adventures in which he was in greater danger of losing his life than now when he is in the power of the king of Lochlann. One of his adventures is as follows. He was out hunting one day, and chanced to fall through a rift in a rock into a cave. Notwithstanding his fall he was not hurt, but he did not see how he was to escape from the position in which he found himself, as the rift in the rock through which he had fallen was the only entrance which he could discover to the cave. We give the rest of the adventure as Conall himself is made to tell it:

"It was terrible for me to be there till I should die. I heard a great clattering coming, and what was there but a great giant and two dozens of goats with him, and a buck at their head! And when the giant had tied the goats, he came up and he said to me, 'Hao, O! Conall, it's long since my knife is rusting in my pouch, waiting for thy tender flesh.' 'Och,' said I, 'it's not much thou wilt be bettered by me, though thou shouldst tear me asunder; I will make but one meal for thee. But I see that thou art one-eyed. I am a good leech, and I will give thee the sight of the other eye.' The giant went, and he drew the great cauldron on the site of the fire. I myself was telling him how he should heat the water so that I should give its sight to the other eye. I got heather and I made a rubber of it, and I set him upright in the cauldron. I began at the eye that was well, pretending to him that I would give its sight to the other one, till I left them as bad as each other, and surely it was easier to spoil the one that was well than to give sight to the other. When he found that he could not see a glimpse, and when I myself said to him that I would get out in spite of him, he gave a spring out of the water and he stood in the mouth of the cave, and he said that he would have revenge for the sight of his eye. I had but to stay there, crouched the length of the night, holding in my breath in such a way that he might not feel where I was.

When he felt the birds calling in the morning and knew that the day was, he said: 'Art thou sleeping? Awake, and let out my lot of goats.' I killed the buck. He cried, 'I will not believe that thou art not killing my buck.' I am not,' said I, 'but the ropes are so tight that I take long to loose them.' I let out one of the goats, and he was caressing her, and he said to her, 'there thou art, thou shaggy, hairy, white goat, and thou seest me, but I see thee not.' I was letting them out by the way of one and one, as I flayed the buck, and before the last one was out I had him flayed *bag-wise*. Then I went and I put my legs in place of his legs, and my hands in place of his fore legs, and my head in place of his head, and the horns on top of my head, so that the brute might think that it was the buck. I went out. When I was going out the giant laid his hand on me, and he said, 'there thou art, thou pretty buck, thou seest me, but I see thee not.' When I myself got out, and I saw the world about me, surely, oh king! joy was on me. When I was out, and had shaken the skin off me, I said to the brute, 'I am out now in spite of thee.'

The story of Ulysses and Polyphemus, in the *Odyssey*, must at once occur to us on reading the passage just extracted, and certainly, unless the Greek and the Celtic traditions had some common foundation it is difficult to understand how the same set of ideas could have arisen in the minds of two such different races as that which dwells among the sunny islands of the Levant, and that which breathes the chilly air of the Scottish mountains. It is a curious fact too, that another incident in the same Greek story appears in another of the tales published by Mr. Campbell. Our readers remember that when the Cyclops asked Ulysses to give his name, the answer made by the Greek hero was that he was called "Outis Noman." Accordingly, when the giant was roaring with pain, and his companions came flocking about his cave to learn who it was that was causing his anguish, the answer that Outis Noman, was tormenting him, sent them away saying that Polyphemus must have lost his senses. So, in the Gaelic tale of "The Brollachan," a "Brollachan," a monster the exact nature of which is not described, comes to a girl who is cooking in a hut, he asks her her name and she answers, "Mise mi phiu,"—"I myself," she afterwards throws a pailful of scalding water upon him; he roars with pain, and when the other Brollachans come to ask him who is tormenting him? his answer is "Mise mi phiu"—"I, myself," which, of course, gives very little information to them. We think we can recollect a similar incident in an old Irish legend. There are numerous other instances of this parallelism of story, if we may use the expression in these two books. Thus, let us take the tale of "Shortshanks," which is in Mr. Dasent's volume. There there is a beautiful young princess who is in danger of being carried off by three ogres. Shortshanks, the hero of the story, comes and with his magic sword slays the ogres, and rescues the princess. However, Bitter Red, a boastful knight who had promised to save her, but had fled and hidden himself when the danger came, creeps out while Shortshanks is asleep after his victories and cuts off the ears of the ogres, to serve as evidence that it was he who had slain them. Of course, his fraud is detected, and Shortshanks receives the reward due to his valour. We find the same thing occurring in "The Sea Maiden," one of the tales published by Mr. Campbell; the chief difference between the adventure as related there, and as told in "Shortshanks," is,

that instead of there being three ogres, there is a beast with three heads, which have to be cut off in three several combats before the princess can look upon herself as safe. So, let us take the norske story of "The Giant who had no heart in his body," in Mr. Dasent's collection, p. 47. In it the king's youngest son sets out on his travels. The first living thing which he meets is a raven; the raven asks him for food, which the prince gives upon a promise by the bird to aid him in his utmost need; next he finds a salmon which has leaped out of the water and is struggling upon the ground; upon the fish making a promise similar to that made by the raven, the prince aids it also, and casts it back into the river. His last meeting is with a wolf, to feed which he kills his horse. He then mounts upon the wolf, which carries him away to the castle of a giant who keeps a young princess prisoner. The prince and princess meet and plot together how to kill the giant. This is a difficult achievement, as the giant has his heart concealed, no one knows where, and until it is reached he cannot be deprived of his life. However, the princess attempts to persuade the giant to let her into the secret. First he tells her that it is under the door sill, then that it is in the cupboard which stands against the wall. At last he makes the acknowledgment.

"Far, far away in a lake lies an island, on that island stands a church; in that church is a well, in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg, and in that egg lies my heart."

At the first opportunity the prince sets out, mounted on the wolf, which carries him safely to the island on which stands the church. Then, however, a difficulty arises; the church keys are hung up at the top of the steeple and without them it was impossible to enter. But at this moment the prince's old friend the raven comes, flies up and brings down the keys. The prince then enters the church, where he sees the well and the duck swimming about it, but, just as he is about to catch the duck it drops the egg which it carries to the bottom of the well. From this, however, it is brought up by the salmon and given to the prince, who squeezes it until the giant gives up the prince's six brothers with their wives, all of whom he had kept as his prisoners. Then the prince squeezes the egg so that he breaks it, and the giant dies. The story of "The Young King of Easaidh, or Udah," in Mr. Campbell's collection is like this. There the animals met by the prince on his journey are a dog, a hawk, and an otter, while as to the giant's soul (which in this story takes the place of his heart in the norske tale) the statement is: "There is a great flag-stone under the threshold; there is a wether under the flag; there is a duck in the wether's belly, and an egg in the belly of the duck, and it is in that egg that my soul is."

One of the best of the norske tales is that of "The Master Thief." This is the story of a lad who joins a baud of thieves and distinguishes himself amongst them by the cunning and address with which he carries out the various thieving exploits which his comrades insist on his attempting. In the end he marries happily, winning the consent of his bride's father by the display of his picaresque qualities, and lives honestly ever

after, and never, as the story says, commits a robbery except for fun. Very like this story is the Gaelic tale of "The Shifty Lad," which, however, contains a moral that is not attempted to be given by the Norse story-teller. "The Shifty Lad" is a young gentleman who, when he is required to choose some trade by which to earn his bread, insists upon being a thief, and absolutely refuses to become anything else. His mother in vain opposes his will; he persists, and she tells him: "If that is the art that thou art going to choose for thine own self, thine end is to be hanged at the Bridge of Baile Cliath (Dublin,) in Eirinn." The Shifty Lad carries out his wish; he becomes a thief, and prospers so in his calling that after many adventures he becomes a great man, and marries the daughter of the king of Ireland; nevertheless, in spite of this seeming success, his mother's prophecy accomplishes itself.

"One day, when the Shifty Lad and his bride were going over the Bridge of Baile Cliath, the Shifty Lad asked the king's daughter what was the name of that place, and the king's daughter told him that it was the Bridge of Baile Cliath in Eirinn; and the Shifty Lad said: 'Well, then, many is the time that my mother said to me that my end would be to be hanged at the bridge of Baile Cliath in Eirinn, and she made me that prophecy many a time when I might play her a trick.' And the king's daughter said, 'Well, then, if thou thyself shouldst choose to hang over the little side (wall) of the bridge, I will hold thee aloft a little space with my pocket napkin.' And they were at talk and fun about it, but at last it seemed to the Shifty Lad that he would do it for sport, and the king's daughter took out her pocket napkin, and the Shifty Lad went over the bridge and he hung by the pocket napkin of the king's daughter as she let it over the little side (wall) of the bridge, and they were laughing to each other. But the king's daughter heard a cry, 'the king's castle is going on fire!' and she started and she lost her hold of the napkin, and the Shifty Lad fell down and his head fell against a stone, and the brain went out of him; and there was in the cry but the sport of children: and the king's daughter was obliged to go home a widow."

Indeed, this particular moral, this insisting upon the regard that is to be paid to a mother's wishes, is one which strongly marks some of these Gaelic stories. In the tale of "Maol a Chliobain," at p. 251, of Mr. Campbell's first volume, we have the relation of the opposite effects of a mother's blessing and a mother's curse; and in "The Girl and the Dead Man," at p. 212, of the same volume, the same moral is enforced. The only one of the Norse Tales which we can remember as purporting to convey a professed moral is that of "False and True;" and the virtue there insisted upon, that of truthfulness, is the one which pre-eminently characterises the northern races. Many of these stories, both Norse and Gaelic, belong to what Mr. Dasent, in his introduction, translating a German term, calls the "Beast-Epic." To use language more familiar to our readers, they are fables such as those which Æsop told in Greece, Phædrus in Rome, and La Fontaine and Gay, with somewhat more of ornament and less of the old simplicity, in France and England. The actors in these stories are animals, which speak and think with human faculties and have well-defined characters, which accompany them through all the tales in which they appear. Thus, in the Norse stories, the bear, though some-

timies rather slow and stupid, still bears the part of king of the beasts, and is looked upon as the representative of strength and majesty. The horse personifies nobility and generosity of spirit. The fox, in the Norse tales, is what we have always known him—the most cunning and sagacious of beasts, but mischievous and fond of playing tricks. In the Gaelic tales, however, his cunning is by no means so supreme, and he allows himself now and then to be imposed upon. The dog is seldom mentioned in the Norse tales. He appears in the Gaelic stories with his well-known qualities of truth and fidelity.

We must stop. If we were to give our readers all the passages which struck us in these two books, we greatly fear that our editor would protest against the quantity of space which we should be taking up, and that, perhaps, Messrs. Campbell and Dasent might feel themselves justified in giving us a hint as to the existence of a certain Act of Parliament, passed with the view of protecting copyrights. We must, therefore, do violence to ourselves and put a period to our extracts. We began our article very much with the intention of gravely lecturing our readers upon philology and other serious matters, but, somehow, as we went on, and from time to time turned over the leaves of the books before us, we could not but abandon this original view. The tales grew upon us as we considered them; we became, as it were, children again—children in mind at least—and descended, or, shall we not rather say, mounted, to the level of the good people whose literature these simple stories are. At one time we wandered away in spirit to the pasturages and fiords of Norway, and there we seemed to listen to the boulder as he told his children the wondrous stories of "Shortshanks," "The Master Thief," and "The Master Smith." At another time our mind flew away to a land nearer home; and there, on a Highland hill-side, in a smoky bothy, we formed one of an eager audience who gathered round some old man famed for his skill in telling "Sgeulachdan," and hearkened to him as he related the adventures of Conall Cra Bhuidhe, or some other hero of Celtic story. We forgot all about philology and the human race, and gave ourselves up unreservedly to the control of the Muse of Story-telling, if such a muse there is. Trolls and giants, and monsters of all kinds, helped us to some pleasant hours as we wrote of them. Our sojourn in Wonderland delighted us. We have only to hope that our account of it will not prove too wearisome to our readers.

In conclusion, we are rejoiced to see the study of philology, based upon the common origin of all primitive fictions, attracting grave and profound scholars more and more to its investigation. Within the last year, India has been made to contribute largely to our stock of philological knowledge; indeed, it has been proved that the fables, erroneously attributed to *Æsop*, are of Hindû origin, and that the wisest maxims of Greek and Roman philosophy were pilfered, with little effort to disguise them, from the venerable Sanscrit literature. To the Jesuits is mainly due the credit of having started those investigations, which, while tending to tranquilize human doubts, have largely testified to the accuracy and integrity of revealed truth.

THE MANTLE OF DUNLAING.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

It was the eve of battle; bihorned and black,
Quick plunged the sun through a cloudland of tempest fire;
And the moon looked over the flying and shattered rack,
And saw the day expire.

Snuffing the coming carnage, with nostrils wide,
Thunder clothing the coal black scarf of his mane,
On to Magh Lena rushed the steed of Dunlaing,
Across the glimmering plain.

"Ho!" cried a voice, from the depth of bracken and brake,
"Stay thee upon thy peril." "Who calls?" quoth he.
"Thy Foster-mother would save thee, for thy sake,
And I, Dunlaing, am she!"

Back on his haunches he reined the raven steed,
Doffed his bonnet, and looked, with the moon, in her face;
"Hasten thee, foster-mother, time runs 'gainst speed,
And I must spur apace."

"Go you to-morrow," she asked, "to the iron fight,
On which the hawks of Magh Lena shall banquet full?"
"Shall my spear rest where Goll's of the rivers white,
Cleaves helmet, shield, and skull?"

Up to the broken cloudland she cast her eyes,
"Ride softly up," quoth she, "unto yonder hill;
Tell me the omen thou seest in half the skies,
Till I guess the black Fate's will."

Up and backward he rode—"A woman I saw,
Clothed in gold and scarlet." She shook her head.
"Ride up the hill to the east, by the cavern's maw,
There sits no woman in red"

Swiftly, backward and forward, gay Dunlaing rode—
"Mother, I saw a woman in saffron drest,
And the light of the moon on her silver jewels glowed.
As she sat a-front the west."

"Wo, and wo!" groaned the mother, whose eyes were fixt,
Like a prophet's gaze, on the slow dissolving cloud;
Blown and broken, the stars peeped out betwixt,
Like tears on a stained shroud.

"There is warning," she moaned, "in the mystic signs—
Omens are they of the evils that curse the earth—
Ride swiftly—ride by the bank where the streamlet shines,
And say what thou seest north!"

"Mother, I've seen but the grass on the windy cairn."
"Wo and wo!" groaned she, "for that sign is death.
Turn back, Dunlaing, thy horse's head from the plain,
And ride as for thy breath."

"Go I must, good mother, whate'er may betide;
Go I must, to conquer or fall on my face.
Hast thou no charm to turn the evil aside
For a narrow, narrow space?"

"Take this cloak, and wrap it around thy breast;
When the darts rattle and flash the lifted spears,
And the ranks throng forward, like clouds to a stormy west,
Through the harvest atmospheres,

Invisibility's self shall shield thy head,
Where'er thou treadest thy foes shall lick the ground."
She vanished—the trailing cloud burst overhead,
And the daylight broke around.

"*Farrah ! farrah !*" the tramp of battle is blown,
The golden-torqued chiefs to the combat rush,
Thick press the clans behind; and, with red folds prone,
The helmeted standards blush.

Like forked lightnings, kindling the heavens awhile,
The axe of Goll o'er the heads of the black hosts blazed;
Around his path, the giants lay pile on pile—
Their eyes upturned and glazed.

And, ever and ever, beside the hero smote
An unseen weapon, which crashed, and cleaved, and hissed,
As millstones crack, in the whirl of their stony throat,
The drifts of the yellow grist.

Much marvelled Goll ; for often throughout the day,
 Amid the bloody storm of the iron strife,
 The unseen weapon was lifted, to hack and slay
 The Dal Cais who sought his life.

But when the evening came, and the carnage ebbed,
 Leaving its crimson breakers across the land,
 As the green billows will leave their tumults ribbed
 Over wastes of western strand.

Cried he—"Twixt sea and heaven, one hand alone—
 The hand of Dunlaing—could rain such blows as those !"
 And, out of the battle-vapour, reply was blown.
 " O mighty slayer of foes !

Dunlaing is close at thy side ; he scorns to wear
 Armour of safety woven by song and spell !"
 And, rising, he stripped his heart and his shoulders bare
 Of the cloak invisible.

Wo ! wo ! from out the ranks of the conquered, flew
 A serpent-headed arrow across the heath,
 Struck him, and dashed his brain with bloody dew,
 And smote his heart with death.*

CELTICUS.

ETCHINGS FROM TORRY.

WHERE is Torry ? Take the map of Ireland, and run your eye along the northern coast, one or two points westward, and there you shall see Torry Island lying far out in the Atlantic. Should any adventurous tourist wish to visit Torry, I will tell him or her how one may get there. Say you wish to start from Dublin. Travel by train from Amiens street Terminus to Strabane, by car from thence to Dunfaughy—a drive which will bring you face-to-face with some of the noblest mountains of wild Donegal. Dunfaughy is the nearest village of any importance to Torry, but it is not the packet-station, for I must not omit the fact that there is a packet plying between Torry and the mainland. The postal service is done by one vessel called "The Packet" in those parts, in which you may have a passage at the extremely moderate fare of nothing at all, steward's fees included. She differs, indeed, in many essential particulars from her proud sisters of the Cunard fleet, she being a yawl of half a ton burden, propelled, not by screw or paddle, but by the more venerable propeller, the oar.

* Griffin's "Invasion," pp. 265, 266.

Her point of departure is a narrow creek about six miles from Dunfaughy, and she sails twice a week, weather permitting.

Torry, Tory, or Thoree, derives its name from the tower-like appearance of its cliffs, or from Thor, the god of the Scandinavians. As seen from a distance it is described by a beautiful writer,* as "rising out of the deep like a castellated and fortified city—lofty towers, church-spires, battlements, bastions, batteries, presenting themselves—so strongly varied, and so fantastically deceptive are its cliffs." It is true, indeed, of Torry, as of many other places "distance lends enchantment to the view," but I am sure the visiter will not be sorry to have gained in the sublime what he has lost in the fantastic. Coasting by the north-east, he will pass under ranges of magnificent cliffs, grim and sullen, standing from a hundred to three hundred feet above the ocean. Against these seried lines rush the waves of the Atlantic, *en masse*, fiercely, tumultuously, and with a mighty uproar. Woe to him who has the misfortune of getting entangled in the midst of those unrelenting and advancing battalions when the battle rages hotly! Active operations had been suspended a few days before that on which I ventured to pass through the lines, on which occasion our party was allowed to pass unchallenged under those fierce cliffs. We landed at Port-Doon, where a stripe of strand breaks gratefully on you, after the inhospitable rocks you have just passed. From this strand rises the beach not to say gently, but yet not abruptly, considering the precipitious character of the rest of the coast. Here—the most hospitable spot in the island—is a village consisting of between forty or fifty dwellings in a single row facing the sea. One or two of the houses have an appearance of comfort, but all the others are of the *cabin genus*—a genus, unfortunately, too well known in Ireland to need description. In a field at the eastern end of the village stands the chapel, a beautiful little church in the mediæval Gothic style, a noble monument of the taste as well as the piety of the two zealous priests who at present administer the parish of Tullaghobegly to which Torry belongs. Torry is sacred ground for the antiquary. Long, long ago, in pre-Christian times, a great battle was fought here, between a race of warriors that came to take possession of Ireland, and another race of men that had held possession of the coast previously. In this fierce engagement, the scene of action shifted from the uplands down to the very waters-edge, and the fight raged in that strand below till the returning tide surrounded, and buried for ever, the combatants on both sides. In the time of the "Sea Kings," this island must have been an important military station, and the inhabitants point out the remains of a fortress, ascribed to that age, which they call Ballos Castle. Here St. Columba—better known in those parts as *Collum-Cille*, or COLUMBKILLE, built a great stone monastery in the sixth century. The most prominent feature among the ruins at present is a Round Tower, which yet stands on the beach, in a tolerably perfect state. It is built of large granite stones, and a gap,

* Rev. Cesar Otway.

caused by a great storm in its conical roof, discloses some very solid masonry. The mortar is, indeed, crumbling away, and the stones themselves have been rounded and polished by the storms of ages—which circumstances, while proclaiming the high antiquity of this interesting monument, make one regret that the proprietors of the island have taken no care to prevent its decay. At a very trifling expense this grand example of Round Tower architecture may be preserved for centuries to come; and, indeed, so bravely has it withstood the attacks of the time and weather, that, now it is growing old and feeble, it deserves to have its bones knit together with bands of iron and its exposed breast covered with a shield of steel. With this exception, the ruins are in an utterly amorphous condition, all the rest being mere heaps of granite stones, without even a vestige of mortar to indicate that they are *debris* of once spacious edifices. Aided, however, by their traditions, the inhabitants can trace the foundations of seven chapels, which stood in a line at regular intervals on the beach.

There are some stone crosses amongst the ruins, for which the islanders have a great veneration. The most remarkable is one standing about six feet high, its pedestal is a huge block of granite with a mortise incised, it would appear, for the purpose of holding it. This cross is without a head-piece, that is to say, its form is that of the letter T, and the two stones of which it is made bear no traces of the chisel. In the cemetery, hard by, is a relic of another stone cross, as remarkable for the perfection of its chiselling as the first is for its rough, uneven surface. In this latter specimen the arms are wanting, but on either side a mortise or groove is cut with great precision, into which the arms had evidently been inserted and held by some kind of cement. Not less interesting is a relic of a fine stone font, the valley of which is about five feet in length, two in breadth, and half a foot in depth. But besides these and many other ecclesiastical remains, the visiter may see a specimen of musical stone, which is of a black colour, about two feet square, and four inches thick. When struck it gives a sound like that of iron, or rather bell-metal. Torry is rich in legend. And, indeed, the character and occupations of the people are peculiarly favourable to the nurture of legendary lore. The inhabitants—numbering in all about five hundred souls—live chiefly by fishing and making kelp, a mode of life which, by bringing them together in groups in the boat on fine days, and round the fire-side in stormy weather, keeps alive and develops the taste for story-telling. The language almost universally spoken by the islanders is the Irish. I addressed a few words in their own tongue to a group I found collected on the beach, and directly a man, something beyond the middle age of life came towards me and volunteered to be my “Cicerone;” and, I am bound to add, that a more intelligent guide I have never had the good fortune to fall in with. Of course, I do not mean to give his remarks on the various objects we passed in review, though, in such a repetition, there would be much to interest and amuse. The deep, earnest faith of this simple “Torry man,” and the burning fervour with which he spoke of the great St. Colum-Cille, and the crowds of monks who erst kept continually going the round of the seven churches, praying and singing the praises

of God day and night, had a power which no merely acquired eloquence could give to carry one back to those days when a pious instinct, truly heroic, urged those contemplatives to this retreat, where the immense expanse of ocean, the ever-varying beauty of the sky, the wild fury of the storm, reminded them of the more majestic and terrible of God's attributes. It was, indeed, a retreat congenial to the Irish monk at that day.

"Where are the highest cliffs in the island?" I asked my obliging guide. We conversed in Irish; I shall try to make my translation as correct as possible. "Outside Tormore, sir." "How long might it take us to walk there?" "Oh, sir, only a very little while; that high ground over there is Tormore."

In passing over this upland I observed two large stones standing together at the very edge of the precipice, and I asked some questions about them. "I believe, sir, the Torry people put them there long ago when that was a look-out; but since the night that "Hannah Dhu" spent there no one ever came to have a look-out from it." "Why, who was 'Hannah Dhu'?" Come, now, my good man, tell me all about her. I know by that sigh of yours that there must be some strange story about this cliff." The Torry man related the story.

"Hannah Dhu was a remarkable girl—remarkable, like every other child of legend, for her beauty. She received the *soubriquet* 'Dhu' from the colour of her hair, which was jet black and luxuriant. The gossips of the island (for there have been gossips in Torry, though not in so large a proportion as elsewhere), were found of speculating as to when, and where, and to whom the lovely girl should be married. It was allowed by general consent that no one in the island was 'good enough for her.' But Hannah herself thought otherwise. One morning it was announced that a marriage had been arranged between Hannah Dhu and Owen Sweeney, and it is but justice to the gossiping old crones to add, that they, in common with every other member of the Torry community, spoke highly of the match, and wished all manner of blessing on the happy pair. There was but one opinion expressed regarding Owen. He was set down as the handsomest man in Torry—yes, in Ireland; aye, in the whole world. He was the best helmsman, the best rower, the best fisher, the best everything. Yet Hannah was the great favourite—one might say, the idol of Torry. She made one of the crew that fished in her father's boat, and seems to have won the admiration and affections of the fishermen more by her daring and adventurous spirit than by any other of her distinguishing qualities. 'No one would go to sea to-day except Hannah Dhu or the fairies,' was a common saying among the Torry boatmen when rough weather kept them on land. A time came round when Hannah became a mother. The heir, a fine boy, to whom they gave the name of Francis, was thriving to her heart's content till he was three months' old, when suddenly he grew ill. The old women came to see the child and pronounced the disease to be the small-pox. They then advised the mother to call in a certain old quack, who, said they, was 'far more lucky than the law doctor.' The vaccination by this quack did not succeed; the child grew

worse, and the unhappy mother was inconsolable. The only chance now remaining was to take little Franky to the legalized doctor of the district, but against this course there was one great obstacle. The quack, as was his wont in such cases, had exacted a promise from the parents not to reveal the fact that he inoculated the child, lest the medical officer of the district might put the law in force against him. Now, Hannah Dhu saw that the doctor would insist the first thing in getting the name of the unauthorized practitioner, and she could not contemplate the idea of giving up the name of this wretch, even though he had well nigh murdered her darling. Meantime, grief and anxiety made sad havock in her own constitution: indeed, her friends now began to fear that the child might, after all, survive the mother. No one was more distressed than the unfortunate quack himself. He fell on his knees before the broken-hearted Haunah, and solemnly released her from the promise made to him; but it was not until he proved to her that, even in the event of his name being made known to the magistrates, he still had means left of evading the penalty of the law, that she consented to send the child to the doctor. Yet she could not conquer her dread of coming in contact with the 'law people' on the mainland; and so she agreed to entrust the tender little invalid to her sister-in-law Mary, who had already shared with her the labours of nursing; indeed, Hannah did not let the child out of her arms till Mary was seated in the boat. 'Now, Hannah,' said the latter, 'hand me the baby. Oh, I declare you'll smother the poor child with kisses! See! there again—worse and worse! Reach me the child, and don't smother him. Now, that's right. Come, my sweet darling, to your own aunt Mary.' Owen got his boat under weigh, the little mast was set, and a small square-sail spread: the willing wind filled the canvass, the obedient skiff moved away—Owen was at the helm. In rounding a 'nose of rock,' at the mouth of the bay, he gave the rudder a false turn, so as to empty the sail and make the boat rock fearfully. The boatmen had never known him to make the turn so awkwardly before, and so they whispered to each other, when all was right again, that this was a bad augury. Torry is nine miles from the mainland—a long sail for a small four-oared boat, yet, notwithstanding the misgivings of the crew, she made the rest of the run gallantly, and in an incredibly short space of time. The instant they touched land Owen jumped on shore, turned round, took the child from his sister, and, with the precious charge in his arms, strode rapidly up the beach, bidding Mary to follow him. He pushed forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, till he reached the doctor's. That gentleman was at home. The handsome and manly features of the Torry man were familiar to him, for Owen had more than once done him important service in the roads. He was at once interested in the case, and examined the little patient with the greatest care. Observing in the interim Owen's haste to get away, he said to him, 'Of course, Sweeney, you don't mean to go to Torry to-night? Did you not see, before you left the boat, that a gale was coming on?' Owen answered by a look, which the doctor easily interpreted. Taking the Torry

man by the arm, he led him to a window which commanded a fine view of the Atlantic. Both looked out long and steadfastly—both were practised seamen, more especially Owen. Just then a sharp gust swept by the house, shaking the window-sashes violently, and whirling against it dust and bits of dry hay. ‘Ha!’ said the doctor, ‘I knew I was right. There’s the messenger that always announces a storm. Now, Owen, mark my words; as surely as you put to sea this evening, so surely shall you go to the bottom. I know, if any boat in Torry could live in that sea, your’s could; but, no boat could, and even if you did reach Torry, you will carry back the child not living but dead. Now, mark my words.’ Owen did mark the words. When he returned to the beach he found his boatmen at their post; the unsteady sea, which about one hour before lay sleeping in easy dignity, now tossed about and foamed with fury. It was with extreme difficulty they could keep the helpless skiff from being forced in upon the rocks; with a heavy heart Owen signed to his men to run her in upon the strand and draw her up for the night. Meanwhile how fares it with poor Hannah Dhu when at home? The moment she observed the first signs of the coming storm she repaired to the cliff, already described as affording the best ‘look out’ in the direction of the mainland. It was not until the angry waves hid themselves in darkness that her little servant Annie induced her to leave this position. Annie was a young girl of fifteen, a distant relation of Hannah’s, with whom she stayed for some time back both in quality of servant and companion. Having got home from the cliff, the girl at once kindled a large turf fire, on either side of which both sat down, as it were by a kind of common instinct, prepared to sit up through the night. It was not the first night they sat up, ‘waiting till himself should come in from the sea.’ Oh! the agony of that night to Hannah Dhu, as she sat in the sombre light of that fire, listening to the tumultuous roar of the waves battling on the beach abroad, and the more dismal howl of the wind warring inexorably against her little house all through the live-long night! Oh! how she longed for the light of day! At length the day did come, not, alas! to subdue the storm, but to display its terrors. Hannah betimes resumed her position on the cliff, from which stormy watch-tower she kept a look-out during the entire day over the troubled waters. Evening came, and the wind still blew with unabated violence, and the breakers shot their spray far into the island. Little Annie succeeded, as on last evening, in inducing her mistress to leave the cliff and come home. Having kindled a fire and placed beside it a seat for the almost famished Hannah, she went to the room—there was but one besides the kitchen—to arrange some matters. Returning in half an hour she found her mistress had gone, as Annie at once concluded, to the cliff. Annie sprang to the door. It was pitchy dark—it was as if a great black wall stood up before her to bar her egress—she hurried back to the fire, seized the tongs with which she took two sods of turf half-burned, and furnished with this simple lamp—the lamp universally used in those parts—this courageous girl of fifteen sallied forth after her mistress. When the well known

marks on the rugged path admonished her that she was near the view point she stood to reconnoitre. The wind had already fanned her peat torch into a blaze, the light of which, discovered to her her mistress kneeling behind the two rocks on the verge of the precipice, whilst her head and neck were stretched out over the rude balustrade, in the attitude of one listening. Annie's nerves shook; and no wonder. The light soon attracted the attention of Hannah Dhu, but did not in the least disconcert her. She was the first to speak. 'Is that you, Annie?' Annie tried to answer but her tongue was tied, still the familiar voice brought back her courage. 'Is that you, Annie?' repeated Hannah Dhu, 'sure you're not afraid?' Annie was now completely herself. Approaching nearer, she begged her mistress with her usual earnest fervour to come home directly. Her entreaties, however, were lost on Hannah this time, who resumed her listening attitude, in which position she remained entirely absorbed for some minutes. Then, whispering, she said, 'Come here, Annie—put down the coals quickly, and come here.' Annie knelt down beside her. 'Now, listen,' she continued, nodding her head towards the sea. Annie did listen.—A pause.—'Well, do you hear it?' 'Hear what, Hannah? I hear the breakers on the rocks below, and, sure enough, they are making a wild noise; oh, come home! what's the use?' 'Listen now, Annie; do you hear it?' Another pause.—'You don't hear him! Well, you must be deaf. Come over nearer to me,' she continued, while she drew Annie quite close to her, and held her head quite close to her own over the rock. 'Now, listen; now, don't you hear him, the poor child! Oh, the poor child! There, I declare, Annie, he is crying for you. Poor Franky! he was crying for me all the night, and now he cries for Annie. My poor darling, Franky! listen, 'Annie! Annie!' he says.'—The whole truth now flashed on the girl. Hannah Dhu had lost her reason. Her position was dreadful in the extreme, and she comprehended it with terrible distinctness. She felt herself on the verge of that terrible precipice with only a few feet of rock between herself and the seething abyss below, and then, oh, terrible thought! she felt herself clasped tightly in the arms of a raving maniac. The wild uproar of elemental strife, the thunder of the breaking surge, the whirl and whistle of winds sweeping through the cliffs, the darkness shrouding the whole in impenetrable gloom, all went to make up the sum of the horrors which surrounded the young girl. But there is in the human soul a principle which the storm-loving Hannah Dhu had long developed in her little favourite, amidst the exciting perils of Torry life. This is that heroic principle which now made Annie equal to the emergency. She did not falter for an instant. Keeping her listening attitude she took time to think what was to be done. She had heard the best way to acquire an ascendancy over a maniac, is, by encouraging for a time the delusion whatever it may be. Accordingly, with great tact, she began to lilt a touching lullaby with which the mother usually sang her little babe to sleep. Then, listening again for a few moments, she put her mouth close to the mother's ear, whispered in that low tone familiar to nurses over the cradle of a sleeping infant,

'The poor child is asleep—my sweet, sweet child—my own darling Franky—my little angel is asleep—he'll be better in the morning—come away now; it is, very cold—we must put a good fire on to have the house warm for the dear child in the morning'—and, holding her mistress tightly by the waist, she rose mechanically, with her, saying, 'Yes, yes, true for you—we must have a good fire for them.' Annie, resuming the torch in one hand while with the other she held the arm of her mistress, led the way home. The fire was soon lighted, and both took their seats to sit up and watch as on the night before. Exhausted nature, however, had one triumph: Annie was scarcely seated when she was off in a sound sleep. Not so Hannah. She was beyond the power of sleep. The wind had already begun to fall, about midnight it was no more than a breeze. The change was not unobserved by Hannah. With the first glimmering of dawn she repaired to the cliff. The sea was still agitated, but yet had subsided so far as to cease to be formidable to a Torry crew. After a careful survey of the waves in every direction, she fixed her eyes steadily towards the mainland, in which position she remained for about an hour; then, suddenly, she set off at a running pace along the coast till she came to a sand-bank on which were a few *curraghs*, drawn up out of the reach of the waves. Approaching one of them, she raised one end so as to rest it on her shoulder, and then walked away dragging it after her. Soon she came to a stand over a large ledge of rock, where she disencumbered herself of her burden. The curragh, it may be necessary to inform the reader, is a species of canoe, made up of wicker-work, covered over with canvass, and well saturated with tar. This simple craft, without prow or keel, is managed by a single individual, who kneels on a bit of board at one end, with a paddle made in the shape of a large garden spade, which he strikes into the water about a foot in advance, and, by drawing it towards him, the curragh is carried forward. The rock over which Hannah Dhu now deposited her light curragh shelved, at a gradual incline, out into the water, to which it presented an unbroken surface. She stood for a moment eyeing the waves as they ran up and down the enormous flag, like living things. Suddenly, when a great wave reached its climacteric, she caught hold of her curragh and ran down the rock close after the receding water. When she had gone a short way she stopped, and, quick as thought, righted her little craft, took her place in it, and, with paddle in hand, waited for the return swell. The swell soon came, and, lifted her up, as a nurse raises the child in the air. Hannah Dhu struck her paddle into the billow, a few bold strokes more and she was launched fairly into the deep. The Atlantic gave this noble woman but a rude reception. Waves piled themselves in her path, and tossed her frail shell about like a little plaything. Yet she dug her way fearlessly over the pitiless waters. Still, it must be owned, that with all her wild energy and skill she made but little speed. After half an hour her arms began gradually to grow heavy, and her stroke less and less frequent, till soon she was merely able to keep her curragh buoyant on the waves. A friend, however, came bounding over the waves to meet her. It was

Owen's yawl scudding before a smart breeze. Owen was the first to discover the curragh. He at once called the attention of the crew to it, expressing a suspicion that it was Hannah coming out to meet them. All eyes were turned to look for the black speck, as it appeared at intervals on the crest of the wave. Soon they saw that Owen was right. They stood straight for the curragh, but as they neared her they perceived, from Hannah's languid stroke, that her strength was well nigh exhausted. Owen shouted encouragement to her across the ridges that divided them, and then ordered the men to let down the sail, and put out the oars, that they might be ready to take Hannah into the boat. Presently the two crafts were riding on the same wave; Hannah rose on her feet, and cried wildly, 'Where's my child? My darling child!'

"Her sister-in-law, who, with the child in her arms was sitting in the bottom of the boat, now rose up on a seat showing the boy to the anxious mother, while Owen, at the same time, shouted to her that the child was well, and begged her, for its sake and all their sakes, to keep down in the curragh till they could take her into the boat. In fact, the curragh is so unsteady that it is a dangerous feat to stand erect in it, even in smooth water. Neither had the sight of the child nor Owen's entreaties the effect of quieting Hannah. Dropping the paddle she stretched out her arms, and cried vehemently for the child, 'Give me my child! Oh! my poor child! Oh, Franky, come to your own mother!' In the confusion caused by the reckless, impassioned demeanour of Hannah, a wave struck both boat and curragh as they lay unwarily in the trough. The boatmen devoutly crossed themselves, and Mary, breathing a prayer, was thrown back from her seat; it was by the merest chance the boat escaped being capsize, but Hannah, though her curragh reeled in the water, lost neither her balance nor her nerve—it was the nerve of insanity that steadied her. She continued still to cry for her child. It now occurred to Owen that it was better, even at some risk, to hand her the child first and then get her into the boat. He gave orders accordingly, 'Now, boys, be ready to help her in. Jemmy, do you hold the curragh. Steady, boys, steady. For God's sake, Hannah, have patience, else you'll drown us all! There, Mary, hand her the child; cautious—the woman has lost her senses! Yes, now Hannah, have sense—look!' Hannah clutched the child to her breast, and fell to kissing her little darling. The curragh was held by one of the boatmen, yet sensitive to the slightest motion of the water, a swell coming suddenly under it, wrested it from the boatman's hold, and carried it away with a sudden jerk. Hannah stumbled, the curragh turned over, throwing her into the waves under which she immediately disappeared, with her head bent upon the child and with the exclamation, 'God and his blessed mother save us!'

"At the same instant Owen was out upon the waters, striking like a giant, till he came to the spot where Hannah had gone down, and then with a mighty effort, raising himself almost clear out of the water, plunged again under the billow. After a brief interval, he reappeared on the surface, buffeting the waves with his strong arms, and calling out 'Hannah!

where are you? Hannah! Hannah!" The boatmen tried to reach him, but he disappeared again. He rose, however, once more, this time, fortunately, beside the boat, and would have gone down for ever had not one of the boatmen caught hold of him. He was taken in insensible.

"Meanwhile, many of the Torry people, always up betimes in the morning, were looking out from the coast. Their entire confidence in Hannah's skill in managing the curragh and her well-known character kept away every idea of following her, while she was on her way to meet her husband's boat, but now they saw the curragh upset, they rushed tumultuously to their boats. Very soon, almost every boat on the island was making straight for the scene of the sad catastrophe. All through that day did these sorrowing fishermen remain riding about this spot, sounding the depths with their strongest fishing lines, to try and bring up the beautiful favourite. But in vain, the deep did not give up its dead; and so, forced at length to give over the search as useless, the little fleet moved slowly towards the shore, where all the islanders stood waiting. To look at the Atlantic, little would one have thought that it ever had a victim; the waves rolled with an easy and majestic grace, and the evening sun poured a flood of brightest gold on the waters, but as the sad tidings of Hannah Dhu's fate spread from mouth to mouth, there rose from that crowd a wail of sorrow, the like of which was never heard in Torry."

CANADA AND IRELAND.

In 1841, the population of Ireland approximated to eight millions, or thereabouts; the last census shows that, in nineteen years, it suffered a reduction of something like two millions. The loss is enormous, and is susceptible of a variety of explanations—all of them, we confess, unsatisfactory and inconclusive. Famine is credited with a large share of the plunder—emigration, in a like manner, is supposed to have assisted, in no mean degree, the process of "clearing out"—whilst a few deep thinkers, as they are pleasantly styled, attribute much of the discrepancy to the natural results arising from deterioration or decay of race. Apart from the conflicts of the theorists, one fact at least is sufficiently plain—the people have gone! The calamity is a serious one, and reflects, like a terrible sarcasm, on the interested eulogies which are offered day after day to our "peaceful progress." Even Mr. Adam Smith will endorse us in saying, that the test of good government is to be found in the steady increase of the population over which it rules—"the King beareth himself well and his people increase." It is a fact, which will puzzle observers outside Ireland, that, notwithstanding the ephemeral gleams of prosperity which light up the country at times—notwithstanding the miserable divisions, which have converted their American home into a theatre of civil war—Irish emigrants still turn their faces to the West. The great republic is ready to

receive them, no doubt, and somehow they manage to preserve themselves amidst the horrors of the surrounding anarchy. Yet the alternatives of home, to which they are so much attached by ties broken only in death, and the States, with a speculative guarantee of life and support, are well weighed before the latter is elected. There is a logic in want before which all purely sentimental considerations give way. The non-nomadic Celt may cling to the old land and the old system whilst matters are even tolerable, but he has enough wisdom to foresee the consequences of that sort of progress which leads from bad to worse, and ends with death in the ditch or the workhouse. Great as his misfortunes are, they afford room for something better than pathetic reflections. To sit on the dung-hills and howl over the ruined shielings may be a capital occupation for people who, whilst they refuse a shilling to sustain the fortunes of a sinking bankrupt, are ever ready to contribute an epitaph to his tombstone. To waste reams of good paper and gallons of honest ink in namby-pamby griefs for the flight of the Celt may be good in its way, but surely, if "expressions of sorrow" will not stop him, is it not wise that for the wail should be substituted trustworthy information and friendly advice? The people are gone and going; and, in spite of all their disadvantages, the States continue to be the chosen land on whose soil they seek rest for the soles of their feet. Tradition, family connexions, partial knowledge of climate, customs, and government, have operated in forcing them in the old direction. To the overwhelming majority of our emigrants America, *per se*, means the States; and thither they fly. It is not too much to say that they could do better in other parts of the continent, where the form of government is theoretically assimilated to that under which they lived—where differences of race and religion are marked with less jealousy than at home—and where temperate skies and a productive soil offer to remunerate the humblest expenditure of labour and capital.

If emigration must continue, and we fear there is but little hope of its cessation, Canada is the ground for our people. In the present condition of affairs they have no business in the states of the Union. Great wars may be profitable to the few individuals who are known in every country to gain by the public calamities, but for the great bulk of the people they mean prostration of trade and enterprise, distress and poverty. Unfortunately, we knew too little of Canada, its advantages and resources, or its population at this moment might be three-fourths of Irish blood or extraction. The opportunity was at hand had we been wise enough to profit by it—to counterbalance the weight of English preponderance at home by establishing at the other side of the Atlantic the nucleus of an empire, in which the Irish element should outstrip all others. That such a balance is needful we have deplorable reasons for knowing. Canada at this moment is inhabited by only 4,500,000 of mixed breeds and races, scattered over 350,000 square miles of territory. Unimportant as this aggregate looks, it has proved sufficiently strong to wrest concessions from the home government—to constitute itself an independent adjunct of the empire, with this advantage, that it incurs none of the responsibilities which apper-

tain to an absolutely separated power. In the world there does not exist a freer people; and their political life would seem, in the words of the Laureate, tending "to make the bounds of freedom broader yet." Of course, one will not be surprised to hear that this happy state of affairs is mainly attributable to "the generous wisdom of the mother country." The Canadians know better. England, taught by the example of her revolted colonies in the war of independence, has carefully avoided practising in Canada the irritating acts which led to the rebellion, and the total overthrow of her power in her old American possessions. She has learned, at a fatal price, the impossibility of conquering a handful of people fighting for the land which their toil and sweat has colonised; and hence her treatment of the Canadians, with one or two trifling exceptions, has been uniformly kind and conciliatory. The phantom of the empire, indeed, presides over them in the person of a Governor-General and an executive council, who are supposed to typify the crown and privy council at home; but the initiative of all measures primarily affecting the public weal resides in the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly, both of which are elected by the people. Canada is still in her infancy, and can fairly afford to bear the burdens of a connexion which costs her nothing, whilst it guarantees her safety. Nevertheless, the day must come, or the history of colonization is a lie, when the relations between the province and the mother country shall be felt intolerable, and the cry for separation provoke the people to assert their distinct nationality. A century may pass away before that crisis shall arrive; the people will not blindly precipitate a struggle, in which their raw energies would be matched with the numerous and matured resources of a superior antagonist—but come it will. Men who foresaw the disasters which have fallen upon the United States, and were, therefore, rebuked, as the dupes of their own credulity, persist in predicting it. In view of such a catastrophe, Irish emigrants have but one mission—to colonise Canada. Hundreds of thousands of acres are ready for them. Every sod they turn will assist in hastening the approach of the inevitable empire.

Of the 350,000 square miles of territory which Canada embraces, only 40,000 are inhabited. The remaining 310,000 are in the possession of swamp and forest; besides which there are the vast north-western possessions, that have been but recently explored, and are still closed, unprepared for settlement. The colony is divided into Upper and Lower Canada, each of which was governed by a separate legislature until 1810, when a union of the two bodies was effected with the consent of the electors. The river Ottawa marks the line of division—a division which has practically ceased to exist. Nature has done much for this vast region. Magnificent rivers, spreading on their course into lakes of immense magnitude, traverse it from west to east—from the heart of the remote interior to the Atlantic. Artificial aids assist in rendering their navigable features nothing short of perfect, for Canada has been industrious, and her canal communication is unrivalled, even by the wonderful engineering feats of the old world. A recent writer tells us that a ship may sail from the mouth of the St. Law-

rence to Chicago, a distance of more than two thousand miles inland. Such a voyage is frequently performed. In 1859, we are told no less than twelve vessels, (it is unfortunate that their respective tonnages are not mentioned,) sailed from Chicago to Europe. If the water system by which this is accomplished, passed through uninhabited prairies, there would still be room left for congratulation; but already noble and extensive cities, each with its peculiar commercial character, have sprung up along its banks and shores. Sailing west, the traveller passes Quebec, which, though situate at a distance of 410 miles from the ocean, is the great seaport, through which the products of the colony, find their way to the European markets; and Montreal, built near the junction of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, a rapidly rising city, surrounded by forests, which promise to supply the failing timber resources of the old world. Amongst the varieties of the native woods may be enumerated:—White oak, birdseye oak, red oak, rim ash, black ash, mountain ash, white ash, soft elm, red or slippery elm, rock elm, grey or white elm, black walnut, gray walnut, soft curly maple, bird-eye maple, rock maple, soft maple, black birch, white birch, curly birch, ironwood, hemlock, tamarac, black spruce, red beach, balsam poplar, aspen poplar, chestnut, butternut, black willow, balsam fir, red cedar, choke cherry, white cedar, red wild cherry, buttonwood or sycamore, white pine, yellow pine, red pine, white wood, rough-bark hickory, basswood, smooth-bark hickory, etc., and other woods, whose variety and dearness, are loudly deplored by cabinet-makers. Those forests cover 30,000 square miles, and are rendered accessible for all purposes of cutting and exportation by the river Ottawa. Above Montreal occur the rapids which, at one time, threatened to oppose a limit to the further navigation of the St. Lawrence. The impediment has been removed by the construction of a chain of canals, in all 116 miles long, by which sea-going vessels are enabled to continue the voyage to Lake Ontario, a body of water presenting a surface of near 7,000 square miles. Some idea of its volume may be derived from the fact that it is 180 miles long by 60 wide, and is 500 feet deep at a short distance from the shore. Manufacturing industry has not had time to avail itself largely of the gigantic mechanical power which for ages has run waste on the borders of this inland sea; but we feel that the day is not far distant when every creek and inlet on its shores shall have its mills and workshops in operation. Lake Ontario is connected with Lake Erie by the great Welland canal. Above the city of Detroit lies a string of minor lakes leading to Lake Huron, whence another canal brings the voyager into Lake Superior. Sailing thence into Lake Michigan, he arrives at Chicago, a city which has risen in the wilderness as if by enchantment, and which fairly aspires to the title of Queen of the Far West. It must be confessed that the descent of the navigation is unattended with obstacles and inconveniences, encountered in the ascent, and for this reason, Canadian vessels, laden with timber for Europe, are sold with their cargoes at the ports to which they are consigned. This custom has slightly tended to check the growth of the mercantile navy of the colony. Its entire

tonnage, Transatlantic and local, amounted, in 1859, to 640,561 tons; whilst in 1855, it was reckoned at 419,553 tons, showing an increase of only 221,000 tons in four years. This is but poor progress for Canada, notwithstanding it may be urged that agricultural development is to be preferred to maritime emicence. To our minds, one is largely dependent on the other; and the Canadians will act wisely if they turn their attention at times from internal affairs to the building of good dockyards and ships, the bones and sinews of prosperous commerce. It is amazing to be told that the total value of the ships built at Quebec, in 1859, did not exceed £105,891. We believe that Limerick, on the Shannon, with its impoverished trade and deserted harbour, could show as much for the same period. In the inland navigation of the colony, as many as 1,339 vessels, of which 123 are steamers, making an aggregate of 181,559 tons are employed. In 1858, the total value of exports to Great Britain, North American colonies, British West Indies, United States, etc. etc., was £5,507,891; in 1859, it had increased to £5,778,095. The total value of imports for the same periods was, relatively, £7,269,632, and £8,388,790, showing an unpleasant deficit on the Canadian side of the exchange. It cannot be expected that a country which is too young to be able to supply itself with the artificial requirements of life, could show a clear balance-sheet after so a short a stewardship. Notwithstanding, we are glad to learn, on official authority, that whilst imports and exports have increased in 1860, the advantage of the ratios remains with the latter.

Side by side with these facts, we have the tables indicating the growth of the population. There, indeed, we are to look for the crucial evidences of decay or prosperity; the result is inspiring. In 1831, Montreal and Quebec had each a population of 27,000 souls. In less than thirty years the citizens of Montreal amounted to 80,000, and those of Quebec to 65,000. Toronto was a little town of 13,000 inhabitants in 1842; in 1856, the town had swelled into the dimensions of a city—the number of its inhabitants to 42,000. More extraordinary still is the history of (New) London, in Upper Canada. Its population, in 1850, was 5,124; in 1856, it amounted to upwards of 15,000. Those statements might be fairly considered incredible if the colony, like Mr. Emerson's man, "grew from within outwards!" But the laws of increase, however highly favoured by surrounding conditions, do not admit of such phenomena. It should be remembered, that within the past twelve years, a half million immigrants have settled down on the soil, and that every day sees new accessions to the strength of the colony. French, Germans, Dutch, and Norwegians, with a slight sprinkling of other breeds, mainly constituted the bulk of the immigrants. The Irish, we believe, made the smallest muster. It is a melancholy consideration, that whilst our countrymen were throwing themselves, year after year, on the mercies of a republic, standing knee-deep in the crust of earthquake—on a land where the battle of life is fought as jealously and savagely as it ever was at home; they turned their backs to the generous sympathies of Canada, or were ignorant of their existence.

What fate befel at least a third of them, the Mexican campaigns, the canal and railway cemeteries, the jails, hospitals, and workhouses of the States too fearfully avouch. Meanwhile, Canada, with her great soil, virgin forests, and noble rivers, stretched out her hands to the wanderers, and was regarded not. It would be unjust upon our parts to forget the services which the Union rendered to our suffering race. But we cannot help wishing that the Irish of the States had found homes in Canada, where their nationality and misfortunes would not have subjected them to the taunt of being "white niggers."

It is well to impress this fact on the minds of emigrants—genteel people have no business in the colony. Centuries hence, when its abundant natural sources shall have been developed, room may be found for that class of persons who contrive to live at home without soiling their hands or foreheads with the sweat of honest labour. There is nothing romantic in the first strides of colonization, which simply mean—cutting down forests, clearing the soil, digging, sowing, reaping and herding. Whoever emigrates with a distaste for those occupations, will be woefully disappointed, and had better remain where he is. The prime want of the colony is agriculturists, and beside them the value of any other accessions to its population appears wholly contemptible. Perhaps, under this head we should not include female domestics, for whom the colony affords highly remunerative and unfailing employment. The brilliant prospects which were recently held out to them in Australia, and which attracted swarms of pure-minded, hard-working women to its shores, have proved unfortunately delusive.—We have reason for knowing that numbers of them, forced by sheer want and abandonment, were compelled into questionable courses, and, finally, served to increase the criminal population of the Australian cities. Personal credit and advancement depending, however, largely on surrounding social conditions, are, for the greater bulk, best promoted by personal industry and moral conduct; and, keeping this in view, we think we are justified in saying, that active and virtuous females may safely entrust their chances in life to Canada. At home, (and this is especially the case in Ireland,) the last shift to which a fallen or slowly-rising family will resort, is the sending of their daughters into service. It is accepted, as a social ethic, that the servitude of a single member irreparably compromises the respectability of the whole family; and people will pinch and cheese-pare rather than earn honest bread, by means which are not esteemed good in the whims and absurdities of caste. Canada is still too fresh and healthy to be affected by this spurious and morbid morality. In her cities and towns the servant's wrapper is no badge of slavery, and implies no loss of respectability. To unemployed females, who are prevented washing, and scouring, and blackleading at home by the miserable conventionalities above-mentioned, the colony offers a fair field and a comfortable home. We have seen letters from Irish female servants, living at Montreal, describing their positions in terms which might excite the envy of many fine, but dowerless and prospectless young ladies, who appear to have no other employment than studying drapers' and milliners' windows, in this country.

Let us suppose the case of a working farmer, with his wife and three children, and with but small means, arriving in Canada. He has to face what is figuratively known as "the desert," that is to say, the uncleared interior, and to provide himself not only with food for a considerable time, but with the commonest household necessities. Both imply a handsome expenditure, yet it has been calculated that a capital of £50 will cover the whole for a year. Many emigrants, we are told, started only with £10, and realised moderate fortunes. The authorized pamphlet on Canadian Emigration gives the following estimate of a settler's indispensable outlay for twelve months, and which we quote for the benefit of that large class who may not have access to the pages of this valuable, because trustworthy, publication:—

"PROVISIONS NECESSARY FOR A FAMILY OF FIVE, SAY FOR ONE YEAR.—8 barrels of flour, at £1 15s. per barrel, £14; 2 barrels of pork, at £3 15s., £7 10s.; 80 bushels of potatoes, at 2s. per bushel, £8; 30lb. of tea, at 2s. 6d. per lb., £3 15s.; 1 barrel of herrings, £2; one-half barrel salt, 7s. 6d.—Cost of provisions, £35 12s. 6d.

"SEED.—20 bushels of potatoes, at 2s. per bushel, £2; 3 bushels of wheat, at 7s. 6d., £1 2s. 6d; 10 bushels of oats, at 2s., £1.—Cost of seed, £4 2s. 6d.

"OTHER NECESSARIES.—1 axe, 8s. 9d.; 1 grindstone, 7s. 6d.; one shovel, 1s. 10d.; 2 hoes, at 3s. 6d. each, 7s.; 3 reaping-hooks, at 1s. 6d. each, 4s. 6d.; 1 scythe, 5s.; 1-inch auger, 5s.; 1 inch-and-a-half auger, 7s. 6d.; 1 hand-saw, 7s. 6d.; 2 water-pails, at 1s. 6d. each, 3s.; 1 window-sash and glazing, 5s.; 1 bake-oven, 5s.; 2 pots, at 5s. each, 10s.; 1 kettle, 5s.; 1 frying-pan, 3s.; 1 tea-pot, 2s. 6d.; 6 small tin vessels, at 4d. each, 2s.; 3 large tin dishes, at 2s. 6d. each, 7s. 6d.; 6 spoons, at 2d. each, 1s.; 6 knives and forks, 5s.; 3 pairs of blankets, at £1 5s. per pair, £3 15s.; 2 rugs for quilts, at 2s. 6d. each, 5s.; 2 pairs of sheets, at 3s. per pair, 6s.; 1 smoothing iron, 2s. 6d.; 1 pig, 15s.—Cost of other necessities, £10 7s. 1d., making a total of £50 2s. 1d.; to which add, one cow, £5; hay for ditto, first year, £3; in all, £58 2s. 1d. currency or £47 sterling."

Being so far provided, the emigrant looks around him to find out a suitable locality on which to begin operations. Cheap and fertile land is to be had almost for the asking, in whatever direction he turns. He is astonished to hear of the immense produce of its harvests, which, when contrasted with the blighted and unfavoured results of those to which he has been accustomed, appears indeed incredible. In the broad and clayey valleys of Upper Canada, fertilized by the magnificent rivers by which they are intersected, he is told that consecutive crops of wheat have been grown on the same soil for twenty years; and he is admonished to prudence by this fact, that whereas the first crops yielded an average of forty bushels to the acre, the latter did not produce more than twelve bushels to the acre. Of course, the falling off found its own remedy; and agriculturists having been punished for their improvidence altered their plans, adopted the system of rotation of crops, and by this means restored to the land almost

its original fertility. As late as the spring of 1860, the wheat crop on the Hastings road averaged from thirty to forty bushels to the acre. As many as seventy plump, healthy grains were counted in a single ear. The produce of oats in the same district was even more surprising, yielding between sixty and seventy bushels per acre. In 1859, hay fetched forty dollars a ton in the settlement, but, in consequence of the enormous yield of the following year, it fell to a fourth of that figure. In the Mississippi road settlement the fall wheat of 1860, after losing twenty-five per cent. from the inclemency of the season, was a splendid crop, that which escaped the blight producing from thirty to forty bushels; whilst the yield of the spring wheat was estimated, on the average, at twenty-seven bushels. The Bobcaygeon road settlement, which runs north of Peterborough, and is mainly inhabited by Irish settlers (we could wish the circumstance were more general), presents less favourable results; but it should be remembered that this district, with regard both to soil and climate, is not so favoured as those already mentioned. Indeed, the attention of the settlers would seem to be divided between agriculture and pure commerce; for, in addition to grain and cereals, the value of their sawn-lumber, roofing shingles, furs, deer, and maple sugar, for the year 1860, amounted to 8,565 dollars. Their wheat averaged but $20\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acres: oats, forty bushels; peas, twenty-five bushels; Indian corn, $38\frac{1}{2}$ bushels: hay, 1 1-7th tons; potatoes, 183 bushels; and turnips, 275 bushels per acre. The total value of those crops was 19,022 dollars, which raises the products of this settlement to a considerable level, when it is understood that the entire population scarcely exceeds 927 souls. Already they have erected a saw-mill, which turns out something like 170 feet of cut timber per hour, and a couple of grist mills. To this it may be added, that the settlers have spacious houses, and that the old mud and reed shanties have almost disappeared from amongst them. "The general character of the land," says the pamphlet before us, "as far the surveyors have reported, is very superior." As this settlement is so largely occupied by Irish emigrants, we feel proud of its success; and we hope that, amongst other improvements, it will shortly have the services of a priest, and a church in which he may officiate.

There are 309 gift-lots, of 300 acres each, in the Addington road, of which two hundred are already in the hands of occupiers. The climate there is mild and temperate. Cucumbers, melons, etc., we are told, come to perfection without artificial assistance. The trade of the settlement, though small, is rapidly increasing, and, with the advantages which the Madawaska river offers, as a natural highway for market produce, must soon become very important. Wheat, rye, barley, peas, oats, Indian corn, beets, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, and a large variety of grasses, are successfully cultivated. The yield of wheat, on the average, is about eighteen bushels for every bushel of seed. On the Ottawa and Osrengo free-grant road, there are a few healthy and thriving settlements among the 205 free lots in cultivation. The return tells us that, for 1860, the 1478 acres under crop produced 12,723 bushels of wheat, 12,711 oats, 904 bar-

ley, 268 Indian corn, 580 peas, 22,620 potatoes, 11,502 turnips, 312 tons of hay, 570 tons of straw, 5,122 lbs. of sugar, 544 gallons of molasses, 209 barrels of pork (200lbs. each), 95 do. of potash, 4,467lbs. of soap, and 1,876 do. of ashes, the total value of which, at the lowest market rate, shows a return of 44,503 dollars from 1478 acres for one year; or upwards, 30 dollars per acre. The government emigration agent of the settlement, writing in November, 1860, states that 40 of the settlers had not been more than 13 months in possession of their lots. Estimating their capital at 75 dollars each, he shows that in a year and a half they had cleared respectively 8,824 dollars. In a paper written by them for the guidance and encouragement of intending emigrants, occurs the following satisfactory passage, which is well worth quoting:—"After only eighteen months' settlement we are in possession of homesteads which secure to us and our families the means of a comparatively independent livelihood. We are all satisfied with the land we have bought from the Canadian Government. It produces abundant crops; and although we possess but little means, we can, by the aid of remunerative employment procured from the old settlers, obtain the necessaries we require, until we shall have cleared sufficient land on our own lots to support us. We can therefore, upon our own experience, recommend Canada to our friends and acquaintances in the old country who are desirous to emigrate." Of the Muskoka road settlement little remains to be said, as it was opened only as recently as August, 1859, and cannot have had a fair trial. Notwithstanding this exceptional circumstance, the results already obtained are tolerable. Wheat has grown from 25 bushels per acre, oats 30, potatoes 200. There are but 78 acres actually in cultivation, which had produced, at the date of the last report, produce to the amount of 39 dollars each. Water mills are in course of erection in various parts of the settlement. The total population is but 183 souls, living in eleven log-houses, and twenty-six shanties. On the whole, the crop 1860 exceeds those of 1859, by at least twenty per cent. The general average of wheat was about 28 bushels per acre, the return in some cases being as much as forty-nine. A sample of spring wheat, which was deposited in the Canadian Bureau of Agriculture, weighed 64lbs. to the bushel.

Our small farmer may be excused if, carried away by the enthusiasm which these statistics inspire, he fancies that the age of gold has returned to Canada. To test his conjectures, he must at once set about securing a desirable lot; and those are abundant. There are seven great roads in Upper Canada, five in Lower Canada, along which the government has laid out parcels of land, of 100 acres each for settlement. The conditions under which they may be had are as follow:—Our farmer must be at least eighteen years old; must enter into possession of his land within one month from the date of allotment; must have twelve acres cleared and cultivated in the course of four years; and lastly, he must hold a log-house of specified dimensions and reside on his lot until the terms of his agreement are complied with. In the event of their non-fulfilment, (and nothing but illness or positive laziness could excuse that,) the contract becomes void

and the land reverts to the government. The value of the land has risen considerably within the last six years. Railways have sprung up as if by miracle ;* fine roads have opened up the wilderness ; and the soil which fringes them on either side for twenty miles has become the object of serious acquisition, and been doubled and trebled in price. There is no room for apprehensions in view of this inevitable revolution. Land which would fetch £30 an acre at home is still to be had cheap. On no account let our settler go to the "Land Companies," who stand, like middle men, between the government and the emigrants, and who, having speculated in large purchases many years ago, are enabled to retail it at a heavy profit. This mode of colonization is totally opposed to the beneficent designs of the government, whose object was and is to see the soil in the hands of hardy, energetic settlers, by whom its immense resources would be honestly worked. To prevent this evil system the law of permanent settlement for a specified number of years was adopted, and we tender its promoters our heartiest thanks. The best course for the intending purchaser to take is to make direct application to the government agents, of whom he can obtain every information and advice, with a list in which the prices and descriptions of the available free lots are accurately set down. Localities contiguous to towns and railway stations necessarily affect the value of the land. Block lots, which may contain from 40,000 to 60,000 acres, fetch about two shillings per acre in Upper Canada, and in Lower Canada as little as eighteen cents. per acre. The conditions of purchase are; that the land be surveyed into parcels of 100 to 200 acres each, in accordance with the plan laid down by government—that one-third of the block be settled upon within two years and a-half from the date of sale, one-third more within seven years, and the residue within ten years from the time of sale. If it be shown that portions of the land would not repay cultivation, these conditions cease to apply to those portions, and the settler is at liberty to treat them as he thinks best. Surveyed lands, comprising from 100 to 200 acres, are sold to *bond fide* settlers at the rate of 2s. 10½d. per acre in Upper Canada, and 10d. in Lower Canada. The settler receives his title and map after two years' settlement, during which he must have cleared and cultivated ten per cent. of his lot. Payments of purchase money of lands, ranging from twenty cent. to one dollar per acre, are subject to the following regulations :—

"One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid down, and the remainder in four equal annual instalments, with interest ; no patent, in any case (even though the land be paid for in full at the time of purchase,) shall issue for any such land to any person who shall not by himself, or the person or persons under whom he claims, have taken possession of such land within six months from the time of sale, and shall from that time continuously have been a *bond-fide* occupant of, and resident on, the

* "Eighteen hundred and fifty-two saw Canada without a railway; eighteen hundred and sixty sees her with 1875 miles completed, and many more in process of construction."—*Vide Pamphlet.*

land for at least two years ; and have cleared and rendered fit for cultivation, and had under crop, within four years at farthest from the time of sale of the land, a quantity thereof, in the proportion of at least ten acres to every one hundred acres, and have erected thereon a house, habitable, and of the dimensions at least sixteen by twenty feet. No timber to be cut or removed, unless under license, except for agricultural purposes.

Even with the limited amount of information we are enabled to offer him, the inexperienced emigrant will have no difficulty in "seeing his way" in the colony, once at least in his first steps towards making a comfortable and independent home for his family. It is but natural to expect that his early labours may be attended with no ordinary hardships and disappointments. Crops may fail—though they rarely do—or land prove unproductive, after much toil and expense have been spent upon its culture. Even these difficulties time and determination overcome: for failures are the exceptions, and moderate successes the rule in Canada. Many settlers have been lucky enough to amass fortunes in a very short time, with the assistance of limited capital added to the experience they had gained in the old world. But we believe the day for rapid accumulation of wealth has passed, or is passing away, giving place to a period of steady and unremitting industry, rewarded with light gains and moderate competence.

The social and political history of the colony, is the history of a patiently resolute people, and is marked by few glories or disasters. Since its cession by the French to England its resources have been quadrupled, and its material wealth enormously increased. Those who attribute this favourable change to the imperial connexion, forget the circumstances of the case, and are too predisposed to that conclusion by a variety of motives. The truth is, that Canada merely required to be let alone, in order to become great and powerful. Of all predatory nations, the French are the least successful in colonization. Their few foreign possessions are—to them—a source of weakness, contributing to the burdens of the empire and impairing its strength. Algeria, for instance, (to use a vulgar phrase,) has "never paid" the expenses of its occupation ; and every miserable increase in its revenue is attended by a corresponding claim on the bounty of the state. The English, on the contrary, have been lucky adventurers, who uniformly insist on obtaining considerations wherever they bestow the blessings and enlightenment of their curious civilization. Their dependencies alone contain a population of 200,000,000 souls, who subscribe about forty millions annually to the imperial revenue, without taking into account the profits on their imports and exports, which are represented by the enormous figure one hundred and forty millions a year ; whilst the total sum expended on fleets and armies for their protection is but four millions per annum. What the nett annual draw from Canada is we have no precise knowledge ; but, next to India, it must form the most valuable jewel in the British crown. Until within the past few months, when the home government were alarmed for the safety of the colony by the menaces of the Northern States of the Union, Canada was in the occupation of a snail

military force, principally employed in garrisoning her few defences. The colony will have to bear this addition to her expenses, until the civil wars of the republic shall cease. Of the demonstrations in favour of the mother country, to which the panic gave rise, it is dangerous to hazard an opinion; but this fact stands confessed, that the people, or those at least who delegated to themselves the task of directing the popular sympathies, expressed themselves contented with the position of affairs, and repudiated the idea of being annexed to their neighbours. In fact, Canada is growing too powerful, and her protectors too cautious, to leave any room for a collision of the interests of the Crown and people for years to come. At present, she enjoys all the privileges and most of the distinctions prized by a brave and free people.

The elective franchise presents few of the anomalies which degrade it almost to a nullity with ourselves. The payment of a £6 rental in the towns, and of a £4 rental in the country districts, qualifies a man to vote; and this right is enjoyed by foreigners who have passed three years in the colony, and taken the oath of allegiance to the Crown and constitution. In one or two respects the Canadian electoral system is behind our own. Property is still a qualification to which parliamentary candidates are subjected; nor does there appear any desire to abolish this most flagitious impost on common sense and personal merit. Not that the Canadians are insensible to the defects of the legislative system, for they have forced the Crown to alter many of its prominent features—that, for instance, by which members of the Upper House were nominated by the Governor and his tools, the Executive Council. Except in the matter of postal arrangements, the Crown exercises a jealous control over the foreign relations of the colony, a course probably dictated by the old maxims of Roman and Punic policy. Whoever supposes that this systematic interference will not eventually embroil the Crown in a contest with the citizens, has more faith in the passiveness of public temper than we. Canada is the home of a race who have imported with them the best ideas and traditions of the first revolution, whilst they abhor the excesses which forced their fathers into exile, and delivered up France to an anarchy, controlled only by the mob and the guillotine. The English element, not the old Puritan blood that gave us Washingtons, Adams, and Jacksons, but of a calmer and more decisive character, will be looking out for ascendancy and “first profits” by-and-bye; and if to these qualities we add the fire, combativeness, and animosity of the Irish settlers, we have the characteristics of a population on whom no affront can be put with safety, and no wrong practised with entire immunity from evil consequences.

The following outline of the laws and municipal institutions of Canada, which we take from the authorized pamphlet, will be found interesting:—“The laws of England were introduced into Upper Canada in 1791, and still prevail subject to the various alterations made from time to time by the local Parliament. The laws of France, as they existed at the conquest of Canada by Britain, prevail in Lower Canada, subject, also, to the alterations effected by the local Parliament. The criminal and commercial laws

of England prevail there as in Upper Canada. The Parliament of Canada have, and exercise, entire control over the province. Upper Canada is divided into counties, forty-two in number; each county is divided into townships; so that, on an average, each township is about ten miles square. The inhabitants of a township elect five 'councillors,' the councillors elect out of this number a presiding officer, who is designated the 'town reeve;' the town reeves of the different townships form the 'county council;' this council elect their presiding officer, who is styled the 'warden.' The town council and county council are municipal corporations, possessing the power to raise money for municipal purposes, such as making public improvements, opening and repairing roads and bridges. Repayment is secured by a tax on all the property in the township or county where the debt is incurred; but no by-law for raising money can be enforced unless it has been previously submitted to the electors, or people. Each corporation possesses the power of suing and is liable to be sued, and their by-laws, if illegal, are subject to be annulled by the superior courts of the province, at the instance of any elector. Each township council has the power to provide for the support of common schools, under the provisions of the school law; to construct roads, bridges, water-courses, etc., to appoint path-masters or road-inspectors, etc. The county councils are charged with the construction and repairs of gaols and court-houses, roads, and bridges, houses of correction, and grammar schools, under the provisions of the school law; to grant moneys by loan to public works tending to the improvement of the county, and to levy taxes for the redemption of the debts incurred, subject to the proviso before mentioned, namely, the vote of the people. Villages not having a population over 1,000 are governed by a board of police, and are styled police villages; possessing over 1,000 inhabitants they become incorporated villages, and are governed by a council of five, whose reeve is a member of the county council, *ex officio*; as soon as a village acquires a population exceeding three thousand, it becomes a town, governed by a mayor and council, and is represented in the county council by a town reeve and deputy-town reeve. When the number of inhabitants exceeds 10,000 it may be created a city, and is governed by a mayor, aldermen, and councilmen. All town reeves, wardens, mayors, and aldermen are, *ex officio*, justices of the peace. In Lower Canada a similar system prevails. That section of the province is divided into sixty counties, each of which has a county council, composed of the mayors of the local councils within the county. Every township, parish, or village, called local municipalities, elects seven councillors, who choose one of themselves as a presiding officer, styled the 'mayor.' The mayors forming the county council elect also a presiding officer, who is called the 'warden.' In Lower Canada there are four cities, five towns, and forty-three incorporated villages. Any tract of land, containing forty houses within any part of it, not exceeding sixty superficial arpents, may be erected into a village municipality on the presentation to the county council of a petition signed by thirty or more qualified resident electors. Whenever the population of an incorporated village amounts to 3,000 souls,

it may be proclaimed a town. Cities are erected only by legislative enactment. Every mayor and warden is, *ex officio*, a justice of the peace within the limits of the municipality wherein he has been elected or appointed, so long as he continues to act as mayor or warden."

The religious statistics of Canada may be thus classified:—The Catholic body comprises 1,500,000 members; its charities are numerous and flourishing, and every year sees fresh additions to their number. The great bulk of the Catholic population resides in Lower Canada, and are chiefly of French extraction. They have spacious and magnificent churches and convents, and are governed by a hierarchy and priesthood second to none in religious fervour and administrative ability. In round numbers, the members of the Church of England may be set down at 403,000; Church of Scotland at 114,000; Free Presbyterians at 114,000; other Presbyterians at 100,000; Wesleyan Methodists at 180,000; Episcopal Methodists at 75,000; other Methodist denominations at 80,000; Baptists 70,000; and Lutherans (chiefly Danes and Norwegians) at 18,000. It is a happy omen for the future of Canada that her tranquillity has but seldom been disturbed by sectarian strifes and jealousies. The various denominations dwell side by side in the happiest unanimity; and, but for the wretched and degraded Orange faction which lifts its head at times, and, inspired by a demoniacal political and religious rancour, disturbs the political peace, Canada might be taken as the land of religious toleration, *par excellence*. That a handful of contemptible fanatics, whose programme is "ourselves and the constitution," should be powerful enough to fan the embers of worn-out prejudices into a blaze when it suits their purpose, is a fact to be deplored. There is reason, however, to hope that the good sense and tolerant principles of the colony will eventually put down those miscreants, and that the blind and savage bigotry by which they are animated, will take its place amongst the other evils of the past. The educational system of the colony, though not entirely free from defects, at least incongruities, affords fair proofs of the liberality of the dominant class, and their harmonious relations with the other sections of the community. In Upper Canada the townships are divided into school districts. Where this arrangement is of long date the school-houses are well and handsomely built, and abundantly supplied with maps, globes, laboratories, and other essential requisites. The common schools are supported by and under the direct control of the government. In 1858 a sum of nearly £9,000 was expended on their maintenance. The teachers are duly qualified, having to pass an examination not remarkable for the stupid peculiarities which characterize the competitive system at home. Salaries vary from £180 to £40 in the country, and from £280 to £75 in towns and cities. In Upper Canada a license issued from the provincial normal school, entitling a teacher to act, is taken as a guarantee of his efficiency and examination by the county board of education is dispensed with. This institution closely resembles in plan and purpose the "Head Model School" in this country. It trains annually from 100 to 150 male and female teachers. Referring once more to the pamphlet, we have the following account of

the state and success of the educational system in Upper and Lower Canada :—

“ In 1842, the number of common schools in Upper Canada was 1,721, attended by 65,978 children ; in 1858 the number of schools was 3,866, attended by 293,683 children, and the average time during which the schools were open was 10 months and 6 days. This astonishing increase, in so short a period, speaks volumes for the condition and progress of elementary education in Upper Canada. Each school section is governed by an elective corporation, styled school trustees, and is supplied, partly at Government expense, with a small library of selected literature. The number of volumes which have been already distributed for this purpose amounts to 532,893. The free school system is gaining ground in many parts of Canada ; the principle it involves implies the support of common schools, open to all, by a general tax, and the non-exaction of fees. Any school section may adopt it by the vote of the majority of its inhabitants. Separate schools for Catholics are sanctioned under certain regulations. The grammar schools and academies are 121 in number, with 5,530 pupils. They are intended to form a connecting link between the common schools and the Universities. Teachers must be graduates of some University ; they receive an allowance from government in addition to fees. The amount raised for grammar school purposes in 1858 was £15,123 sterling. Besides a richly endowed provincial University, supplied with a complete staff of highly competent professors and lecturers, there are several other Universities and Colleges in Upper Canada, in connection with different religious denominations. The standard of education adopted in some of the Canadian Universities assimilates as closely as possible to that established in the time-honoured institutions of Great Britain and Ireland, and the ranks of the professional staffs are generally supplied from the same unfailing sources. All the expenses of a full University course in Toronto need not exceed £60 sterling per annum, board and tuition included. To the provincial University, and to the University of Trinity College, in connection with the Church of England, scholarships are attached, which vary in value from £18 to £40 sterling per annum. These are awarded (at annual examinations) to successful candidates competing for them. The educational statistics of Upper Canada may be thus summed up :—In 1858, there were in actual operation 12 Universities and Colleges, 121 grammar schools and academies, 255 private schools, and 3,866 common schools ; making in the aggregate, 4,254 educational institutions, teaching 306,626 pupils and students, and costing the country, in great part by self-imposed taxation, £303,200 sterling. In Lower Canada, a system of education, in most respects similar to that which has just been described exists, and is rapidly obtaining favour among the people. The superior schools there are of a very high order, and many of the seminaries attached to religious houses are well endowed and amply provided with efficient professors and teachers. In addition to the Laval University and McGill College, the educational institutions in Lower Canada are thus classed in the report of the Superintendent of Education for the year 1858 :—

Superior Schools	10 ; No. of Pupils	438
Secondary do.	170 ; No. of pupils	25,224
Normal do.	3 ; No. of pupils	213
Special do.	2 ; No. of pupils	57
Primary do.	2,800 ; No. of pupils	130,940
Total No. of Schools,	2,985 ; Total No. of pupils	156,872
Total of contributions		£91,879 sterling.

The increase in the number of pupils was, in 1858, 7,188, against 6,557, in 1857 ; and the increase in contributions, since 1856, amounts to 52,632 dollars. Every year will witness great extension. The cost of a full course of superior education in Lower Canada is even less than in Upper Canada."

We may pick out from the aggregate of private schools, as especially worthy of notice, the schools under the care and direction of the Nuns of Loretto, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Fathers of the Order of St. Basil, and the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. In the diocese of Toronto alone there are seventy churches and chapels, forty stations, and thirty-four priests. The number of colleges and convents are four, of schools sixty ; and the Catholic population of the diocese is close upon 50,000.

Such is Canada. Again we repeat, if emigration must continue, let our people avoid the States, and carry their capital, industry, and intelligence, to a country where the experiment is attended with less hazard. In every department of material wealth, Canada is before the States. Her mineral treasures are enormous ; her fisheries inexhaustible ; her soil cheap and productive ; nor need our emigrants be deterred by the stories which they may hear of the rigorous severity of the climate. They will shortly accustom themselves to a temperature which braces the nerves and gives a healthy circulation to the blood whose snows bring with them health and fertility. Under all aspects, Canada is the best ground for the Irish farmer who labours to turn his small means and earnest industry to the best advantage. It offers homes and properties to millions such as he. It must be the fault of the Irish if they do not shortly become a rising power in that great colony.

FLOWERS OF THE MONTH.

PRIMROSE.

"The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Lighting the green wood with its sunny smile."—SHELLEY.

Hark ! I hear the soft peal of my fairy-love's bell,
 As he calls me to wake from my trance in this dell,
 Where, thro' the dark winter I slept, while bright gleams
 Of Spring's coming joy soothed my wind-cradled dreams.

Now the tempests are gone, and rude Winter's afar,
In the bleak icy North where no pretty flow'rs are :
And on rose-coloured wings glides dear Spring to the earth—
Lo! she breathes o'er this bank, and sweet sisters have birth.

Spring, gentle Spring, why so long did'st thou stay ?
Dearest mother! ah! promise thou'lt ne'er go away
From thy children who love thee and live in thy look,
Who languish and die, when by thee they're forsook.

Thou art here, kindest mother, I feel thy sweet kiss,
And no fear of drear Winter o'ershadows my bliss—
Come forth, lovely sisters, and hie thro' the dale,
While, like coy nymphs, we blush, fondly woo'd by the gale.

See! the butterfly comes thro' the hawthorn glade
To tell to his primrose what conquests he made :
"That his heart's all mine own," this his tale is to me,
"That I still am his lady-love, queen of the lea!"

Yet, while he plays the rover and flirts in far bow'rs,
Many lovers come courting me, bees, birds, and flow'rs.
With these rivals I laugh, and, if modest and meek,
I at times allow one to salute my soft cheek.

Thus I pass the bright day : and now, dew-bringing eve,
Round the deep clouds of gold which the day-splendours leave,
Hangs a rich purple fringe, stretching into the West,
'Till its folds on the dim mountain-tops seem to rest.

Ere I close my meek lids, comes the rich glow-worm nigh,
And he lights his night-lamp with a gleam from mine eye ;
While my crimson-leaved sister, the evening primrose,
Brighter shines in the rays her lamp-lover bestows.

As my nodding head's drooping, kind dews o'er me weep,
And the black beetle's lullaby hums me to sleep,
Then my dreams give me back all the joys of the day—
Dost thou envy the primrose her happiness, say ?

ANEMONE.

"A hero's blood supplied its bloom."—CAMPBELL.
"From the soft wings of vernal breezes shed Anemone."—THOMSON.

In the clime of the brave, by nations sung,
From the breast of beautiful Greece I've sprung ;
At my birth, earth blushed thro' a crimson tide,
For that I should live young Adonis died.

From the reeking stream by his young heart shed
 Meek Anemonè raised her purple head :
 And, since that far time to the present hour,
 Earth nurses no bud like the soft wind flower.

By the breathing of gentlest winds that blow,
 When vernal skies in blue beauty glow ;
 I'm awaked from sleep, and the sun's bright beams
 Chase the gloom away of my Winter dreams.

And Venus comes through the brightening air,
 And she tends my leaves with a lover's care,
 And scents my bloom with her heavenly breath,
 As she sighs and sighs for Adonis' death.

And at eventide, in the clear cold skies,
 She weeps o'er the flower, his life-blood dyes;
 And her big tears fall like a silver rain
 Of dew-drops spangling the moon-bright plain.

And softer than Zephyrus' softest sigh,
 When he glides serene thro' the breathless sky,
 Are the odours exhaled from my fragrant breast,
 By the sorrowing goddess of love caressed !

I am born in spring—before Summer fades,
 Or Pomona reddens the woodland glades ;
 Ere yellow leaves are by Autumn strewn—
 Lo ! gentle Anemonè's life is flown.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

The Naiad-like lily of the vale,
 Whom love makes so fair and passion so pale."

SHELLEY.

I live and bloom here, 'tis my own native vale,
 Unassuming, secluded, meek, humble, and pale
 As the fair-bosomed maid
 Who roams thro' this glade
 To meet her young lover, and hear his love-tale.

The butterfly bears me the wish of the rose,
 "That I'd leave my lone vale for the bank where she glows,
 To adorn the parterre
 With my pale beauty, rare,
 Nor live hidden there, where no other flow'r blows."

But I tell the bright rose, this lone vale's dear to me
As to her is the bank where rich garden flow'rs be;
 Very lonely, 'tis true,
 Yet so beautiful, you,
Dearest rose, would stay, too, should you come visit me.

I will tell you the beauties of this lovely dell,
And I know to the garden you'd soon give farewell;
 And live here, happy, free,
 As the wild winged bee
That each morning wakes me, as he leaves his soft cell.

Thro' the breast of this vale glides a murmuring river,
Whose clear flowing waters are musical ever;
 And the young willows lave
 Their green hair in its wave,
While my sisters' broad leaves on the sparkling tide quiver.

All along its green margin a star-studded cluster
Of many-hued wild flowers, honey-bathed, muster;
 And all bright insect things,
 Each, on transparent wings,
To his flow'r as he clings, shines with chrysolite lustre.

Wilt thou come? Down the vale, lo! young Zephyrus playing,
Ever gay e'en as he with loved Cupid went maying:
 Here, he loves only me,
 If thou com'st thou shalt see
He's forgetful of thee, while thro' this valley straying.

The azure-winged kingfisher dwells here with me,
And all the sweet song-birds that love to live free.
 Ah! what songs can'st thou hear
 In thy man-watched parterre?
But if thou wert here, oh! how charmed thou would'st be.

Then thy rich garden leave, bid thee here on the gale,
And most welcome thou'lt be to thy lily's own vale.
 Long and loving we'll live,
 Each to each joy shall give,
Thou wilt come, dearest rose, let thy lily prevail.

JOHN DUGGAN.

THE TWO LENORES.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I again entered the dining-room, a cozy picture met my eyes. It was a long, lofty room, wainscotted high with oak, and curtained with crimson. The table was spread with snowy damask and glittering china and silver, and the steaming urn announced that tea was ready. Two wide arm-chairs yawned at either side of the hearth, and upon the rug before the ruddy fire stood Lenore and her other guardian, I felt almost jealous to find them such good friends already; she was laughing blithely as I came in, and he was looking at her with an admiring, half-puzzled expression. I was proud to see my darling look so lovely, on this her first introduction to the critical eyes of her new world. She wore a plain, flowing black silk dress. A blue ribbon lay under her tiny lace collar, and was fastened by a single diamond; except this, she wore no ornament but the silken treasure of her hair, which, in the red fire-light, hung like a luminous cloud about her face. She was too young and healthy to feel much fatigue, and her cold drive had left her blooming freshly like a young rose. She appealed to me, laughingly, as I sat down.

"Aunt, here is Dr. Redmond catechising me about the way to hold two horses in hand, how to pull them up and how to give them rein; and he will scarcely believe that I drove all the way from that old bridge which he calls the White Ford. I tell the name in plain English, but he translates in into some outlandish language which he calls my mother tongue. Now, didn't I drive the whole way?"

I told her I was ready to swear it in any court of justice.

"Now, Sir, you must be satisfied!" she said, and danced over to the tea-table; "I am going to instal myself as mistress at once, and make the tea, if you have no objection, Aunt!"

She looked such a graceful, good little fairy at the head of her large table that I did not wonder at the doctor's puzzle of admiration. She seemed to be something new to him, a specimen of a species hitherto unheard of.

Mr. Howard came in, just as she was pouring out the first cup, and informed us that "the poor man felt much ease, and would soon sleep." I thought he made rather an unnecessary fuss in telling us this, for the doctor, who had just come from setting the man's leg, had told it to us before. He then apologized for his intrusion, and prepared to take leave; but I, interpreting Lenore's hospitable looks, begged he would delay his departure, and join us at tea. He needed no pressing, and found a chair immediately.

I had now an opportunity to examine this Mr. Rodolph Howard more at my leisure. Talking gaily and cheerfully, with the lamplight full upon his handsome face, and curling brown hair, I could not but admit him to be one of the most fascinating young men I had ever met; and yet I felt

a most unaccountable dislike to him, dislike which I felt was absurd, and should be overcome.

It was not long before I yielded to the charm of his manner. He spoke eloquently on every subject of interest that was started. He seemed to have read, and travelled, and experimentalized more than any man I had ever known. I had seen but little of men of his class, but Dr. Redmond, of whom I had formed a high opinion, sat almost dumb, while he kept the conversation lively, with the most brilliant ease. I have since seen more of the world, and marvel at my own want of penetration.

We talked of music, and Dr. Redmond smiled while he told us of Mr. Howard's surpassing genius for it. He said his friend—who had been much in the country for the last three years, and owned a shooting lodge not far away—had not been many weeks in the neighbourhood when he discovered that Aylemere Hall contained an organ; that he had made interest with Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, to allow him to come in and out as often as he pleased; that he had himself tuned the organ and set it to rights; and that, by keeping the library well aired with fires, and practising on it almost daily, he had succeeded in rescuing the fine old instrument from its dangerous state of neglect, and restored it to almost its original power.

"You cannot think, Miss Ennis," said Howard, taking the word from the doctor, "how much pleasure I have owed to you, while you were quite ignorant of my existence. Evening after evening I have come here at dusk, and with intense delight have wakened up the echoes of this ghostly old house by my wild improvisings—a very ghostly old house it was, I assure you, less than a year ago, with cobwebs and damp in the passages. And these rooms, I can scarcely believe them the same now, even though I have watched the gradual relieving process that has restored them to life. I must say, I regret the ghosts, rude as it may seem, I find it hard to say 'good-bye' to the organ."

"Oh! please, Mr. Howard," cried Lenore, "do not think of bidding good-bye to what you love so much, merely because I am mistress here, instead of the ghosts. I do hope you will come as often as you like, and 'waken up the echoes.' You shall only have two attentive listeners more. Shan't he, aunt?"

Howard smiled a pleased acknowledgment of this frank invitation, and soon after the gentlemen took leave.

My thoughts, on entering my little room were neither sad nor pleasant. I had contracted a mingled aversion and liking for Howard, without being able to say truly which it was predominated. Even when the influence of his presence was removed, and I could soberly analyse these feelings, I was still puzzled; so I drifted from conjecture to conjecture, until sleep weighed down my eyelids, and stopped the round of speculation.

Next day I had a long interview with the housekeeper, and enlightened myself upon several points.

The name of this functionary, as has been said, was Martin, and I recognised in her a favourite servant of Carmel, whom she had taken at her

marriage, and treated with the greatest indulgence. I now recollected distinctly, how much I used to dislike her fawning manner to her mistress, and her arrogance towards her fellow-servants. I remembered her marriage with the son of a neighbouring farmer, and how glad I was to see her out of the house, and how generous Carmel was to her on the occasion. I now learned that the dark girl was her daughter, born on the same day as Lenore, and called from her; but "Lenore" being an unfamiliar name to those about her, the child had always been known as "Nora."

When Carmel had been obliged to hurry away to her distant native land and leave her child behind, she had left the little Lenore to be nursed by Mrs. Martin. The woman had kept her till she was in her second year, when Carmel, pining for the baby, Philip had had it conveyed to her. During this time, Mrs. Martin, who was a widow almost as soon as she was a mother, had lived in the hall as caretaker, and in this capacity she had remained in it ever since. She seemed to have quarrelled with her husband's relations, and to have made but few friends around her. I did not wonder at it when I remembered her ever arrogant bearing towards her equals. I knew she was not changed in this respect. Many years of seclusion, while occupying a situation so important, were not likely to render her more humble. Indeed, there were lines on her face which told their own story. Her humility to me now was overdone. I could not help wondering if she remembered the tacitly hostile understanding which had existed between us in former days. I was not now surprised at her daughter's haughty face, still less did I marvel when I learned how the girl had been reared like a hermit in the great, lonely, mildewed house, with no companion but her unhealthy-minded mother. No doubt, pride had been her first lesson. She had been taught to set great store on her beautiful face, and to count herself as infinitely superior to any of the peasantry around her. She had learned to read and write at the nearest village school. While very young she had—being in no wise disposed to work more than was necessary—retired from the field of learning covered with glory, in other words, with the reputation of being "a great scholar;" and this, again, had contributed to fan the flame of her conceit. But, as far as I could see, she had not won any better feeling among her young school-fellows than envy. As she grew up and developed into greater beauty day by day, her mother had gone to singular expense in order that in her dress as well as in her person she might be superior to the ordinary peasant girls about.

Since she had left off going to school she had spent her time chiefly in reading, her studies being confined to a lot of trashy old novels which she had discovered in an old book-case, the worst food for such a mind under such circumstances. Sitting in some window recess, surrounded by dilapidated grandeur, she had devoured volume after volume of nonsensical rubbish, till I do not wonder that her brain was turned; and she fancied herself a heroine of the first water. All this information I drew directly and indirectly from our housekeeper. What the woman's motive could have been for thus bringing up her child, in a way altogether above her

station, I could not conceive. Pride itself could hardly be blind to the inevitably miserable consequences. It seemed to me that she had been strangely sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind. It struck me, too, that she showed more pride in the girl than love for her; probably, as might have been expected, she had met with little gratitude, or anything to keep love stirring in return for her cruel indulgence. Mrs. Martin was profuse in her expressions of attachment to the family, and devotion to her young mistress and foster-child. I cut her harangue as short as possible, and got her as quietly as might be out of the room, devoutly wishing that she and Nora were located anywhere but in Aylemere Hall.

I was turning these things in my mind, and revolving the possibility of getting rid of them, when I discovered that Lenore was not at all of my way of thinking. Lenore was at that bright young period of life when existence is a streak of sunshine and life itself a city of wonders and delights, at whose jewelled gates the eager feet are pressing to enter. Her young spirit was teeming with love and generosity to all its kind, and bore still the dew of childhood's fresh all-trustingness glistening on its wings. Like most young girls, she had a broad dash of romance in her character, and her imagination was at once excited by Norah's wild beauty and odd disposition. She was delighted with Mrs. Martin's evident love for, and devotion to her; and certainly, when I discovered, by many little proofs, that this affection of the housekeeper was genuine, I became much more disposed to feel leniently towards her.

Lenore would spend hours of an evening in the housekeeper's room, listening to stories of her father and mother, of which Mrs. Martin had a never-failing store. Sometimes I followed her there on different pretences, but Nora was never to be seen on these occasions, she seemed to shun us; Lenore tried various means of winning her trust and good-will, but in vain—she always fled at our approach. Strangely enough, from whatever cause, her mother always seemed uneasy at her appearance and relieved when she absented herself, as she did for hours and days together—either hiding herself in some unoccupied room or rambling through the wood or up the mountain, no one knew where. When I compared her mother's apparent want of affection for the girl with the foolishly-indulgent rearing she had given her I was much puzzled.

Meanwhile, Howard and the doctor were constant visitors at the hall, and in their genial society the winter evenings passed pleasantly and swiftly away. The mornings were amply filled with occupation—housekeeping duties for me and heavy business for Lenore, in the shape of cutting out work for her school, making petticoats for her old women, practising her music, or reading German. We dined early; and after dinner, if it were dry at all, Lenore would wrap herself in a shawl and take some favourite book out into the wood, not far, and enjoy pleasure in her own way till it grew too dark to read. Then she would trip round the back way into the housekeeper's room, to warm herself at the fire and hear stories. From this retreat I was generally obliged to summon her when the arrival of one or both of our gentlemen visitors warned me of tea-time. And then the little

girl would come in, with her fresh, smiling face, and bid them cheery welcome, and pour out their tea, and play hostess, with such a winning grace and innocent friendliness, that I did not wonder they came and came again.

After tea, Dr. Redmond read "Pendennis" aloud to us, while we worked, and Juno, the doctor's dog, lay curled upon the folds of Lenore's gown, winking in the firelight. On these occasions Mr. Howard usually amused himself in sketching the different characters in the story as it went along, making most absurdly clever caricatures of the most sentimental parts, and sending them fluttering across the table into Lenore's work-basket. At each production the story was interrupted by our laughter. Or, quite as often, Howard would leave us after tea, and generally a message would come in a few moments to know if Miss Ennis would be kind enough to say where she had left Haydn's — "Mass" or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," etc., etc., or if Miss Ennis happened to know where Mr. Howard's portfolio had been put. Of course, Miss Ennis could not but go to find the missing article, and in a little while we were sure to hear the hum and swell of the organ summoning us to the library.

More than once, on my way thither at these times, I have met Nora hurrying past me, with her face as black as night. That girl haunted the library when it was dark and empty, and fled from it like one frenzied whenever Lenore's hand stirred the fire to a blaze or Howard's touched the keys of the organ. What evil spirit could possess the girl? Those encounters always revived old unpleasant thoughts, and gave me the heart-ache for the night. I did not mention my uneasiness to Lenore, knowing how deeply she would be pained to hear that any one around her was unhappy.

Such constant and social intercourse, kept up in the wintry seclusion of such a place as Aylemere, almost necessarily made us all familiar friends in the course of a few months. I liked both our friends. Howard entertained me, and I could not but admire his fine person and versatile talents. I could almost have forgiven him his self-conceit, so completely had he won me from my first prejudices. But I liked the doctor much better; he was not such an Apollo, had not so many pretty accomplishments at his finger-ends; but I firmly believed that he had depths within him which Howard could not sound. When his eye met mine, enforcing his words, I felt that a true soul looked forth from under his straight, dark brows. I knew him to be a man of ability in his profession, for I had seen his name long before I had seen himself, as author, upon several valuable works. I knew he was a charitable man, for he attended all the poor who needed his help, without asking fee or return of any kind. More than this, I soon saw that he loved my Lenore with a manly, hidden love that would not grieve her generous young heart, by asking for that which I knew he believed was given to another.

Time went on, taking with it the snows and storms and the cozy winter-evenings, covering the beech-tree at my window with fresh, new

green, and clothing the world with new beauty. Our highland home was wonderful in its summer aspect, so purple its hills, so blue its skies, so sky-blue its lakes. Lenore called it fairy-land; and if it were, she was the fairy queen, in her white dress, lying among the ferns, paddling on the lake, or sitting among the wavering sunbeams in the leafy, shady wood.

In May we had a new face at our tea-table; and the dark nooks in the wood and the deserted rooms in the house, where Norah used to lurk and mope, were haunted no longer. It is rather difficult to explain how this change came about, but I will do it in as few words as possible.

Though, happily, I knew that my society was dear to Lenore and valued by her, I did not disguise from myself or her that she must necessarily feel lonely sometimes in Aylemere, and long for the companionship of young girls like herself. She had often spoken of her longing for a sister, or some one who would be to her like one. Since the first week of her coming to Aylemere, Lenore had taken the most extraordinary fancy to her foster-sister, and, strange to say, Nora's wilfulness and caprice only seemed to increase her interest in her. She made a thousand excuses for her, and was fond of speculating on what she might have been, had she been judiciously reared and educated. I knew that she was revolving many schemes for Norah's reformation, but I expected that she, for whom so many plans were made, would herself balk them all.

It was one May-day that Lenore first, with a good deal of trepidation, opened her mind to me, and asked my approbation of a scheme on which she had set her heart. This was to adopt Nora as her sister. She wished to have her live in the house, and dress and appear in every way as her equal. She would set to work and teach her everything she knew herself, nor rest till she had made a lady of her in every respect. When she had succeeded thus far, and won the passionate love and gratitude which she was convinced would outgush from Nora's proud heart at the touch of kindness and sympathy, then Lenore would take her to London, and give her every advantage. "We can take a nice little house in Brompton, aunt, and Nora and I, we two Lenores, can take lessons together in music, and go to the museum for drawing. It will be delightful, showing her all the sights of London. And then I shall have a sister. She will look so beautiful in her new position, and she will be so happy!"

When I say, reader, that I consented to this wild proposal, I owe it to myself to say also that I did at first what I could to oppose it. I had not the same trust in Nora's gratitude and affection, as a return for all that Lenore could do for her. She was the very last person I should have chosen as a suitable object for such an experiment. But Lenore had so set her heart on it, she had so little of what girls usually called pleasure, and her generosity was really so beautiful to me, that I was fain to yield her the point.

At last I compromised the matter. I said, "I will sanction your teaching the girl; and, if she show disposition to improve or talents that can be cultivated, I allow you to treat her as your equal, and take her to

London, with the understanding that you are putting her in the way of earning her bread. If she prove clever and manageable, and profit by her advantages, she can easily get a situation as governess or teacher of some kind. To more than this I cannot permit you to bind yourself. In after years when you are your own mistress, and Nora has been proved, you will see more clearly where to limit your bounty."

Dr. Redmond, when consulted, agreed with me, his eyes watered as they rested on Lenore's face, beaming with generous enthusiasm. He turned from her with a sigh. I knew it was at least *half* for the anticipated failure of the child's pet scheme. And so it was arranged that Nora was to be received amongst us an equal.

I could not but wonder how Lenore meant to open the question to Nora. I knew that she was nervous and timid about it, and that it would be no small difficulty for her, even to get speech of the girl at all.

A few days passed, during which Lenore busied herself in fitting up a nice little room near her own, and making it pretty and comfortable as though it were for some dear friend. She also altered several nice dresses of her own, for Nora was larger and stouter than she, and placed them in the wardrobe.

One evening Lenore went into the housekeeper's room, and found Nora there alone. The girl, after making a stiff curtsy, muttered something about going to fetch her mother, and was hurrying off, as usual, when Lenore took her kindly by the hand and asked her to wait, as she wished to talk to her about something which would be for her good.

Nora said, proudly, "Thank you, Miss; but my mother can keep me, and I don't want to take a situation." She thought Lenore wanted to engage her for a lady's maid, and her headstrong pride rebelled against any servile occupation.

"No, Nora, only listen to me," urged Lenore, in the most sweet-tempered way, "you mistake my meaning altogether. I have no sister, Nora, and I want to ask you to be one to me. I want you to live with me like a lady, Nora, and I will teach you everything I can. I am sure you are clever and will work hard. Education will raise you to the level of those who seem above you now, and make you independent. I have prepared a nice little room for you up stairs, and there are plenty of books in the library. We can study there in the mornings, and take walks together in the afternoons, and in the evenings we can draw or work. I shall so like to teach you to do both. You shall have sufficient pocket-money and suitable dresses; we shall be so happy. Dear Nora, won't you come, this very evening?"

I happened to be passing by the door at the moment when Lenore made her proposal, and paused to observe the singular scene.

Lenore spoke all this quickly and nervously, for Nora's face at first was sullen and unpromising, but, as my generous child went on, and her real intentions dawned on the girl's mind, her eyes widened, her lips parted, the blood burnt on her cheeks, and surfeited pride dilated her nostrils.

She did not fall on her knees, nor cry, nor kiss my Lenore's bountiful

little hand, as I thought an impulsive Irish peasant girl ought to do when favours are unexpectedly heaped on her, but in a state of intoxication, wavering between delight and uncertainty, she merely stared at her benefactress and stammered—

“Do you mean that you will make me a lady, like yourself?”

“I do,” said Lenore, smiling; “I want you to be my sister—I want to make you happy. Will you come with me, now, and I will try to make you believe so?”

“I will come,” said Nora; and, as the two passed me coming out, I was amazed to see Nora looking as pale and cool as ever.

“Well, in all my tolerably long experience, I never met so strange a creature!” was my thought, as I watched them pass up the staircase, those two of the same name, so singularly divided in character, looks, birth, and so oddly brought together by circumstances and impulse.

I have said that it was May when this happened. We sat now in the evenings in the drawing-room, which was a lighter and more summer-like room than the dining-room. We always had a fire in the evenings; the room was large, and night is always chill in the neighbourhood of the mountains. The room was a pretty one, with flowing curtains, and wide windows, its colouring was rich and delicate, and it was amply supplied with Parian statuettes and stands of fresh flowers. Howard used to quiz Lenore and say, that her drawing-room looked like a gallery of fine arts, and smelt like a flower-garden.

This evening, about half an hour after witnessing the (to me) portentous scene in the housekeeper's room, I was entering the drawing-room, with a jar of preserves in my hand and many misgivings on my mind, when I paused on the threshold in a shock, half of surprise, half of dismay, a young lady was arranging the pots in a window-stand, with the setting sun full upon her figure. She was dressed in a white muslin, embroidered with a scarlet flower, her dark hair was artistically arranged, and a blossom of scarlet geranium was fastened among the plaits. She looked beautiful to the extreme, and queenly enough for any station.

I took fear to my heart that moment when I saw what a lady Nora made at the first starting. I went forward and held out my hand, and tried to congratulate her as kindly as I could on the improvement in her condition. She curtsied and said coldly that “she hoped she should give satisfaction.”

At these odd words it struck me that she had intrenched herself and her impertinent pride behind the most audacious and unaccessible subterfuge. She was determined to appear to think that she was required by Lenore for her own convenience, and was rather conferring a benefit than receiving one. When this dawned full upon me, I would have given some hundreds of my child's property to rid her of Nora. But the thing was irrevocable.

Soon Lenore came in, looking like a grave little sprite in her cloudy grey dress. Her manner to Nora was tender and anxious. A stranger, seeing the two, would have imagined that Lenore was the timid dependent,

seeking to anticipate the wishes of her benefactress, and Nora the stately, high-born lady, condescending to patronize the shrinking little girl beside her.

Howard came in a little time, and I saw Lenore's eager, questioning look in his face, as she presented her "new sister." I had some time seen that she prized *his* opinion (ah me!) above any one else's. He looked thunder-struck and his face clouded over; evidently, he was exceedingly displeased at this new move, though I could not conceive for a moment what business it was of his.

Lenore looked discouraged and disappointed that she met no look of sympathizing approbation. Howard, in the most sarcastically polite tone asked, "and, pray, by what name am I to know this lady?"

Lenore resented this, and plucking up courage, answered rather defiantly, and then turned from him in extreme vexation; while Nora, crimson to her hair, and, with a perfect thunderbolt sitting on her black eyebrows, retired silently to a distant seat by the window, from which she could not be coaxed all the evening.

For my part—though I felt puzzled and vexed at Howard, I must own that I rather relished seeing Nora's intolerable pride lowered. I sat silently at my work all that evening with no pleasant thoughts, indeed, it was the first unhappy evening I had spent in Aylemere; Howard soon engrossed Lenore. One of his bright looks conquered her ill-humour; and I believe Nora might have indulged her temper in the corner to her heart's content, had not Dr. Redmond come in, and, (with as much respect and consideration as if she were a countess,) endeavoured to make her talk to him, but all in vain. Finding this, he brought out the chess-table, and volunteered to teach her the game. This she would have refused if she had dared, but he had a quiet way of mastering rebellious spirits, and she, stubborn as she was, felt herself under the influence of a gentle but even firmer will than her own.

At bed-time Lenore seemed conscience-stricken on recollecting how much she had been attending to Howard and how little to Nora. Both the gentlemen noted her confusion with a smile, Howard's was one of triumph, as he collected his sketches and prepared to take leave. The doctor's was a painfully sad one; and, with his usual unselfish tact, he relieved the child by starting a proposal for a summer-day excursion to some place of interest in the neighbourhood.

When we took our candles, Lenore conducted Nora to her pretty room, with the most sisterly kindness. I fancy she got little thanks for it.

CHAPTER IV.

Three months passed, during which it became every day more clear to me that Lenore returned Howard's evident love for her; and I lived in hourly expectation of the child's asking my consent to be his wife. I can-

not say that the prospect of such a marriage made me very happy, and yet I could urge no objection to it. Howard was young, gifted, handsome, good-tempered, and had besides the reputation of great wealth. What could my objection be? And yet my heart went not with it. I could not help wishing that it had been the worthy Doctor who had won my child's heart. I was even debarred from asking counsel of him, in my uneasy speculations, for I saw how it was with the good man. He had his own share of trouble to wrestle with.

Meanwhile, Nora was behaving herself much better than I had expected from her unpromising beginning. I cannot say that she was much more amiable, but she was less sullen, and applied herself to learn with a degree of energy that amazed me and delighted Lenore. I began to venture a hope that Lenore's attempt would be blest, and that Time—wonder-worker that he is—might even convert Nora to gentle and companionable ways. Howard had quite altered his manner to her. He now talked to her in that good-humoured, bantering way that we use to a wilful child, he even paid her little kindnesses, and attentions for Lenore's sake, who was quite happy to see them friends.

Meanwhile, my dear friend the doctor was rarely and more rarely seen at the hall. He seemed to feel that his presence did not affect the happiness of our family group. Lenore was vexed when she missed him; but she accepted his excuses, and never dreamed of the real cause of his absence.

I was becoming reconciled to the existing state of things, and hoping that it was all going to turn out for the best, when an accident, trifling in itself, happened to destroy my peace of mind and rouse up a thousand doubts and fears to torment me.

One evening I had some linen to leave in Nora's room, and I happened to open a drawer which I did not, at the time, notice was one which she generally kept locked. In arranging its contents, I lifted something from which fluttered a little packet of silk paper. It opened in falling and the contents were scattered in the drawer. I picked them up to replace them. The first thing I lifted was a scrap of paper, on which was a pencil-likeness of Howard. I remembered his doing it one evening in the drawing-room mirror for our amusement. The next thing was a half-cut pencil, also Howard's; and the next, a bunch of dried flowers.

Ah, me! what a revelation was in that small collection of rubbish! Here was the reading of that riddle which had puzzled me ever since the first night of my coming to Aylemere. That dark, worshipping face that had looked at me from the library shadows—the sullen frowns that had greeted Lenore's entrance with Howard—Nora's black looks and rapid flights when those two lingered together at the organ—her rage at Howard's reception of her on the first evening of her introduction to the drawing-room—all these strange, wild doings and seemings of Nora's rose before me, and ranged themselves into something of meaning. I was forced into the belief that Nora's foolish, untamed heart had been given to Howard even before we came at all, and that she still aspired to become his wife. That she

did so I could not doubt, when I thought of her improved manners and anxiety to educate herself. She had, then, taken all Howard's little kindnesses of late as acts of homage to her. Her egotism blinded her to the real state of the case, except when her jealous temper drove her into those fierce fits of gloom in which she often indulged. All this passed swiftly through my mind, and brought me to my distressing conclusion. I hastily replaced the unlucky treasures, locked the drawer, and hastened to my own room to ponder over my unhappy anticipations.

Before going farther with my story, I must beg my readers to pardon me if I have been too prosy; but I am growing old now, and I believe age is ever inclined to be garrulous. I will do my best to hasten to the conclusion of my tale.

One golden August morning Lenore and Nora set out, with baskets in their hands, for a day's nutting in Aylemere wood. They were pretty light calico dresses and broad-leafed hats. As I stood in the doorway, shading my eyes with my hand, to watch them down the avenue, I thought that nowhere could be seen two lovelier girls.

I sat at my work all day; and, when the appearance of the tea-tray warned me it was evening, I put on my shawl and went to meet the ramblers.

I stopped on the outskirts of the wood to enjoy the beauty of the sunset. Presently I saw Nora coming bounding through the underwood like a hunted stag. I smiled at her unusual activity, for she was not wont to move so briskly. Dashing through the briars she came, the red sunlight striking on her figure with brilliant effect, her light drapery flying, and her hat swinging round her neck by the strings. When she came near enough for me to distinguish her features I became frightened. This was no sportive lass, but seemingly a reckless mad-woman, who rushed along, swinging herself by lower branches of trees from crag to crag, through briars and bushes, as though she felt not the ground under her feet. She passed me in this insane fashion, without a word. I don't believe she even saw me. What was the meaning of this wild freak? I knew not whether to smile or be alarmed, and finally decided that I should be very angry. Were we always to be annoyed by this girl's ungovernable temper? I turned and followed her to the house. Not seeing her anywhere, I thought it better to make no inquiries, and returned to the hall-door just in time to see Lenore come racing up the path, breathless and with blooming cheeks. She threw her arms around me, and buried her hot face in my neck, whispering a few broken words which I easily comprehended. The crisis had then come. The precious secret was told. Oh! blessings on my darling's pure trust! She sprang from my arms and fled to her own room. I brushed the tears from my eyes, for I saw Howard coming towards me. When I looked on his bright, frank face, what could I do but stretch forth my hand and give him my blessing and welcome? We went into the house; neither of the girls had made their appearance. I busied myself at the tea-tray and removed the "cozy" from the tea-pot, glancing now and then at Howard as he stood in the sunny window,

plucking the dead leaves from a geranium. I felt quite proud of him, he looked so handsome and so happy. "But, ah! my dear worthy Doctor," thought I, as I dropped the sugar into the cups, "why must one so often suffer for another's bliss?"

Lenore came stealing slyly in and took her seat at the table. I knew what a tumult lay under those downcast lids, and scarcely ventured to speak, at first for fear of disconcerting her. Howard soon relieved us, however, by starting a conversation in his gay way, and soon we were chatting merrily as three happy people could do. Tea was nearly over when we missed Nora. Lenore was dismayed, and Howard laughed. They had missed her in the wood and had never seen her since. I sent a message to ask her to come down. She sent back an answer that she did not require any tea. Lenore ran up and found her door locked. I told her not to mind Nora—she knew her odd temper. At this I saw Howard smile a queer smile to himself, and, somehow, my good humour was spoiled for the rest of the evening. After tea I lay on the sofa, and allowed the lovers to talk uninterruptedly. My couch was in the shadow-corner, but all the rest of the room was flooded with yellow light. The harvest moon looked full over the shoulder of a tall fir-tree; I could see it as I lay. The windows of the room were glass doors; one stood open now, and the scent of roses and jasmine reached me even in my distant nook. Howard's graceful figure stood in dark relief against the dreamy moonlight and his shadow fell long upon the floor. Lenore glimmered beside him like a pale little sprite.

Watching them, I fell asleep; and, when I wakened I was shocked to find that it was nearly twelve o'clock, and they were talking by the window as if it had only been seven. I scolded Howard for not waking me, but he laughed heartily at my having slept at my post. I hurried him, laughing, out of the hall-door and locked it. I then went up with Lenore to her bed-room, and for more than an hour I sat with her in the moonlight, and listened to the innocent overflowings of a young, loving heart. Never was there such a hero as Rodolph, never so happy a girl as Lenore. My poor darling! It was one—striking by the hall clock, when I closed her door, and, candle in hand, took my way down the passage. I suddenly thought of Nora. So much had I been taken up with others that I had quite forgotten her. A feeling of pity and tenderness for the poor wild girl overcame my anger. I wished to see if she slept, to speak a soothing word. I knocked at her door—no answer; I went in; no Nora there, the bed untouched, the chamber vacant. I went down stairs to search for her. Passing the kitchen, I was surprised to see some of the servants sitting up by the fire. I asked why they were not in bed, and one looked at another, but no one answered. On my repeated inquiries, some one said that the housekeeper was out, and they were waiting up for her. At last the mystery came out. Nora had left the house unknown to any one; her mother had missed her an hour ago, and had gone off to search for her and bring her back; there were no tidings of either yet. Here was a business! I

sent two men away to look for the mother and daughter, and the rest of the servants to bed, saying, I would wait up and let them in myself.

Two hours I sat in the silent house, listening; my conscience reproaching me keenly all the while. I alone knew what had driven the unlucky Nora away from her home and shelter in the night. Where she meant to go, and what she meant to do, were a puzzle. I knew her well enough to be assured that she had never calculated these considerations but in a vague way, if at all. God alone knew where she had gone, or what would befall her. Now did my conscience sting me, that, suspecting as I had from the first, her attachment to Howard, I had consented to introduce her to his daily society as his equal. I might have known that in her every feeling was a strong passion, whether of love or hate; and, if she had cherished the absurd idea of becoming his wife, while only a poor peasant girl, how much would her hopes increase when she met him on his own level. And then again arose that painful doubt of him, that had so many times arisen, and so many times been driven down again and trampled as unworthy. Many times had I been assured that he was well aware of Nora's love for him, and as often had I seen him treat the idea with levity, even ridicule. In my uneasy moments it had occurred to me that one so supremely proud as Nora, never would have suffered him to discover her feelings, had she not been in some way sought, and led to imagine that he loved, or at least, admired her. Sick at heart and remorseful, I wished we had never come to Aylemere.

At last I heard a knocking at the door, and hastened to open it. One of the men was there, brimful of news and out of breath.

"Och! ma'am" said he, "the divil's own work's to do, this night, that young limb o' satan's knocked her mother down the clift, an' she's lyin' for death in the cabin below!"

"What do you mean?" Cried I.

"I mane," said he, "that the poor woman seen her goin' along the road with her bundle, an' she was just on her, when the young miscreant darted up into the wood an' hid; an when she follyed her, an' sarched up an' down, an' at last foun' her, an' laid hands on her, the young one tore from her an' pushed her down the stones, so that she'll never see the mornin'! She's busy callin' for the Priest, poor soul! an' the Docthor. They're there by this; and she said she would like to see yourself afore she'd go!"

Trembling with horror, I hurried on my cloak and followed the man to a cabin not far away from the hall. There lay poor Martin, the house-keeper, moaning with pain, but quite conscious. The Doctor was tending her kindly, while a crowd of the neighbours stood about; Nora, crouching at the foot of the bed, her face buried in her lap, a very picture of remorse and despair. The poor woman recognised me as I entered, gave a faint shriek, hid her face in the bed-clothes a few moments, and then endeavoured to sit up. "I have something on my mind" said she, "that I must tell."

"Mother! mother!" whispered Nora, writhing in anguish, "don't say I did it, they will hang me when your'e gone!"

"You! no, poor misfortunate child, you didn't do it! Take notice all of you," cried she, raising her voice, "that my death is on my own head, no one hurt me but only my own rashness, and no one is to be blamed when I'm gone. But, oh! I daren't die without tellin' what's weighin' my soul down, down. I must tell it not to the Priest alone, but to all the world. Oh! God, spake the truth out of my mouth, and listen all of ye, an' you lady, an' you, poor wronged orphan, an' don't be cursin' me, but lave me to God's judgment an' mercy this night, an' take waruin' by a wretched sinner!"

She stopped, and feebly wiped the chill perspiration from her face—she went on.

"I take God to witness that that girl beside me is not a drop of blood to me, but that she is the daughter of Philip Ennis an' his wife; an' that sweet angel above in the hall is my own, own true child, an' the child of John Martin, my husband. 'Twas the devil tempted me, an' I hungered for riches an' grandeur for my own; an' I sent her, Lenore Martin (she was called for the masther's daughter,) I sent her to Italy to my masher and mistress as their own child; an' kept Lenore Ennis, the real heiress of Aylemere, here with myself, an' passed her as my daughter. An' oh! Nora," she shrieked, "I never could love you like my own, for you had the proud Ennis blood in your veins. But I did what I could to rear you well. Don't curse me! Don't curse me!"

I cannot remember how the bystanders received this strange announcement. When I look back upon that scene, it seems to me like a painful dream in which I only recall one prominent figure—Nora. When first her name was mentioned as heiress of Aylemere, she threw up her face, white, stiff, erect, like one listening for the archangel's trumpet. When the last word was uttered, and the poor creature fell back upon the bed, Nora sprang to her feet with white lips and vengeful eyes, and shook her clenched hands at the sufferer.

"Woman! woman!" she cried, "how dared you blast my life? But wait, wait, wait, life is mine yet!" and she turned and darted like a flame from the cabin door into the darkness.

I need not dwell on the state of my own feelings at this terrible crisis. The doctor, ever faithful and sympathizing, wrung my hand and led me into the adjoining room. He sent away those who had collected in the house from curiosity, and left the dying woman to be consoled by the good clergyman who had arrived.

I asked the doctor's counsel, and his opinion of what we had heard. He had no doubt whatever that the woman's confession was true, even had she no other proofs than her mere word. For, me, I had not the shadow of a doubt. Nora's once puzzling likeness to Carmel was now explained. And, great Heaven! was that fierce, unloveable creature the child of my gentle Carmel? "The proud blood of the Ennises"—the woman said well; they were ever a proud family. Philip was a good man, but pride

was his besetting sin. And Lenore, my darling, my charge, she was the daughter of these lowly people. Well! nothing could make her other than she was, nothing could change her beautiful nature. Be her parentage what it might, she was my Lenore. And yet, how strange! I found myself no longer in the position of her lawful guardian. I was *Nora's* guardian, so also was Dr. Redmond. True, in a very few months each of these two Lenores would complete her twenty-first year, and our guardianship would expire; but my heart smote me when I thought of the dear dead, and Nora their child, their wronged, neglected child. My very soul was wrung. I fancied I saw Carmel's dead eyes looking at me mournfully through the gloom, reproaching me with wishing to desert my trust. My one bright spot in the waste of darkness before me was my darling's marriage, which would prevent her feeling the loss of home and fortune. And Howard—would this make any change in him? I would not now admit the cruel doubt.

Some of these thoughts were discussed with the doctor as we walked back to the house; some were kept to myself.

He said: "I have no doubt Nora will not lose time in establishing her rights, and it may be unpleasant for"—what should he call her?—Miss Ennis no longer—"let me call her Lenore to you," he said, with a heart-tremor in his voice. "Is she not as a dear child to me? Come with me, dear madam, to my house. I have been her guardian up to this, and now, when she is homeless does she not doubly require a guardian's protection? Let my house be your home till—she will soon not require either of her old protectors;" and he smiled, trying to deceive me, simple man!

RUTH MILLAIS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CHINESE LOUIS BLANC IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

THERE is an old German rhyme to the effect that—

"The world is a ball, and will roll if 'tis let."

One of the most interesting studies of the historian is to follow these "Rollings of the ball;" to observe the successive phases which it presents during their course; the periodic appearance and disappearance of certain phenomena upon its surface; and, above all, to watch how regularly, at stated intervals, certain lights and shadows repeat themselves in its whirling—how actors appear and disappear, while action itself is constant—

"All things with each other blending,
Each to all its being lending,
All on each in time depending."

I have lately stumbled upon a passage in Chinese history, so curious in itself, as well as in its relations to modern times, that I think it well deserving of the notice of historical students. It bears so striking an analogy to what occurred under our own eyes, a few years ago, in the last French revolution, that one might almost suppose the actors in the Chinese drama to be but rehearsing for the modern performance. There is a curious superstition in China, which explains all the phenomena of the old and new moon, by the strange notion of the moon's being eaten up and disgorged again by a huge dragon, that is perpetually in pursuit of her. It might almost seem, in the instance to which I allude, as if the mighty Dragon had actually swallowed down, at one unprecedented gulp, not a single moon, but a whole historical period in the middle of the eleventh century, and, after carrying it for more than seven hundred years in his capacious maw, had, at last, in a fit of hopeless indigestion, disgorged it whole and entire, in the forty-eight year of the present century! In all substantial particulars the two periods tally exactly together; the series of events in both is almost precisely the same; and, if there were such a thing as transmigration of souls, it would be almost impossible not to recognise the well-known French communist triumvirate, Messieurs Fourier, Prudhon, and Compté, under the euphonious Chinese names of Tcheen, Tching, and Tchang,* or to doubt that the great hero of the French drama, M. Louis Blanc, had a previous existence in China, in the person of the still more celebrated Wang-ngan-che, and even that his well-known work, *l'Organisation du Travail*, was nothing but a translation of a former book of his in Chinese, which was published in Peking, in 1069.

The events to which I refer in Chinese history are nearly contemporaneous with the Anglo-Norman conquest of England, this very remarkable personage, Wang-ngan-che, having flourished about the middle of the eleventh century of our era, in the reign of Cheu-tsoung, who was the sixth emperor of the dynasty known by the melodious designation of Song. He began life in the profession, then as now, universal in China, of a man of letters. His career as a student, however, was far more than ordinarily successful, and he attained, at an unprecedentedly early age, the highest literary grade to which a Chinese can aspire. The reign of the Emperor Cheu-tsoung was marked by a very unusual degree of social ferment and agitation; and it was impossible that an active spirit like that of Wang-ngan-che could long confine itself within the tame and unexciting sphere of literature. He possessed all those qualities which, in a stirring time, are sure to force a man into a prominent position. Eloquent, graceful in his address, endowed with that rare energy of character and strength of will which constitute the secret of command, his first step towards prominence was the formation of a school of philosophy, of which he was speedily recognised as the head. He composed a series of commentaries on all the classical books of the ancient Chinese literature. Versatile,

* See Du Halde's China, T. 431.

even beyond the characteristic versatility of his race, he was equally at home in the most opposite subjects—in the *Book of Changes* and the *Invisible Centre*—in the *Grand Study* and the *Philosophical Conversations*; and into each and all of them, so as to catch every variety of taste, he slyly introduced the new principles with which he sought to indoctrinate the public. Still more craftily he compiled a voluminous encyclopædia, the entire teaching of which was made to bear systematically, and as a whole; on the great social reforms which he purposed to effect. Under every conceivable head in this compilation, he rung the changes on “Equality” and “Fraternity;” upon the “Rights of Labour” and the “Wrongs of Capital;” upon “Competition” and “Organization.” In this view the great moral gangrene of the social system was “Property,” the great enemies of the human race were the “Capitalists.” He denounced, with eloquence and fire, the sparkles of which may still be recognised in the modern denunciations, the monstrous and unnatural gradations of the “Social Hierarchy.” He availed himself, for these purposes, of every form of publication then in use; and, although no trace of it seems to be preserved by the historians who have recorded his fortunes, I can scarcely doubt that he prepared the public for the advent of the brighter era which he hoped to inaugurate, by a picture of the frauds, the baseness, and the hollowness of the old one, in some such work as M. Louis Blanc’s “*History of Ten Years.*”

The Emperor Cheu-tsoung was one of these good natured monarchs who delight in playing the patron, whether in literature, philosophy, or art. He was himself a dabbler in literature, and he may have felt that in honouring letters he was best doing honour to himself. But, at all events, he carried his liberality in dispensing inexpensive patronage, to lengths of which, in these degenerate times, we have no idea. It sometimes happens that we hear of a baronetcy conferred upon a living author as the reward of literary eminence; but we can fancy how Lord Palmerston would stare if he were asked to advise her Majesty to make venerable Bede an Archbishop or to bestow an Earldom on Geoffrey Chaucer. And yet this would have been a trifle in the way of Cheu-tsoung. One of the earliest recorded acts of his reign was to confer a regular patent of nobility on the well known philosopher, Mencius, who had been in his grave for above seven hundred years, and to command that thenceforward he should be styled Duke Meng-teen! It will hardly be a matter of wonder that a brilliant and showy author like Wang-ngan-che should have greatly captivated this easy tempered Mæcenas. He speedily found his way to the Emperor’s admiration, and, eventually, to his confidence. Honours and employments were showered upon him. He ran rapidly through all the gradations of the Kouang-fou, from the lowest emblem of mandarinship, the gilt copper ball, to the highest in the series, the red coral itself. Beginning with the department of Han Sis, or Academy of Letters, he passed

* A former Emperor had declared Confucius a King! Du Halle, T. 431.

by rapid strides through all the other branches of the administration—the Hing-pon and the Ping-pon, the Tou-tchan-yuen and the Ly-fan-yuen—until at last he absorbed in his own person all the manifold functions of the executive, and became almost the sole representative of the “August Elevation himself.”

All this, however, we may be sure was not effected without a struggle on the part of those whom he supplanted. In the earlier reign of Cheu-tsoung, as in that of the Citizen King, upon whose days the lot of the modern Wang-ngan-che was cast, there were two parties, (with a Chinese Guizot and Thiers respectively at their heads,) a peace party and a war party. In their councils the Tartars of the Northern frontier held the place of our *Perfidie Albion*, and, while the one contended for war, a *Toutrance*, the other lost no opportunity of labouring for the maintenance of the *Entente cordiale*. Wang-ngan-che took the side of the war party, and for a while they supported his views of reform, and used the agitation which he created as an instrument of attack upon their own political opponents. But, when the crisis which they laboured to bring about at last arrived, although not so terrible a crisis as that of 1848, inasmuch as it spared the monarchy, they discovered, like their modern successors in France, that, in seeking a reform, they had effected a revolution; that they themselves were the first to be swept away in its tide, and that the power which they had sought (and which they had flattered themselves they were successfully organizing) for themselves, was plucked from their grasp by their bolder associates, and remained in the hands of Wang-ngan-che alone!

A trial of strength soon came. The aspect of public affairs had become gloomy beyond all precedent. It was not merely that the *Comptes-Rendus* showed a large deficit for the past; the future was even more threatening. The Tartars were menacing the remote provinces. The harvest had failed in many important districts, the tea plantations had been blighted, the rice was destroyed by drought, even the fish crop had been a total blank. A terrible pestilence too, accompanied by earthquakes, fiery comets, and other appalling physical phenomena, visited almost every quarter of the empire. The Tou-tchan-yuen, or Commission of the Censors, issued, according to the old usage of the empire, a solemn admonition to the Emperor to reform the abuses of the government, and to humble himself before the divine anger; and Cheu-tsoung, in obedience to the appeal, suspended all the court festivities, and prepared seriously to appease the displeasure of heaven, of which these calamities were regarded as but the manifestation. Such was the counsel of his old advisers. But Wang-ngan-che, who was a noted *esprit fort*, laughed at this antiquated imbecility. He told the Emperor that this was all silly superstition, and that the real remedy of the evil lay in the changes of system which he proposed. As for the alarm about the earthquakes and the comets, he averred it would be just as reasonable to be alarmed at the boiling over of his Majesty's tea-kettle, or the bursting of a rocket in the imperial fireworks at Yuen-min-yuen; that these physical phenomena were regulated by fixed phy-

sical laws; that they befel at stated and pre-ordained periods, entirely irrespective of human merits, and that it was idle on his majesty's part to seek to avert them by prayer or penance; that if they were pre-ordained to occur, they would, whether he prayed or not, infallibly occur, in obedience to the action of the settled law; nor would their occurrence be prevented by silencing all the kins in the imperial orchestra, or even by stinting the imperial stomach of its habitual number of chop-stick gulls' of its favourite Java swallows' nests. It was in vain that the whole Han-len* protested against the daring scoffer. In vain the Ly-pant† threatened him with its severest penalties and excommunications. Wang-ngan-che scouted their menaces. He laughed the weak Emperor out of his religious inclinations; and, although one of the oldest and most deserving servants of the state honestly protested against the impropriety, and, on the Emperor persisting in his course, boldly avowed to him his pity for a monarch who surrounded himself with such counsellors, and preferred their daring flattery to the restraints that are imposed upon the passions by the fear of heaven, Cheu-tsoung still continued to give his confidence to his new adviser; and, after a few ineffectual attempts on the part of the discarded counsellors to oppose his ascendancy eventually surrendered the entire administration into his hands, to be remodelled by him according to the new principles which he put forward as the true remedy for the evils by which the whole of the existing system was overgrown.

The minister who thus ineffectually attempted to stem the tide of innovation was Sse-ma-kouang, one of the most eminent names in the ancient literature of China. As a philosophical writer he ranks in the very first class. His history (in composing which the annalists record that he consulted no less than two thousand volumes) is still the standard ancient history of China; and a poem of his, descriptive of his garden, and of the manifold pleasures of rural life, is one of the most exquisite pieces of descriptive poetry, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted. In addition to his reputation as an author, he had also distinguished himself as a public man during the reign of Cheu-tsoung's predecessor and the first years of his own reign. But all his substantial merits were forgotten in the presence of the more dazzling novelties of the specious theorist to whom Cheu-tsoung had given his ear. In common with the other members of the old routine administration, he was forced to make way for the brilliant and enterprising adventurer, and the pretty poem alluded to is one of the first fruits of his enforced inactivity.

In accepting the charge of reconstructing the social arrangements of the Empire, Wang-ngan-che stipulated that he should be perfectly free and unrestricted in the organization of his new system. He availed himself of these powers to displace all the old officials, and to fill every department with own creatures, or at least with officers heartily devoted to his own views. This was so natural an expedient that I can hardly think it

* The Corporation of Men of Letters.

† The Ecclesiastical Synod.

worth while to note its coincidence with the course pursued in France, during the brief ascendancy of communism in certain branches of the administration, in the early days of the Revolution.

The great principle put forward by Wang-ngan-che was, what in theory all legislators must admit, that the end of all good government should be to secure the largest possible share of happiness for the greatest possible number of its subjects. To this end he professed to devote all his measures, and he promised and undertook that, if they were but fairly carried out, the end would be infallibly and completely attained.

His reasonings (which are still preserved) bear so striking a resemblance, and his whole system corresponds so closely in all its details to those with which the *Ouvriers* of the *Ateliers Nationaux* were entertained, and, alas! disappointed, during the eventful months of 1848, that the reader can hardly fail to be interested by the comparison.

The strange compound of specious theory and delusive practice which captivated the ardent mind of the Chinese Reformer as it has done many another in every age and clime, started from the indisputable principle that the first duty of every good government is to love all the people and to direct all its measures towards their real advantages; but these advantages, with a deep knowledge of the narrow and seasonal character of the people with whom he had to deal, Wang-ngan-che declared to consist in the enjoyment of pleasure and abundance. In order to attain this end, he said it would be enough if all men were animated by sentiments of honour and rectitude, that the government should propose just and equitable rules, by which each, being informed of his duty, would not fail honestly and zealously to discharge it. But as experience proved that many persons were not accessible to these more generous influences, it became necessary to enact stringent laws for the regulation of property, and to enforce them rigorously. For the purpose, therefore, of repressing the injustice and cupidity of individuals he required that all property of every kind should be vested in the state; that the state should be the sole possessor and the sole employer, and that all private industry and private enterprise should be exercised solely under the direction of the state; and, ultimately, at least, for the public advantage. The first effect of this measure would be to save the poor from the effects of the oppressive superiority of the rich. And in order to counteract the existing social inequality, he empowered the state to fix a just and equitable tariff by which all prices should be regulated; to impose a property tax, to be levied upon the rich, for the benefit of the poor; to decide peremptorily and without appeal, who are to be reputed rich and who poor, and to distribute according to its own judgment the funds accruing from this tax.

Such were the general outlines of Wang-ngan-che's theory of the Organisation of Labour. The branch of industry, however, to which he applied it, in the first instance, was different to that which fell to the lot of M. Louis Blanc. The *corpus vile*, on which the latter had to experiment in the *Ateliers Nationaux* consisted, for the most part, of tailors. Wang-ngan-che, more fortunate or more judicious in his choice, selected agricul-

ture as the subject of his experiment. He ordained that the state should be organized as the sole land-owner; that the tribunals, appointed for the purpose, should distribute each year allotments of land, according to the wants of the population in each district; that they should regulate the crop and mode of cultivation in each instance; that they should supply the necessary seeds and implements; and that the whole amount thus advanced should be repaid by the occupier at the harvest, either in value or in kind.

"It was evident," he contended, "that happiness and plenty must be the result of this scheme. All would possess, not only necessities, but comforts in abundance. The only sufferers would be the usurers and monopolists, who, under shelter of the existing system, had risen upon the miseries of the industrious poor, and whose richest harvest was the ruin and wretchedness of all else beside. Under his scheme the state would be the only money-lender, and, as it was a fundamental rule that the state should not exact interest, all oppressive usury would cease. As the state, too, would have the exclusive control of the market, an abundant and cheap supply would always be at its command. If the harvest failed in one district, the deficit could be supplied by the redundant crop of another; and thus, while the wants of the population would be uniformly supplied, the state, as the sole speculator, could always command an equitable profit, the proceeds of which it could expend in useful public works, and in the beneficial employment of the industrious population."

Such was the magnificent land-scheme of this Chinese Reformer. Nor was he wanting in nerve or ~~firmness~~ in carrying it out, and the annals record that the whole plan was put into operation; that the tribunals were appointed, the regulations enforced, and, as they significantly add, confusion carried to the remotest ~~places~~ *places*.

It will easily be supposed, indeed, that a wholesale confiscation like this was not effected without a violent storm. The venerable Sse-ma-kouang came forth from his retirement, and raised his voice in deprecation of the mad experiment. One can almost fancy, in going through the solid and sensible remonstrance addressed by him to Cheu-tsoung, that he is one of M. Pasey's, or M. De Tacquville's *Petites Traites*.

He examines both the principles of the system and its details. "Nothing," he admits, "can seem more plausible in theory, but nothing can be more delusive in fact." He takes up one detail after another, and exposes the hollowness of all. On the plan of gratuitous seed distribution, he is especially elaborate. Supposing that the seed has actually been distributed (though he expresses great doubt whether, as a body, the population will consent to accept it) "are we sure," he asks, "that they will use it aright?" All experience shows that the besetting sin of the poor is improvidence. Content with a provision for the day, they seldom care to anticipate the wants of the morrow, and there are ten chances to one, that the store of seed, intended for agricultural purposes, will be baked into bread, or swilled away in "mother of wine," or *chao kouo*. But, suppose that it is not so, the harvest comes, and the farmer is called on to pay. How is the pro-

portion to be regulated? Is the lazy and inexpert to pay the same as the industrious and skilful husbandman? How are the rights of the state to be enforced against unwilling or fraudulent creditors? How many pleas of inability? How many evasions? What endless disputes. We will be told that the tribunals will arrange all this. But what an enormous staff of officials—what a cumbrous and expensive system will be requisite in order to secure the rights of the state! And how is this expense to be defrayed? From whom are the necessary funds to come? From the farmer. Then, where is the advantage over the old system? From the state! But, then, there is a proportional deduction from its gross profits, and the financial result is precisely the same! No, no," he concluded, "depend upon it the minor details of industry must be left to individual enterprise, sharpened and stimulated by individual interest. The state must not meddle except to superintend and to control. She may, by judicious and salutary laws, save individuals from one another, but she must leave it to individuals to save themselves from themselves."

Sse-ma-Kouang's voice was but one, and by no means the loudest of the many which were raised against the wild and daring speculation of Wang-ngan-che. From the wide diffusion and the unanimity of the discontent which prevailed, the Emperor at last became thoroughly aroused to a sense of the danger which threatened the public peace. Wang-ngan-che, however, was not discouraged; he urged the Emperor to remain firm.

"The experiment," said he, "has not yet had a trial. Every one who profited by the old corruptions has risen in arms against it from motives of self-interest; others are opposed to it from mere prejudice and old world notions. Do not desert me, at least until I shall have fairly tried it out to the end. I am sanguine of success, if you but prove true to me and to yourself."

Cheu-tsoung suffered himself to be persuaded. Despite the continued opposition of the people, Wang-ngan-che's organization went on; and, we need hardly add that, like that of the *Ateliers Nationaux*, it ended in a total failure. In the Chinese experiment, too, as being on a larger scale, and in a more vital department of industry, the consequences were infinitely more disastrous. Whole provinces fell out of cultivation, and a famine ensued more terrible than any of those recorded even among the fearful famines of which China is habitually the theatre.

And yet we are told that the proximate cause of Wang-ngan-che's downfall was not the failure of this wild scheme, disastrous as it proved, but the attempt which he made to force upon the literary world the daring innovations of his "Encyclopædia." By this arbitrary proceeding he aroused the animosity of what was even then a formidable organization—the estate of the empire, the men of letters. To all the rest they had tamely submitted, but the arbitrary imposition of Wang-ngan-che's new literary symbols was too much even for Chinese endurance. They combined against the innovator, and they succeeded in accomplishing his ruin. He was driven from power, and Sse-ma-kouang was recalled.

So far the parallel of the old Chinese empire and the modern republic

of France is complete in all its parts. The Chinese history, however, has another chapter. Another Emperor came in the place of Chen-tsoung who listened once again to the suggestions of the innovator. Sse-ma-kouang's principles were again discarded, and his memory publicly dishonoured. Theory was again enthroned in the place of the practical wisdom of antiquity. Disasters again followed in the train of innovation, and the public discontents which ensued once again resulted in the downfall of the innovators.

Whether we shall see the same repetition of events in the modern series of experiments in the social system it would be premature to pronounce. The experiment, as tried in France, is so far incomplete. I shall not venture for the present to pursue the parallel further; but I am anxiously watching for the next "roll of the ball."

AN UGLY SUBJECT.

THE world is full of ugly subjects. They are to be found in its jungles, in its forests, in its seas, in its deserts, in its cities, in its mountains, in its valleys—they are everywhere. A tiger is an ugly subject to encounter in an Indian jungle; a rattle-snake is an ugly subject in an American forest; a simoom is an ugly subject in the Sahara; a shark is an ugly maritime subject; a brigand is an ugly subject to meet amid hill scenery; an avalanche is an unpleasant subject in an Alpine valley; and a law-suit is an ugly subject all the world over. If there be an uglier subject than each and all of those, it must be Poison; and, as it is as ancient as any of them, and has played as great a part in history, it may be well to investigate it.

Who got first poisoned, or who poisoned first, has escaped the memory even of that respected individual—the oldest inhabitant. How the knowledge of poisons became extended; how the knowledge was ascertained at first; what experiments gave rise to it; what experience gave rise to them; is perfectly unknown to anybody. But there is no doubt that the science of poisonous matters was a great power in the old world days. India gave to its first impulse of publication; the system of their preparation issued from that country, like almost every other discovery, and thence passing into Egypt was made more complete, to be much added to amongst the Greeks, to whom the knowledge of the land of the Pharaohs passed in regular order. From Greece it spread into Europe, and became developed amongst the western nations to that high degree in which it is found in our days. The first uses of poison in human hands was not of that deadly nature which is now usually associated with the name. It was as a power of superstition it first gains its record. The Magicians and Thaumaturgists found it convenient for their objects. In the details of history it is found that they transmitted to their adherents the formula of those lethiferous beverages, which were so frequently used to serve by their

terrible action their ambition or their hatreds. They had some poisons whose action was instantaneous, and others which weakened the springs of life slowly. They possessed some which gave the deadly stroke by the most agonising pangs, and more which, on the contrary, produced a species of sensual pleasure, in whose enjoyment the individual yielded up his last breath.

The rapidity of the poison was graduated according to the requirements of those who employed it. Sometimes it struck with death instantaneously, sometimes at the end of some hours, of some days, or often at the end of months or years. An extraordinary instance of the remnant of this power is found in the history of our rule in India, where the local Government of the Company desiring to put an end to the horrid custom of the *Satter*, or that Hindoo ceremony, by which the widow is burned after the death of her husband, opposed the sacrifice of a widow of Malabar. The Brahmins told them plainly, that if they prevented her from ascending the funeral pyre, she would not survive the violation of the custom three hours. Notwithstanding this threat she was prevented, and in the meantime the poison which had been secretly administered began to use its influence, and at the end of three hours she expired.

If Herodotus is to be relied upon, the Bactrian priests gave to the Kings of Assyria a poison which would kill instantaneously. They preserved it for their own use and that of their family. Frequently they made victims by its means amongst the grandes of their court. The Indians made great havoc upon the forces of Alexander by the means of poisoned arrows. When he besieged the city of Harmata, the inhabitants, confiding in the power of the poison with which their arms were impregnated, issued forth from their walls. As soon as the Macedonians began to charge them with their light troops, the Indians launched their poisoned arrows against them, which produced such terrible consequences that the wounded soldiers almost all perished of a fearful death.

The Sacerdotal College, which established its peculiar Theocratic Government in Egypt, made frequent use of this perfidious art. More than one indocile prince, more than one king, was suddenly stricken with death; and in the eyes of the people they made this death assume the significance of the wrath of Osiris. In the Jewish people, the art of preparing poisons became the right of certain families. Their power, increasing by the fear inspired in the reputation of the deadly authority they possessed, was checked by Moses, who forbade, under pain of death, that any one should keep in his house any poisonous substance. Amongst the Greeks, from the commencement of the heroic ages to their decline, the murderous art of poisoning made great progress. In Thessaly and Colchia, above all, it reached a frightful facility. Medea, Circe, Hermonida, Mycale, Locusta, and many others, of whom history transmits the names, efface by their abominable fame the reputation of all the poisoners since known; and, if we are permitted to judge by the facts which the allegories of those remote times hide, the art of preparing poison had arrived at a fearful degree of perfection. In some countries of Greece, we are informed

by Theophrastus that, there existed poisoners without rival. Such was Thrasgas of Mantinea and Alexis his disciple. It was the boast of Thrasgas, that he could kill his victim suddenly or slowly, in terrible agonies or free from a pang. Alexis, beside this power, added a knowledge of the composition of poisons which would act upon special organs—the brain or spinal marrow—the heart or the blood. Those could be mingled with the air which is breathed with the water of the bath, with the food or drink, with the clothes, jewels, or furniture, and even upon the walls of the apartments of the doomed person. The action of some of those developed a violent paroxysm of burning fever, and the subject of its operation expired in a transport of madness. Other poisons gave origin to a wild gaiety. The victims laughed, danced, trampling violently all the time; then their limbs bending, the body sank down, and they died amid the bursts of a wild and horrid laughter from their quivering lips.

The manner in which Parysatis, the mother of Artaxerxes Memnon, poisoned her daughter-in-law, demonstrates how very fruitful crime is in resources. In a feast, when carving a partridge, she used a knife, of which the blade was prepared with poison upon one side only, and offered to her daughter-in-law the morsel which the poison had touched: having eaten this, she died two days afterward. The death of Alexander the Great, which is said to have taken place from excess, some writers allege to have been produced by poison, which was administered to him by one of his secret enemies. This poison, they state, had been prepared in India.

The fatal drink which the Areopagus of Athens administered to those condemned to die, was not composed of hemlock only, as almost every historian has stated since Pliny. In the Phædon, where the death of Socrates is detailed, his disciple does not once use the word conium—hemlock. Plato says, that after having drank from the poisoned bowl, the wisest of men experienced neither pains nor colics, nor convulsions. His limbs were paralysed; the circulation flagged; his members grew cold; the chillness gained gradually upon his heart, whilst his intellect remained undisturbed. At last, when Socrates felt his eyelids closing, he lay down, recommending the bystanders, with a smile upon his lips, to sacrifice a cock for him to Esculapius—and slept the sleep which has no waking. If the symptoms thus detailed are compared with those consequent upon hemlock poisoning, we shall find them entirely opposite. Thus, there can be no doubt that the poisonous beverage of the Athenians was most probably composed of different narcotic drugs, extinguishing life without pain, and whose receipt has not come down to our days.

Pliny gives a lengthened account of a poison which was used by the Scythians to infect their arms. The wounds which they made offered so much gravity, that they named them Scythic wounds—meaning that they were incurable. No antidote was capable of arresting the consequences of their reception, which were not less effectual than certain. Pliny and Democritus thought, with Herodotus, that this poison was a mixture of the venom of the viper and human blood. This assertion is not void of probability. Up to this day, certain hordes of Tartary present a cake of blood to a viper,

previously irritated, in order that he may bite and moisten it with his poison. This blood, afterwards diluted, serves to poison their arms, the wounds of which are almost in every case mortal. The Carthagenians also used to prepare violent poisons from the blood of reptiles and the juice of herbs. Hamilcar defeated the Lybians and Hannibal vanquished the Pergameans by poison. Cæsar tells us that the Gauls poisoned their arms also. The Druids owed the power which rendered them so terrible to the knowledge of poisons. Valerius Maximus relates that the Phocéans of Marseilles administered to their condemned a poisonous beverage, whose consumption was free from pain; as a consequence, it extinguished life slowly and so pleasingly, that criminals used to pray of their judges the favour of perishing by its effects. Strabo tells us of the inhabitants of Chio, of the Iberians, and the people of Colchis, as being very skilful poisoners.

The Roman republic, notwithstanding its manners and austere system of police, could not hinder this terrible and melancholy art from making way into its heart. Great multitudes of persons of every age and condition perished under the consulate of Flaccus and Marcellus without any ascertained cause. Prayers to the divinities were ordered by the ædile, who considered that the commonwealth was devastated by an epidemic; but a slave came to denounce one hundred and seventy patricians as being the cause of the scourge, by liquids and powders, which they had used around them. Twenty of the persons charged thus were led to a public place and condemned to drink the poisoned liquids found upon their residences. Hardly had they swallowed a portion of them than they fell down, and, with horrible convulsions and amid great agonies, expired. After this proof, the remainder of the gang of poisoners received also the chastisement which they merited.

In the time of Pompey, the senate preserved a national poison, strange as the term appears, for stated occasions. When dishonour or irreparable reverse had placed any individual in that condition which he could not survive without enduring the social ruin certain to result, he had the right to demand this poison from the magistrates to whom it was committed. They, however, were the judges alone whether his circumstances warranted the application of this most shocking remedy. It was under the Cæsars, above all, that poisons made upon every side the greatest ravages. The highest personages of the empire were no more respected. Rank or station, age or honour, gave shelter no more. Some quarters of Rome were decimated, and entire families disappeared. When Nero and Tiberius reigned, the execrable Locusta aided those crowned barbarians so much in this way that every honour and every wealth was heaped upon her. Under each influence, she used her fell powers upon many a patrician: and they accounted her services so highly that they gave her disciples to learn her deadly skill from her. Her life became a reign of terror over the city of Rome. In the sanctuary of home even the dread of secret poison haunted all who feared the hate, treachery, or cupidity of those infamous rulers of the City of the Tiber.

After the division of the empire, with the transference of the seat of authority of Byzantium, the poisoners went with the court and remained haunting the precincts of the often guilty royalty of Constantinople. The gorgeous capital of the East became then the theatre of those crimes which once terrified the patricians of Rome, and for many an age was wrapped in the same sombre gloom of horror which had in other times lent its darkest shadows to the old empire, in the final destruction of the semblance of power under the onslaught of the Saracen soldiery. When the minarets of Mohammed rose in the eastern metropolis of Christianity, and the mailed hand of the Commander of the Faithful waved off for ever from the Bosphorus the ghastly and guilty shadows which preserved their rule by the traditions of the purple of the Cæsars, the secrets of the old poisoners, kept in the recesses of the criminal hearts of the adepts who had driven a cruel trade by their knowledge, were scattered with them over the West. Through the middle ages they transmitted their deadly skill, until Europe became infested with poisoners. It was a lawless time, and hence we need not be surprised that this frightful art was not only practised by obscure persons, and in secret, but by members of the most elevated ranks, and in the full glare of day. Many of the princely families of the south of Europe acquired a horrible celebrity in this way. The Borgias, of execrable memory, infected Italy with their poisons. Before their vengeance or their purpose nothing was sacred. Parents, friends, religious persons, old and young, without mercy, they sacrificed to their will. To one of this family belongs the reputation of having made a poison more violent and more certain than all the known poisons of the time. The extraordinary ingenuity by which it was obtained is related by contemporary historians. It is said by them that, having suspended a pig by his hind feet, his head hanging to the ground, in that position the animal was tortured during as many days as he should live, by being beaten and stabbed, until the brute had arrived at a state of morbid fury and showed symptoms of frantic rage; then, having collected his foam, it was mixed with another virulent poison kept in a golden phial. This poison, of a wonderful activity, was named *Canterella*, because that the unhappy victims to whom it was administered perished whilst making the air resound with their frightful shriekings. It is said that, besides this horrible drug, this family possessed other poisonous preparations, which, we are assured, would give death at a day or hour fixed by them for its operation. The only necessity for this purpose was to augment or diminish the dose in order to obtain its result as required. About this period the poisoner Toffana spread desolation and death in the city of Naples. To her the Borgias are said to have been indebted for the receipts for many of the deadly drugs of which they made such use. For many centuries the preparation called *Aqua Toffana* had a fearful reputation over the countries of the south. It made its victims everywhere, and did the horrid work of the hand of murder at the hour in which the destroyer's power was least expected.

The pages of the history of France are stained with the sad and gloomy traces of this crime. Three names, especially, have come down sur-

rounded with its ignominy and its guilt. The grave has not sheltered the reputations of Voisin, of Vigoreaux, and Brinvilliers from common abhorrence. The two former, as cunning as bold, signalized their memories by such a great number of murders by poison, that they renewed at Paris the disaster which had taken place at Rome under the Consulate of Flaccus and Valerius. Under every form they wished those wretches distributed poison, in order to remove, rapidly or slowly, any person against whom they held enmity, or who interfered with their will in any manner. So skilfully was this managed that no sign of poisoning could be discovered. A multitude of men and women made use of these assassins against whomsoever was obnoxious to them. There was no day when Paris was not startled by the news of some awfully sudden death. The chronicles of the time assert, that after the trial of those prisoners, many persons of distinction were convicted of having participated in their crimes, and that amongst those compromised in their guilt were some of the highest personages in the land. Perhaps, even worse and more revolting, if possible, than the memory of those two criminals is that of the Countess of Brinvilliers. She surpassed them in skill. Aided by the Count Sainte Croix, and the Italian Exili, her familiars, this wretched woman poisoned a number of persons almost incredible for our belief, even in the vilest of human wickedness. Of the guilt of her terrible career she gave a valid sign when we find that for her initiation upon its deadly path she began with a crime from which humanity revolts, and nature stands appalled with horror—the crime of parricide. From that point she knew no repentance, and held no mercy. The deadly agents which she used left no trace by which her guilt could be detected. To science in our time society owes a great debt for its powerful testimony to the discovery of guilt, but then science was only in its infancy, and the Countess Brinvilliers could not be detected by the facile art. Brucine, Strychnine, and Morphine, which was discovered by Exili in making some chemical researches, were her agents. During a long period, in which her days were marked by a record of victims, she used her abominable ingenuity. At last, however, the unerring justice which tracks the footsteps of the murderer by a law rarely violated, seized upon her and her country, and the world was delivered from this cruel monster.

At last the ability for poisoning reached its highest development of criminal ingenuity. Poison was administered with a deadly skill which no caution could prevent. It was introduced into the system not only in the food and drink, but also by the absorbents of the skin and by the respiration. In the common articles of the toilet it found its efficient vehicles for crime. In the composition of pastes, of powders, toxic vapours and waters, the molecules of death found a way to enter.

A prince of the sixteenth century in this way was poisoned by a letter. Jane D'Albret was poisoned by a pair of silk gloves presented to her by Catherine de Medicis. A noble Venetian lady accomplished the same crime at a ball, by a mask which she gave to her betrothed husband. The celebrated Tacchias assures us that an enemy of Pope Clement VII

poisoned his Holiness by the smoke of a wax candle, and the same authority tells us of a dignitary of the Church who was poisoned by respiring an odorous pastile. Madame Brinvilliers, to whom we have before referred, poisoned many persons with a face powder—with almond paste for whitening the hands—with rouge—with garments—with jewels—prepared with poison.

From the historical facts which we have cited, it might be supposed that the preparation of poisons and the art of poisoning were only known in society advanced in civilization, but such a supposition would be an egregious error. The vast continent of America is that which, until the time of Columbus, was left without the progress of arts, as known in the older world, and yet it is found that amongst the wild men who roamed across its interminable plains, the science of procuring death by this means was signalled by dread skill. There is nowhere in the world where nature affords poisonous substances of such extreme violence, and the Indians were adepts in their preparation before the white man ever stood beneath their dusky forests. With them they poisoned their arms to make death more certain. De Panev tells us that the first European who bent upon the American shore to gather its gold, fell before the winged death of a poisoned arrow. Amongst the tribes of Indians were first found the terrible and fatal Woorara and Curara poisons and the destructive Upas. Those most deadly are supplemented by the reptile poisons, exceeding in intensity those known in any other part of the earth. It is the Ticunas, a wild tribe in South America, who prepared that most certain of vegetable poisons, the Curara, a species of lichen growing in the marshes in that country, which they boil in a cauldron with other poisonous herbs until the juice becomes thick.

La Coudamine and other travellers assure us that the vapours issuing from this cauldron are mortal for those who breathe them, and that the Ticunas employ only poor, old, and decrepid women for their preparation. They try the strength of the poison by dipping the point of an arrow into it, and then plunging it into a bowl of freshly-drawn blood. If the blood coagulates instantly the poison is deemed sufficiently concentrated and withdrawn from the fire. If it does not coagulate they still continue the process, keeping it moved all the time with a wooden ladle. When the thickened infusion has acquired its mortal properties, they preserve it in vases in a dry place. They preserve the receipts for its manufacture with as much jealousy as the ancient physicians used to observe in regard to their remedies. The arrows smeared with the poison preserve their deadly properties during many years. It is related that some curious person, visiting the arsenal of a city of Holland, abraded his finger with the point of one of those poisoned Indian arms preserved therein, and that he died in consequence of the scratch. In the Carmichael school of medicine in this metropolis, some years ago, experiments were made upon some inferior animals by Dr. Robert Macdonnell with the poison obtained from arms impregnated with the Woorara, used by the Kaffirs, and were followed by almost instant death in the subjects of the experiment. The Curara poison acts directly

upon the blood which it coagulates immediately, in the same manner that a drop of acetic acid causes the coagulation of milk. Curious it is that the flesh of animals killed by its effects preserves no bad quality, and is innocuous. In the coagulation of the blood the poison is neutralized.

Perhaps, after this, the most terrible poison known is that possessed by the people of the island of Macassar. It flows from a tree, and is about the same consistency as honey. The inhabitants make use of it to poison the tiny arrows, not larger than an awl, which they blow through a tube. Tavernier describes the consequences of a wound from one of those missiles. That traveller was asked by Sumbaco, the king of the island, to witness the activity of the poison which he used for effecting executions, and of which he only knew the antidote. An Englishman who had been condemned by him to death for the crime of assassination was led before him. The surgeons of an English and a Dutch ship were also brought, and the King Sumbaco told them that he would grant the criminal his pardon if they could save his life once he had wounded him with his arrow. He then took his hollow cane, charged with a poisoned arrow, and asked of Tavernier where would he desire the wound to be inflicted. Tavernier indicated the great toe of the right foot. He had hardly spoken when the arrow was sped to its destination. The two surgeons instantly performed the operation of the amputation of the wounded toe, trusting that the poison had not been absorbed, but it was in vain, the unfortunate man expired immediately after the operation was performed.

That poisons exist which can mingle themselves and combine with atmospheric air, and, like a pestilential miasma, strike with death all who respire their unwholesome particles, does not admit of any doubt. A great number of historical facts resolve any question of the kind. Hippocrates, Galen, Aretæus, and Aristotle, have spoken of certain plants which possess the mortal properties of poisoning the air, and rendering it as fatal as the breath of plague. Those murderous vegetables have been accumulated in known instances, around hamlets and villages by criminal hands, and infecting the air with their deleterious molecules, have stricken every living thing near with a deadly intoxication. On the banks of the Persian Gulf, there has been noted lactescent shrubs, endowed with such virulence that the wind which sweeps past them carries with it mortal qualities. Chardan assures us that, in certain districts of Persia, the *Gubad samour*, an arborescent plant, with milky berries, poisons the air, to a great extent, around. In Europe, many of the *Confervæ* and the *Hippuris* also develop mortal maladies.

In ancient history, Strabo indicates an asphyxiating compound which the Colchians were accustomed to use, when the wind blew towards any enemies with whom they were at war, and which used to reach them at a distance beyond that which their arrows could attain. In an old Venetian Treatise on Pyrotechny, there is given the details of an asphyxiating powder, with which howitzers could be charged, or which might be used in grenades, or bottles suited for that purpose. Those projectiles, upon bursting, used to spread an odour so overpowering that it carried around destruction and death.

M. de Pauw tells us of a chemist at London, who, desiring to try the force of a suffocative powder which he had invented, cast it into the street, and the consequences were, that many of the passers-by fell down in a state of syncope. At the commencement of the present century, it is stated by French authorities, that the naval squadrons of England, cruising around the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, endeavoured to poison the air by discharging shells upon them, filled with nitrate of arsenic, and some deleterious powder of this kind, in a state of ignition.

Democritus relates in a chapter of his works that flocks and herds were destroyed by the poisons of the frequent wizards or sorcerers of his time; and that, by the same means, they withered underfoot the plants and trees, and showed their power of ill by the desolation which they created around them. Modern experiments have shown that a combination of sulphur and lime, cast at the roots of trees, will cause them to wither, and that by irrigation with water saturated with deleterious gases, or certain metallic salts, held in solution, the fields can be rendered arid, and even the greater vegetable growth around whose roots they may be poured. The writers who have treated upon this subject, ancient and modern, are very numerous indeed; but from all the works on toxicology the final result obtained is that poisons are distinguishable into corrosive, narcotic, and putrefying, or septic.

The corrosive poisons inflame and fester the tissues with which they come in contact; the narcotic act exclusively on the brain and nervous system, which they benumb and strike with stupor and death; the septic or putrefying poisons bear their terrible influence into those parts where they have been laid—the skin grows cold, changes its colour, and mortifies. The three kingdoms of nature, the animal, vegetable, and mineral, produce those poisons; but the vegetable furnishes more than the other two divisions. Perhaps, the most extraordinary of the vegetable poisons is that said to be possessed by the gipsies, and it is one which, for the longest time, has baffled modern science to ascertain its administration. It is called in the Rommany, or gipsy Patois—"Drei." Its malefic influence exceeds any other, and the certainty of its action is beyond all doubt. It is said to be obtained from a species of fungus, very common in southern climates, and in some places not rare in our own. This fungus being the closest link between the animal and vegetable species, consists in its composition of minute corpuscles, aggregated by a building tissue of fibres. The gipsies gather this at a certain season and prepare it so that the fibre which connects the corpuscles is dissolved, and they alone remain in a dry powder. When this powder is administered to any being, the heat and moisture of the stomach develops its terrible vitality, and expanding the corpuscles of which it consists, they attach themselves by radicles of a new growth to the membranes of the intestines with which they are in contiguity. With this the train of symptoms sets in, which is only terminated by death. Hectic fever appears—general atrophy, or wasting of the body takes place. Hæmorrhage from the lungs proceeds, and chiefly with symptoms of consumption, existence wastes away in slow

and silent decay. If suspicion is aroused, and an examination of the body takes place after death, science is baffled ; there is no poison found by any test, everything appears natural ; although it may be irreconcilable with what was previously known of the health of the subject. So it has been for generations ; but it occurred, that in a case of the kind which happened in Italy, an immediate autopsy was made, and the fact which so long remained concealed was understood at last. The corpuscles of the deadly fungus, largely distended, were found in their tenacious adherence to the internal membranes ; but it was observed, that they were in process of solution into the other liquids contained around them, and that in a very few hours they could have been completely dissolved, and not a trace have marked their murderous agency by its presence. Chemical and physiological knowledge have proceeded, upon such minute beginnings even as this, to create a safeguard for society in the detection of crime. There was a time when many of the mineral poisons could not be deposed to by human evidence, as being present in the body of any who had been destroyed by them ; but discovery succeeded discovery, until the skill of the chemist and the physician combined together, and traced the work of the murderer, were it conceived ever so wisely. Vegetable poisons were those whose detection was most difficult. The Aqua Toffana, which horrified Europe by its murderous note in days gone by, was a vegetable poison, probably Brucine. Strychnine was the last which knowledge had to mark for reprobation and punishment by an unerring skill of testimony ; and criminal jurisprudence, shows how assiduous, and at length how correctly, it performed that great duty. The terrible chance of escape from human vengeance by human ignorance, once won the poisoner to his bloody trade ; the secrecy which spread its protection above his guilty head in inspiring him with the belief, that if he were only cautious in being undetected in the administration of a deadly drug, he might laugh at human justice, and rejoice in murder with impunity, has now lost the incitement it afforded to the criminal. No eye may behold his deadly purpose, or his deadly work—night may shroud him—and opportunity lend its aid to his unholy will. He may do the deed unseen—drop the distilled essence of death into the cup of his victim, or mingle the subtle powder with the viands of the feast to which he bids him welcome, with a traitorous friendliness ; but the shadow of the avenger of blood is upon him. Providence has armed knowledge with a sword which hangs above his head threatening him in his security—in his ease—in his riot of passion, and murderous rapture, with a sign of danger ominous as that which hung above the pallid brow of Damocles. By no chance thread of fate is it pendent, but gleams in a hand certain to strike if he dares the blow—directed by a wisdom won of experience—of toilsome days of research, and nights of thoughtful weariness ; through the darksome paths of ignorance it has been borne to the light of certain justice, guided of God.

In this way, much of the terrors have been removed which once surrounded this very ugly subject ; and although some of the most powerful

of poisons are those of recent discovery, in the hands of science they have been rendered even useful to life, and not noxious to it. The physician has found a healing virtue in their action, when properly controlled and used under his ministration. If in antidotes, as yet safety is not so amply obtained or surely known as always to counteract the criminal purpose which sometimes, unfortunately and sadly for the nobleness of human nature, avails itself of the dangerous drug with guilty aim and hope; still, no doubt, the trade of the poisoner is gone, in the dread of discovery. The lamp of knowledge, he knows, burns to reveal his deadly deed if it be once committed; and, although that motive is not always successful in barring the work of murder, still there is no reason to suspect it does not afford a very powerful incentive to the control of its propensity. Unpleasing as the first aspect of our subject is, still it is not without its instruction and its lesson for all who investigate it., honourable to the civilisation and useful to the society which has gained it. In all the broad world, in the natural or in the moral order, there is no disturbance without its balance. The earthquakes which convulse our orb, clear it from the volcanic action which might destroy it—the storms which sweep the air, in the purgation of the atmosphere, re-invigorate and renew life; the floods which inundate, bury nature in a waste only to revive it in a glory of bloom; and the ills which fall upon humanity are made eventually its safeguard and its security. With those considerations we may close our page and lay down our pen, conscious that, even from the ugliest of subjects, we can glean advantage like the poet moralist, who “reads sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

PANES AND PENALTIES;

A TRUE TALE OF THIRTY YEARS AGO,

THE sign of the “Cat and Bagpipes” was the name given, some thirty years ago, to a certain village inn on the Limerick coach-road. This inn was remarkably small, remarkably clean, and on all occasions remarkably well and plentifully supplied with the “essentials” which relieve the wants of weary travellers. The “Cat and Bagpies Inn” was a thatched building of one storey, with gables, surmounted by remarkably slender and tapering chimneys of creamy-white exterior. A shop-door, a hall-door, a shop-window, and two windows of smaller size, were the openings by which light and life sought from the roadside the interior of the inn.

The shop-door was the entrance proper to that portion of the building, whilst the hall-door was the recognised entrance to the “tap-room,” or front parlour, and to the kitchen, which lay posterior to it. The “snuggery,” as the small room behind the shop was called, was entered both from the shop itself and from the narrow hall which divided the

"Cat and Bagpipes Inn" into two equal portions. Lofts, or sleeping apartments for servants and others, were arranged over the before-mentioned portions of the inn.

In the space between the shop-door and the hall-door, and against the front wall of the building, stood a portion of the once recognised "horse-block," from the upper part of which sprang a shaft of ash-wood, several feet in length, and with morticed cross pieces, and hooks-and-eyes of strong iron make—all of which were essential to, and used for the suspension of the quaint and remarkably peculiar swinging sign. This sign displayed on both sides the crude portrait of that very domestic and useful animal "the house cat," and in the act of playing upon an Irish bagpipes! From such circumstance, the inn got dubbed, the "Sign of the Cat and Bagpipes"—the very appellation by which, let us presume, its first and imaginative proprietor desired it should be known; and the "stager"—the stage-coach traveller we mean—of thirty years ago who did not know the "Sign of the Cat and Bagpipes Inn" would be regarded by his set as a "genuine greenhorn," and not a "true stager."

The month of May has been called, for good and wholesome reasons we presume, "a sunny month," but, to our own certain knowledge, it has occasionally been as "tearful" as "sunny;" and persons who "presume," on the fact of an occasional sunny hour on Friday within that month, and take such hour as an index of those to follow, may have reason to regret their misplaced confidence. Ah! many a time have we beheld a May morning's sun rise up in its burnished glow and golden splendour, and all the perceptible space above the earth and within the horizon appear to be one uninterrupted expanse of waveless and delicately-pencilled blue, yet, ere many hours passed by, clouds, heavy and dark, obscured the sun, and drifted fragments of thick clouds across the heavens, deluging the landscape with rain and darkness. Such a May day beheld Mr. MacQuirk, excise-officer, striding along the high road as flash after flash of lightning lit up the murky sky, whilst volley after volley of the musketry of the clouds—thunder—"told" so effectually on the nerves of the excise-officer as to make him believe in the oscillation of the very foot-path whereon he trod. Finally, the rain descended in torrents to the earth, and, ere he arrived at the sign of the "Cat and Bagpipes Inn," his humid state, coupled with the dread of electric influences, had him nearly bewildered. Under the circumstances, was it to be wondered at that, when he arrived at the inn, he placed himself before the large kitchen fire, took off his "shooting frock," fixed it in a position to dry, suspended his hat (leaf elge-wise) from one of the projecting feet of the gridiron, which hung from the whitewashed kitchen wall, called for a "full glass of brandy punch," did everything possible to "drive out" the damps and the recollection of his late "trying position," as he called it, and left his whiskey-keg dipping, and such like matters, for future consideration?

Mr. MacQuirk, officer of excise, was a man of the world, of about thirty years of age, of medium height, and slight, wiry build. He had light gray eyes, fair hair and whiskers, small nose, and large mouth. His forehead and

chin bespoke both intellect and force of character, and, with the exception of an oval, bright red spot over the bony prominence which was situated beneath the lower portion of each eye-ball, his face appeared bloodless and unhealthy-looking. His dress was smart and tidy. Now, it happened that David O'Dowd, ecclesiastical contractor and builder, had just contracted with personages styling themselves Ecclesiastical Commissioners to repair the Protestant church in the neighbourhood, and, on the day alluded to above, was very many feet high on the spire of said edifice, when the lightning and thunder commenced, and, as Mr. O'D. was not an orthodox believer in the faith of Franklin and lightning conductors, he hurried, when he observed the first spark of that subtle fluid, from his lofty position, and sought shelter in a cabin which stood fully half-a-mile distant. When the lightning and thunder had ceased, and the rain which followed abated in intensity, the contractor left the cabin, to seek shelter in the more genial locality of the "Cat and Bagpipes Inn," whence he had on that day come, and where he stopped as a constant customer ever since ecclesiastical business brought him to the locality. In due course of time he arrived beneath the roof of the inn—wet, it is true, but not so wet as the excise-officer. Nevertheless, he is advised by that gentleman to undergo the process of drying—"Try the internal application of one full glass of brandy punch, and thereby drive out the damp." David O'Dowd, ecclesiastical contractor, was a ruddy-faced, small brown-eyed, large nosed, full-mouthed, dimple-chinned personage, whose hair and whiskers were originally black, but time and anxiety had given them a silvery or grayish hue. Judging from the size of its bony enclosure his brain was large; nevertheless, his height, in perpendicular inches, was below the average standard; indeed, jolly-looking and of full habit of body would be the crude, diagnostic marks whereby to recognise David O'Dowd; and, as long as he may be a successful contractor, so long will he be found a good member of society and a witty and practical joker, as well. So, in the immediate vicinity of the kitchen fire, at the "Cat and Bagpipes Inn," stood the officer of excise and the ecclesiastical contractor. They occasionally turned round and round again, in order to equalise the strong heat, very much after the manner of Christmas joints on spring-jacks. At the same time, the brandy punch was *not* overlooked as an agent for lucubration; and both gentlemen declared that the damp-removing influence of a strong turf fire, coupled with an occasional sip of brandy punch, could effect wonders. And they continued to dry and turn, and sip, whilst the large tin kettle on the hob-stone sang songs, and the mistress of the inn and her servantmaid did as best they might under all the circumstances.

Our mind is open to conviction, as it undoubtedly should be, but we feel bound to confess our opinion, which is, that, under the very peculiar circumstances of the position in which the lightning, thunder, etc., placed our two gentlemen, and as the great temperance movement had not commenced for many years after the period of which we write, the precautions to keep out the damp taken by the excise-officer and by the ecclesiastical

contractor were legitimate and justifiable; for, to use the language of the former, "self-preservation is the first law of nature," although it may not be in accordance with the spirit, and to the letter, of the excise and game laws.

Now, it happened that the excise-officer was in the act of explaining to the contractor a remarkable, and, at the same time, a laughable incident that occurred at a late coursing match, when a rough, manly voice from the vicinity of the entrance to the kitchen called out, "Any ould kittles or saucepans to mind?" The occupants of the kitchen had not heard the entrance of the speaker through the inn hall, nor had they observed his profile and a portion of his left shoulder (which were visible at the kitchen-door entrance), ere he put the query, consequently his words had the effect of causing the glass and brandy punch held by the excise-officer to drop on the hearth-stone, the contractor to move suddenly and knit his brows, and Judy, the servant, who had been in the kitchen at the time, to let fall and cause to be broken, a large blue plate of the willow pattern, and then to exclaim, as she looked in the direction of the kitchen door, "Why didn't yez spake afore yez bawled out that way, Jer Rooney?"

"Sure, I thought I did spake, a colleen," was the reply of the person addressed.

"There's nothin' at all to be minded to-day, an' there's one of the new blue plates broke on yer account," continued Judy, the servant.

"Thin, it's myself that's grieved for that same; but try and make off some little job or other. Now, there's that cullender yonder be the wall wants a new tin leg and fut in it, an' the rivet is loose in one of its handles, an', an' I see a grane* of the large fish-hook fork crucken'd and bint up," said the tinker.

"Oh, the mistress is busy, an' there's nothin' wanted to-day," replied Judy.

"Am I to be afther goin' thin, asthora, this hard day?" asked the tinker.

"Be dad, yez may, sure enough," was Judy's response.

"Hard times, and no frost at all," said the tinker, as he turned towards the street-door entrance.

Jer Rooney, or "Jer the Tinker," as he was familiarly called, was the recognised native, yet wandering, tin-man of that village, and of every village and town for many miles round. He was a powerfully built man, and evidently possessed great manly strength and physical development. His height was over six feet; his jet-black hair and whiskers were long, shaggy, and untidy; his eyes were full, prominent, and dark brown in colour; his nose was long, thin, and arched, whilst his lips were large, red in colour, and surmounted a chin which bespoke great determination. Jer the Tinker was poorly clad. His coat and nether garments had been pieced and patched so often as to leave it difficult for the querist to ascertain

* Prong, or grane.

their original pattern and texture; his hat was indented in sundry places, and wanted part of its original brim; his neck and that anatomical region called the *sternum* were completely exposed and uncovered; his feet were partially encased by what had been brogues, but, in the course of events, had lost heels, toe-pieces, and, likely, soles, and were held in position by means of cords, which bound them to his feet, and were tied round his ankles; he wore the remains of the professional leathern apron, and had his budget swung, by means of a leather belt, over his left shoulder; in his right hand he carried a large piece of iron, of T shape, and which he called a "two-headed horse," and in his left hand a short, thick black-thorn stick.

Now, it had been the custom for Jer the Tinker to call at the sign of the "Cat and Bagpipes," and to go, as he did on the present occasion, to the neighbourhood of the kitchen, make the usual announcement, and he seldom or never retraced his steps without having got a job of some kind or other. On this occasion, however, there appeared little chance for him, as the rather too energetic announcement of his arrival had put Judy about, and she showed it. Nevertheless, Jer the Tinker pleaded in the manner stated, and, whilst doing so, kept a most anxious and sympathetic look in the direction of the kitchen fire, and appeared, at the same time, to regard with especial interest the unbroken glass tumbler, which contained a small portion of brandy punch, and which David O'Dowd, ecclesiastical contractor and builder, grasped firmly and securely.

We have said that Jer the Tinker, having failed to procure a job, was in the act of leaving the vicinity of the kitchen, but, ere he did so, the now jolly David O'Dowd interposed with the words, "Come in, tinker."

"Beg yer honors' pardon, gintlemin, but I'm always obagint to a call," said the tinker, as he entered the kitchen.

"Are you a good tradesman, and no colt?" inquired David O'Dowd, with a giggle and a wink to the exciseman.

"Thin I'm all that. The dickons a bettther thradesman within the four izes—not that it comes well from me to say it; and, as my father, grandfather, and grandmother too, on her father's side, were tinmen, to use nate langage, if I amn't the heart of the rowl I'm from *that* neighbourhood," Jer Rooney.

"That'll do; do you drink?" asked David O'Dowd.

"Not he!" responded the excise-officer, as he viewed poor Jer from head to foot.

"Oh! be gor I do, yer honors—a little on wet days," replied the tinker.

So David O'Dowd ordered a treat for the tinker, and, during Judy's absence for it, the contractor grasped in his hand the handle of the kettle (which, we have said, rested by the hob), moved the kettle to the edge of the ash-receiver, which was situate beneath the fire-grate, emptied the contents of the kettle into the ash-receiver, and then placed the empty kettle on the large turf fire.

"In the name of wonder, what is that all about?" asked the excise-officer.

"It's a pity to see a willing hand knocked out of a job," replied the contractor.

"Well, 'that bangs Banagher;' and it's only a gintleman, wid a good-lookin' face on him like yourself, would be afther thinkin' of that manes to put a body in wind," said the tinker, as he gave a knowing look to the contractor, and took from the hands of the servant the treat which she had just entered with, and, having raised it to his lips, continued—"May ye niver want lickier, nor hot wather to mix it with, gintlemen."

The object which the contractor had in view when he placed the empty kettle on the glowing fire was to super-heat its under part, in order that when cold water would be put into the kettle its action on the heated iron should manifest itself in such a manner as to cause the partial or complete removal of the bottom from the sides of the kettle, to which it had been soldered. The result proved to a demonstration the correctness of the contractor's view of the matter; for, within a very short space of time, the mistress of the inn required boiling water, and, as she raised the kettle off the fire, and found it extremely light in her hand, and (as herself expressed it) nearly empty, she went to the water-pail, and the first portion of water she attempted to put into the kettle removed the bottom completely, and was near causing that good lady injury severe and formidable.

It was extremely fortunate that Jer the Tinker was on the spot at such a moment, for the other kettle—we mean the large iron kettle of the establishment—leaked considerably, and, being of cast-iron material, not easy of repair, was useless; consequently, water for punch, tea, and such matters should have been boiled in an ordinary pot for a time, had Jer the Tinker not been present, or in the neighbourhood. So the landlady said it was a fortunate thing that the tinker was at hand, and that he should get a fair price for the job. Jer the Tinker told the landlady that the accident to the kettle was a good omen; that he would "lave it betther nor new;" and, finally, seated himself on the kitchen floor, measured the bottom of the kettle and some pieces of tin, cut the tin with a large shears, hammered the tin on a large iron plate, and humoured the taps of his hammer with a love song, some verses of which we remember, and append.

"Oh! when I was a boy, it was you,
Jenny Branagan,
I loved to distraction, and thought you loved me:
But the pulse of your heart, sure, was
Darby O'Flanagan.
Teddy, di diddle, do diddle, dum de.

"'Twas yourself I believed when you said,
Jenny Branagan,
'I dote on ye, darlint! do you dote on me?'
And, for one little thraneen, would
Wallop O'Flanagan.
Teddy, di diddle, do diddle, dum de.

“ Oh ! why, false, decaving, black-souled
Jenny Branagan,
Did you heap all your smiles and your blarney on me,
And thin from Moy fair run away
With that, O’Flanagan ?
Teddy, di diddle, do diddle, dum de.”

The kettle was repaired, pronounced staunch, Jer the Tinker received the price of his job, and insisted on treating “ the pair of gintlemin,” notwithstanding their repeated protestations to the contrary ; and, in a less space of time than it takes us to chronicle the fact, three full glasses of hot brandy punch were placed at the elbows of the three worthies, and the principal portion of Jer the Tinker’s fees for kettle-repairing found its way back again to the cash-till of the “ Cat and Bagpipes Inn.” Hours rolled on, glasses of brandy punch followed each other to the vicinity of the kitchen fire, healths were given and responded to, songs were sung, trade was discussed, politics were argued—nothing was overlooked save the dipping of whiskey-kegs, the lifting of permits, and the examination of tobacco-rolls.

The hour for parting arrived, so compliments, eloquent, heroic, and pathetic, were tendered on all sides. The excise-officer left the inn kitchen fire-side in order to attempt the dipping of whiskey-kegs and his tobacco-roll duties ; and Jer the Tinker placed over his left shoulder his budget, then took the contractor’s hands within his own and said, “ How can I prove my gratitude to you, most dear and nate sir ? But I must do it, and I will too—but how ? Be the hole in-me coat, an’ that’s no false oath,” continued the tinker, after a pause, “ I have it—jist the thing for me metal. Good-bye, dear and nate gintleman—good-bye ;” and he raised his two-headed horse with one hand, grasped the centre of his short black-thorn with the other hand, and then danced, or capered, round and round the kitchen, singing, at the same time, one of his favourite lyrics.

When Jer the Tinker left the “ Cat and Bagpipes Inn,” he toddled, as well as circumstances would admit, off to the entrance-gate of the parish established church ; there he removed from his shoulder the budget, and having placed it, the two-headed horse, and black-thorn stick, by the side of the gate-pier, he collected several large throwing, or finger-stones and commenced to break the glass of the large Gothic end-window of that edifice ; nor was it until a considerable amount of damage had been perpetrated that the tinker got arrested and locked up for the night. On the following morning he was brought before the resident justice, charged with “ breaking the glass of, and doing considerable damage to, the parish church, and also divers other matters.” Jer pleaded guilty to the charge, said he was prepared for any punishment short of hanging, and continued, “ Do anything but hang me ; but what I done I done, and no mistake, to prove mi gratitude ; and, as it ’ill better him, do as ye like wid Jer Rooney.”

Poor Jer Rooney’s reason for breaking the church window was in order to increase David O’Dowd’s contract !

What were Jer's sorrow, shame, and disappointment, when the magistrate informed him that the contractor had an arrangement with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners which bound him to keep in repair for seven years the parish church, and that the cost of all damage to the church should be borne by the contractor! They were bitter and sincere.

Let us add, that, at the earnest solicitation of the victimised contractor, compelled by the fact of Jer the Tinker's well-known anti-party, anti-political, and, we fear we may add, anti (zealous) religious tendencies, he was released from custody on payment of a small fine for drunkenness; and that, as he left the presence of the magistrate, David O'Dowd, ecclesiastical contractor, placed in his large and manly palm a crown-piece, and said, in a kindly way, and with as smiling a face as circumstances warranted, "Jer, I thank you sincerely. You did prove your gratitude; and the mode you adopted to do so was both new and irresistibly striking!"

R. L.

APRIL DAY.

THIS is the legend of an April day.

The gossips chatter under hazel leaves,
Mid blue-smoked hamlets, roofed with thatch and fern,
By the swift Fergus, in the fields of Clare.

When Frances Dillon, leaning from the round
Of the gray barbican, above the moat,
Saw Stephen Desmond, mounted for the wars,
Braided from head to heel in twisted mail,
Plumed with red lightning, with impatience spurred;
She plucked a leaf of ivy from the walls,
Kissed it, and tossed it to him where he stood,
In the vast courtyard, girt with steeds and spears,
And frothing flagons circling 'mid the kerns.

And many days, she saw the evening dip
Its golden horn in the wide river wastes,
Till, beaten by the bright, ascending stars,
And shafted by the arrows of the moon,
It reeled to spaces far below the world;
But of her lover there came tidings not.
And many morns shot fire upon her pane,
Till the woods blazed, and the slow, drifting ships
Passed her, like phantoms along ghostly shores;
While the crane flapped his wings upon the blast,
And the sea-eagle staggered in the storm;
But of her lover tidings never came.

Often, of evenings, when the black oak, piled,
Knotted and damp, upon the granite hearth,
Lit half the tangled rafters of the hall,
And sheathed the crossed swords in scarbs of fire,
And dashed the banners' folds with goutts of blood,
She paused to listen, whilst the warders spoke
Of the far turmoil : telling how it went ;
Who held the strongest glove within the land,
How the banned Desmond fared ; and how the Pale,
Recoiling from the crash of club and spear,
Breathed within its lines, defiant hate ;
Waiting for succours from Elizabeth,
And shaking iron fists against the cross :
But of her lover spoke the warders not.

So in her sleep one night, when mighty March
Fled from the earth in whirlwinds and black rains,
She dreamt that standing on the barbican,
And looking upward to the castle vane,
The ivy, from whose heart, she plucked a leaf,
Had lost its glory, and had turned to gray ;
And, listening, from the roots there came a voice—
“Wo unto thee, that robbed us of our strength,
To fashion garlands for a dead man's bier.”

Out of her sleep she sprang. The dewy day
Was melting into twilight on the rim
Of river, wood, and meadowland, and hill.
In the blue gloom she vested her—she took
Garments as white and fresh as lily buds ;
And satin, dimpling to a creamy blush,
And velvet, shaking like a moorland moss,
And richer than the lichen on the larch.
Appareled she went forth, fearing to look
On the cold mirror, lest some face of awe,
Shining within its azure depths, should strike
Her senses with unseasonable ill.

But, floating up the stairway in the dark,
Save the slant gleams that trickled through the loops,
Pierced in the massy substance of the wall,
She clomb, with faltering steps, and prayerful lips,
Startled by every gust that touched her robe,
Or ruffled the coifed foldings of her hair.
At last, she stood upon the barbican,
And looking down, within the yard, there flared
The flames of twenty torches, held by kerns

Above the heads of horses and of men,
And in the clang of voices heard the one
For which her heart had echos musical.

"Good morrow, Frances—health to the sweet saint,"
Cried Stephen, from the troopers, looking up.

"Welcome," she answered, "But last night I dreamt
The ivy of our walls had sered, and thou
Wert stiff and white upon some battle-field,
Amid the bones and arms of conquered men."

"Sweet love," quoth he, "dreams are night's ministers,
Guided by every vagrant wind that blows
Across the troubled regions of the brain.
Sometimes they prove us true—sometimes prove false—
Sometimes, in solemn motley, play the fool,
As they have played thee on this April morn."

REVIEW.

LIVINGSTONE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.*

AFRICA is becoming day after day the great travelling field in which some of our most ardent and inquisitive explorers reap fame and profit. Not that their enterprises have succeeded in lifting the veil of mystery which overhangs the great basin or interior of the continent, for of that our knowledge is singularly limited, owing to the vast physical difficulties which the explorer in that untraversed region must be prepared to encounter. The strip of civilization which extends along the northern coast is narrow and shallow, with the great desert behind and the "populous Mediterranean" in front. To the south, we have the Cape settlements, also confined, because of the concentration of capital and labour in the few centres of European life near the coast, and the fact that the emigrant, desirous of pushing inland, is left unprotected against native hostility and aggression when he crosses the British frontier. Add to these margins the few Dutch, French, and English settlements on the west coast, and we have exhausted the civilized features of the entire continent. Across the interior waste a few daring adventurers, stimulated by private curiosity or the enlightened liberality of government, have made perilous tracks more than once. Park sacrificed his life to the realization of a desire, which, if it had ever been accomplished would have added but little to our knowledge. Bruce was more successful; he preserved his life and returned to receive unlimited approbation for an achievement which scarcely merited the name of a discovery. Du Chaillu, if we are to believe himself (a proposition which,

* *Livingstone in Southern Africa.* London: JOHN MURRAY.

in all likelihood, would receive the serious opposition of our countryman, Mr. Malone,) penetrated as far as the Sierra del Crystal. His book reads like a morbid romance. It supplies us with Fan tribes and gorillas, strange birds, strange fishes—in a word, a collection of marvels which almost justify one in believing that, in Africa, nature had reversed her ordinary economy, and exhausted her strength and invention in the production of freaks and marvels. No one has yet had the means of confirming or contradicting him; but, in the absence of such an opportunity, he has lacked neither partisans nor opponents. Then, we have Dr. Livingstone, whose statements, luckily for himself and the credulous part of the public, have received the unqualified support of Mr. Jules Gerard and a number of British residents. To us he appears to be the least asserting, the most reliable of all African explorers. Educated for the world in the hard grinding school of a Scotch cotton factory, he prepared himself early for the dangerous and seldom pleasant labours in which he is engaged in the interests of science and civilization. We say nothing of the paramount object of his mission, because in the special light in which he presents himself it does not concern us. He evidently possesses a quality rare, indeed, amongst his predecessors or contemporaries—a modesty which adds to his greatness, and gives us fuller confidence in his truthfulness. In more than one place this amiable weakness is pleasantly manifested—as when he apologises for relating his escape from the gripe of the lion; and, further on, when he declares that he would prefer going round the globe to the task of writing a second book. We sincerely trust that diffidence in his own ability will not prevent the accomplished traveller from giving us the fruits of his later experience. We cannot afford so valuable a man permission to hold his tongue. If Dr. Livingstone is timorous and doubtful in the presence of a critical public, he has displayed no lack of courage in the explorations with which his name is so handsomely connected. Looking at the map, we find that he traversed the immense line of country which extends from the Cape, or thirty-fifth degree of latitude, to the fifth degree of latitude; that is to say, roundly, from Capetown to the confluence of the two great trunks of the Zambezi. The line of march was not broad, though necessarily irregular, in a country where roads are not known, and forests of primeval density oppose every foot of the traveller's progress. It is but right to confess that one will rise up from a perusal of this book with a higher opinion of the intellectual and physical powers of the South African races than is generally entertained. Those who think that all the black races have flat noses and woolly heads will be disappointed at meeting in this book with portraits of representatives of several of the tribes of the interior, which are not far removed from the Caucasian cast of physique. The hair is long and lank, the nose straight, the eyes large and intelligent, the general conformation of the body graceful. Whitewash this black and he may pass for a Britisher. Dr. Livingstone is honestly indignant at the wrong forced upon this people by a class of mercenary speculators, who pick up the vilest and ugliest of the population for exhibition in Europe. The crime is really unpardonable; for it caused a vast

difficulty half a century ago to some ingenious gentleman, who set about constructing an approximation of races. Not but the black has strong distinctive characteristics, which remove him a long distance from the white; but it is not too much to say that these characteristics have been exaggerated for vile purposes. Our South African, too, has some remote notion of a controlling Providence, and preserves in the bosom of his tribe a series of traditions, confirmatory of the peculiar religious system of his race. Though he hungers for money and ornament, when he has learned to appreciate either, he is not deficient in generosity, hospitality, and good faith. He seldom deceives a traveller, and is not uniformly jealous of the inroads of strangers. That there is a rational hope of his becoming a good Christian, and taking to pantaloons and wide-a-wakes, we have strong reasons to doubt. The Jesuits won his heart some centuries ago, when their mild treatment of the poor natives helped to temper the ruffianly policy pursued towards them by the Portuguese; but, since the destruction of the old missions, the tide of barbarism which they forced back has re-advanced, and the black has relapsed into his primitive ignorance. We fear for Dr. Livingstone's missionary labours amongst those honest savages. His intentions may be most praiseworthy, but they are not quite sufficient of themselves to accomplish the work he has in hand.

That South Africa affords a fair and remunerative field for emigrants, having capital and the ability to work it, would seem to be implied in the book before us. The climate is not bad, though it is subject to considerable variations, which may prove seriously inconvenient to a new resident. There are dry seasons, when the want of water is seriously felt, and when, but for the provident resources with which nature has supplied them, the population of whole districts must perish from absolute thirst. The black, unfortunately, is not a provident creature; and it is painfully evident that the idea of constructing tanks and aqueducts has not yet visited his intelligence. The woods, we are told, abound in game of all descriptions. The soil is deep and productive, and its value could be enhanced a hundred fold if it were enriched from the deposits of vegetable matter which has been accumulating for ages in the dense forests around. The prospect, it must be admitted, does not improve when we learn that the country is infested with lions, hyænas, and elephants—the latter of immense bulk and unlimited pugnacity. The rivers, too, swarm with hippopotami and crocodiles—resolute quadrupeds, that will not turn tail to the hunter, and evince a profound contempt for fire-arms.

Dr. Livingstone may not be entitled to the credit of being a writer of what is known as "pure English," an element about which the best authorities differ; but no reader of his volume will deny that it is carefully and nicely compiled, exhibiting no ordinary powers of observation and description. Of course, it only represents the vast outlines of the subjects with which it deals, but these are traced with a steady hand. Considering the enormous difficulties he had to contend with, we have reason to be grateful for the large mass of information which he has contributed to our knowledge of the interior of Southern Africa.

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MAY.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CATASTROPHE.-

Not many days after the conclusion of arrangements for proceeding against Sir Algernon Trevillers, an event occurred at Tregona which threatened to annihilate for ever the domestic happiness of Mr. Marsdale. Alice, his only daughter and object of his doating affection, was, by a most awful and distressing accident, on the point of being severed from him for ever!

At the close of a clear autumnal day, Mr. Marsdale, accompanied by his constant companions, Alice and the old preceptor, Merris, extended his ramble beyond its usual limits, for the purpose of viewing her Majesty's sloops of war riding in the distance on the bosom of the tranquil ocean. To obtain a better sight, they mounted the summit of a certain cliff which rose perpendicularly from the sea.

Having reached the desired spot, they lingered some time in admiration at the grand scene before them; and were about retracing their steps, when a sudden flight of sea gulls, disturbed in their lonely retreats, rushed from the rocks in great commotion. The curiosity of Alice to see those wild birds led her incautiously to the very brink of the cliff, and before her father could snatch her from her perilous position, the scanty turf which projected over its edge gave way, and a fearful scream announced that the unfortunate girl had been precipitated down its side!! Mr. Marsdale stood aghast, a sickness of death came over him, as the conviction forced itself upon his mind that his child was lost to him for ever! He tried to call for assistance, but his voice refused to give utterance to a sound. Master Merris, who had witnessed the sad catastrophe, was scarcely less astounded than the stricken father, whilst the agonized feelings of both were rendered, if possible, more poignant, by hearing distracted cries proceed from the poor sufferer herself, showing that her fall had been

arrested in its progress, and that, could immediate aid be procured, it might still avail in saving her. Merris hastened right and left for succour. His repeated calls succeeded in attracting two or three labourers to the spot. Each for the moment seemed paralysed and unable to suggest any mode of rendering assistance. At length, a man in the garb of a dependent pushed forward, and, flinging his outer garment on the ground, bent over the verge of the fearful gulf.

Having taken a momentary examination of the capabilities the spot presented, he seated himself on the brink, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of the by-standers, who considered an attempt to descend the cliff one of insanity, he slid down the shelving rock till stopt by a projecting ledge; here, by resting on his knees and bending forwards, he was able to reach the terrified girl, whose fall had been interrupted by some tangled foliage which grew out of the fissures of the rock, and to which she was clinging in a state of great exhaustion, each moment threatening to be her last. He seized her arm, and with words of encouragement, held her firm till further assistance could be procured. At length a rope with a noose at one end was lowered, and by great dexterity passed over the head and arms, so as to enable those from above to draw up the terrified sufferer. This, after considerable difficulty, was at length effected, and the agonized father had the felicity of beholding his beloved child once more restored to him.

Her deliverance was, however, accompanied by a sad counter event. On her ascent, her almost powerless form was swung heavily against him who had gone down to her rescue, and who had only the craggy projections of the rock to cling to. The shock loosened his hold, and the brave preserver of Alice Marsdale was precipitated into the abyss below!

A thrill of horror ran through the spectators, they had looked on with amazement at the daring attempt made by this man to save the young woman's life, and had continued to watch with admiration his presence of mind and skill in adjusting the means by which her release was effected; then, to witness the disastrous result, at the moment his arduous task was crowned with success, overwhelmed them with consternation. As for Mr. Marsdale, the sudden transition from grief to joy had such a powerful effect upon him that he was totally unconscious of the unhappy event that followed, and was borne from the spot in almost as insensible a state as his exhausted daughter.

In the meanwhile, not a moment was lost in hastening, by the nearest route, to the shore in order to push off a boat to the foot of the rock; this was, at best, a long proceeding, and under the most favourable circumstances could not have arrived in sufficient time to be of service. Two fishermen were, however, fortunately not far from the spot, spreading their nets; and, being eye-witnesses of what had occurred, immediately pushed on their little barque to the base of the cliff, where they succeeded in soon finding the motionless form of the luckless man, and, having placed it in their boat, conveyed it to their humble cot on the shore. Here they were joined by those who had sallied forth, by a longer road, on the same

good office as themselves, and who now turned their attention to ascertain if life was quite extinct.

Stretched on the ground, with a fractured arm and covered with contusions, lay the victim of an act of unparalleled courage and humanity, which, to all appearances, had cost him his life.

Amongst those assembled to proffer aid at this critical juncture was Master Morris, the old preceptor. There was a warm sense of generosity in his nature which never failed to respond to a call of distress. On this occasion a feeling of gratitude for the preservation of his patron's child was added to those of compassion for the individual before him, and under his judicious directions everything was done which experience could suggest in so urgent a case, but for a long time with no signs of success. It was feared that the vital spark had fled!

At length, when on the point of abandoning all further attempts, a faint gleam of returning animation manifested itself. This cheering discovery gave a fresh stimulus to the exertions already made, and in the course of a short time the surrounding sympathizers had the gratification of beholding the brave sufferer restored to a state of consciousness, and able to express with his own lips his deep acknowledgments to those around him.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MORTIFYING DISCOVERY.

THE constitution of Mr. Marsdale, at all times of a weakly nature, received a severe shock from the accident that befel his beloved daughter, and it was some time before he perfectly recovered from its effects. When his mind was restored to its usual placid state, his thoughts were turned towards him who had saved his child's life. His feelings of gratitude had no bounds, and, summoning Gerald, he desired him to hasten to the injured man, and if needful, have him immediately conveyed to a more commodious dwelling. Gerald had, however, not waited for a father's command to enter upon so welcome a service, all that was necessary had already been done, not only the removal suggested by his father, but every comfort provided that was considered necessary.

"Are his friends aware of what has occurred?" said Mr. Marsdale.

"I should think not," was the reply. "I pressed him to permit me to inform them of the circumstance, but he said it was unnecessary, as he was frequently away from his home, and consequently a short absence would not occasion any uneasiness. His manner appeared somewhat constrained; but I nevertheless detected a gentleness of speech and comeliness of person which bespoke one of no low degree. He inquired feelingly after our dear Alice, and trusted she was not worse for her perilous adventure."

"I will see him myself," said Mr. Marsdale, "as soon as I feel equal to

the undertaking. I am impatient to express to him my grateful acknowledgements for his generous feat."

Alice, whose young and joyous spirits soon drove away the recollections of the past, returned to her avocations as if nothing had happened. She received the congratulations of all around her with thankfulness, mixed with some little surprise at the sensation her accident had occasioned; but to the fearless being who had so nobly saved her from almost certain destruction, at the risk of his own existence, she felt at a loss how to express her gratitude, and begged her father to allow her to bear him company, when he should think fit to go and see him, a permission readily granted. Amongst those who most warmly felt the happy escape of Alice Marsdale was the Rev. Mr. Treverbyn. He could scarcely listen to the harrowing details of her imminent peril without shuddering at the results which would inevitably have taken place, had not the most heroic exertions rescued her, and he felt, or fancied he felt, as much gratitude for her generous deliverer as she did herself.

Urcella Trevillers was not the last in expressing her joy on the occasion, and their first meeting at the usual rendezvous, on the sea shore, gave proof of the sincere attachment entertained by these young people for each other. At this interview and at the preceding ones, with the single exception already detailed, Gerald was scrupulously excluded, and this by the earnest request of Urcella herself, who was unwilling, under the peculiar circumstances in which her family was placed, to forward an acquaintance she felt it her duty in every way to avoid, and though this exclusiveness on the part of her friend was a matter of no little disappointment to Alice, she implicitly obeyed the wish expressed, and ever after contrived to make her way to the distant beach alone. This was, however, sometimes no easy task, as Gerald, who was more pleased with his first interview with Sir Algernon's daughter than he chose to avow, was desirous of falling in the way of a second meeting, and accordingly, often joined his sister in her rambles when he thought they were directed towards the quarter of her friend's residence, and as often was playfully foiled by Alice in these attempts. On one occasion, observing her to be hastening in the desired direction, he proposed accompanying her.

"Oh!" said Alice, with a smile, "I must not consent to your doing so, I shall, in all probability, meet Urcella Trevillers; and, as you find so little to admire where I find so much, I will not indulge your curiosity a second time. You are scarcely worthy of making further acquaintance with myauteous friend."

"But how can I ever become worthy," replied Gerald, carrying on the joke, "if I am not afforded the opportunity of improving my judgment; try me once more?"

"No, dear Gerald, I cannot try you; indeed, I cannot." Then, looking serious, she continued to say that, "having come to the point, she would no longer conceal from him that she was under promise of meeting her friend, in future, *unaccompanied* by any one, and she therefore hoped that he would not tempt her to break her word."

"And at whose entreaty did you bind yourself to so strange a promise?" said Gerald.

Alice paused a little, but at length owned that it was at the earnest request of Urcella Trevillers herself.

Gerald looked surprised, but made no observation. His sister could, however, easily read in his countenance an expression which very much savoured of mortification; but whatever it was, he ceased from that time to molest her on a subject so little flattering to his personal vanity; and his sister resumed her expeditions to the sea shore alone.

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

SHORTLY after the incident detailed in the last chapter, Gerald was seen at an early hour of the morning making his way towards the dwelling of Dame Trenchard. He was anxious to engage the services of this good woman in behalf of the injured man, who was still lying in a precarious state, and in need of much care and attention. Arrived at the cottage door, he found it closed; and receiving no reply to his call, he feared its mistress was again absent; but trying the latch, and finding it to give way, he gently opened the door and entered.

What was his amazement, when, instead of the antiquated, care-worn visage of the old dame, that of the fresh and beautiful Urcella Trevillers appeared before him! Unprepared for such an encounter, he hesitated whether to advance or retire. His sister's avowal that his presence had been considered intrusive on a previous occasion, inclined him to adopt the latter alternative. Urcella was not less startled at the sight of this early visitor, but recovering her self-possession she advanced towards the doorway, and with an expression of affability, made known to Gerald that Dame Trenchard had been slightly indisposed, and could not be seen, but if he would allow her to act as the good woman's representative, she would in that new character bid him welcome, and request he would enter and rest himself after so long and early a walk, adding, that any commands he might have for the venerable dame should be faithfully transmitted to her.

This invitation was delivered in a tone of so much sweet earnestness, that Gerald forgot all past reminiscences, and availed himself of an offer so agreeable to his taste; and having taken possession of a low stool which Urcella pushed forward for his use, they seated themselves on each side of the ember fire.

"I came," said Gerald, "to request the good mistress of this dwelling to take charge of the poor injured man to whom the family of Mursdale are so indebted for his brave exertions; and who still continues much disabled."

She will gladly accept the office," said Urcella, with a look of satis-

faction, and, though aged, is extremely active, and quite capable of undertaking the duties of a sick chamber."

"It occurred to me that I could not fix upon a more desirable person in every way: my only doubt was, whether she would accept of so novel an office."

"There is no fear of her declining it; I know her kind heart too well. I will let her know your wishes," replied Urcella.

Little did Gerald suspect the tender chord he was touching when he spoke of the injured man; and still less, that Mrs. Trenchard had actually but just returned from passing an anxious night at the bedside of the poor sufferer; but this was not the moment to reveal the same, and Urcella was silent.

"It was late last night," said Gerald, "when the idea occurred to me of speaking to Mrs. Trenchard, and, being on the point of absenting myself from Tregona for a short time, I hastened here first to make my engagement."

"I guessed that some such errand of kindness had drawn you out at so early an hour, and I find I am not mistaken," said Urcella.

"Neither, perhaps, should I be much mistaken," replied Gerald, "were I to assert that more than one person had left a comfortable home this bleak morning on a mission of charity."

"I fear," said Urcella, "as far as I am concerned, it was more pleasure than charity that called me forth in this direction. I had some message to impart to this good old dame, and I took the first opportunity of doing so. I found she had not left her room, owing to a slight indisposition, brought on by fatigue; but it is of so trifling a nature as not to interfere with her taking charge of the invalid you named. Rumour says that your benevolent attentions in that quarter exceed all praise."

"Rumour has, I fear, much exaggerated my poor services," said Gerald, not a little pleased with the favourable impression such services had made upon the beauteous speaker. "I have done no more than mark my admiration for the noble preserver of a beloved sister's life, by doing my utmost to restore him once more to health and strength. I saw him yesterday, and found him something better. The fractured arm, which had escaped its bandage in the course of his removal to a more commodious abode, had been replaced, and I trust he may now look forward to a speedy recovery. His extraordinary patience, calmness of mind, and absence of the slightest complaint, during many days of acute suffering, have won him the respect and good will of all those about him." At this recital Urcella turned away her head to conceal the emotion it had occasioned. Gerald perceived it not, and continued to say that his father was most anxious to express his deep sense of gratitude in person, and would have done so sooner, had he not feared that the excitement consequent on such a visit might be prejudicial whilst the invalid remained in so weak a state. "He intends, however, on his return from the quarter sessions, to have an immediate interview."

"Quarter sessions!" said Urcella, with a look of surprise. "I had

understood that Mr. Marsdale never attended these meetings ; that he rarely acted as a justice of the peace."

"True ; my father's health has hitherto debarred him from bestowing much attention to his judicial duties. But now that his constitution is completely renovated by the effects of this genial climate, he will, no doubt, in future lend his willing services as often as they are required."

"Probably some case of interest has induced him to make the exertion on the present occasion ?" said Urcella, with an inquiring expression on her countenance.

"No ; I have heard of nothing particular to call him there. My father is, no doubt, glad to appear amongst his brother magistrates, with whom he has had hitherto so little official communication."

"And how is it," continued Urcella, with a smile, "that you are not of the party to the sessions ? If I am not mistaken, you are also a justice of the peace."

"True ; but as I did not hear of any business of importance to be transacted, I thought my presence unnecessary, and, consequently, intend turning my steps in a very different direction,—one that leads to the sombre chambers of the under-earth, where dwelleth the dark subjects of his satanic majesty."

"Ah, you cannot mystify me," said Urcella. "You are going to make acquaintance with our Cornish mines. I am told they are well worth seeing. My father has frequently expressed a desire to make the same expedition ; but his stay at the Priory is so short that he cannot spare the time."

"Permit me," said Gerald, after some little hesitation, "to say a few words respecting the unfortunate differences that have existed between our families since the lands of Tregona were purchased by my father. These misunderstandings have been a subject of much regret to me. I say this candidly."

Urcella here looked up with some surprise ; she did not expect this avowal from a member of the family of Marsdale.

"Yes," continued Gerald, "much regret ; and, had I not, unfortunately, been a wanderer at the time of the purchase, I might have succeeded in preventing my brother forming such hasty conclusions respecting the boundary line. Let me hope, however, that all being now arranged, every feeling of acrimony may soon be replaced by those of cordiality and goodwill."

"I am sure," replied Urcella, "such a happy state of things would give my father much satisfaction ; but, at the same time, I fear it is more difficult than your kindness imagines, to obliterate angry and bitter feelings, preponderating so greatly on the one side."

"All things may be accomplished by degrees," was the reply. "We must look on the bright, and not on the dark, side of passing events. I have at least endeavoured to make a commencement in the right direction," continued Gerald, with a smile ; "and I trust all will soon be right."

"None so glad as I should be," said Urcella, unable to conceal the

delight the above sentiments had afforded her, "should you be a true prophet."

A grotesque wooden timepiece now struck the hour, betraying to Ursella that she had far exceeded the period for her re-appearance at home. She rose hastily, and Gerald, seeming to understand the movement, without further explanation, made a respectful retreat. Ursella lost no time in imparting to Dame Trenchard the office imposed upon her; a piece of intelligence she received with much gratification. Then, taking a hasty leave, she commenced turning her steps towards the Priory.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNTOWARD EVENT.

As Sir Algernon's daughter paced her lonely way homewards, the unexpected meeting with Gerald Marsdale naturally occupied her thoughts: the impression made was pleasing, very pleasing: it could not be otherwise. To feel certain of the good intentions of the eldest son of their redoubted neighbour, was at least satisfactory; but that he had spoken of her beloved father's position with courtesy, even with kindness, were circumstances which afforded her the deepest gratification. "With such generous sentiments," thought Ursella, "might I not have reason to expect that he would use his influence in pacifying his irritable brother, and dissuade him from carrying out those threats which Mr. Davis had heard to escape from his lips."

Cheered by these reflections, Ursella traced out for herself and family a path of sunshine, which was to brighten up their stay at the Priory, and make them all happy. Full of these hopeful prospects, she hurried home to impart the same to those whom she knew would be as well pleased as herself.

Arrived at the Priory, she paced the dreary apartments one after the other without seeing any one; but, as this was no rare occurrence when the weather was fair, she repaired to the spacious garden, a favourite resort of her father's, and where he would love to sit for hours, recalling to his mind the scenes of days gone by, when his boyish gaze loved to watch the cloistered men pacing their noiseless steps along the terrace walks in silent contemplation. Amidst these now neglected paths Ursella sought her father, but she found him not, and was about retracing her steps when her eye caught the distant form of Mistress Anne Trevillers.

She was seated on the margin of what was once a handsome fountain, but of which little now remained to mark its original fair proportions but a heap of granite stones. There rested the sister of Sir Algernon, her head leaning on her hand, as if absorbed in deep thought. She looked up eagerly at the approach of her niece, and rising, embraced her in silence.

The penetrating glance of Ursella detected traces of sorrow on her

countenance, and inquired with alarm, whether aught had occurred during her absence to distress her, and where her father was?

"Your father is not here, Urcella, he has been called elsewhere."

"Called elsewhere?" cried her niece, with surprise. "Who, or what has called him from home?"

"A summons!—a legal order to appear this day before the justices of the peace assembled at quarter sessions."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Urcella, "and wherefore this summons?"

"Is there any cause but *one* on earth, dear child," said Mistress Trevillers, "which could subject your faultless parent to the fangs of the law?"

"I understand you," said her niece, sorrowfully. "My father has at length been summoned before the justices of the peace for adhering to the old creed. "Is it not so?"

"Yes it is, unhappily, the case."

"Surely, they cannot harm him for this fidelity?" replied Urcella.

"Fidelity to opinions forbidden by law can receive no sympathy from those whose duty it is to uphold its dictates."

"At least," said Urcella, endeavouring to show a confidence she was far from feeling, "they cannot do more than convict him as a nonconformist?"

"That, alas!" said her aunt, "is a grievous commencement, and one which will mark us out as objects of suspicion."

"But if our consciences tell us that we have done nought to merit this obloquy, we may still look up and be happy."

"Ah! dear Urcella," rejoined Mistress Trevillers, "your young mind sees but a short way before it. Fines, heavy, ruinous fines, must inevitably follow a conviction for '*Recusancy*;' and from this conviction your dear father can no longer escape. Our future existence will also be attended with additional anxiety for the personal safety of your excellent uncle. The same searching spirit that has levelled this blow at our house will not stop here. We must be doubly watchful in future for his dear sake. The discovery of his sacred character would be attended with consequences I dare not think of."

"Oh, dearest aunt," cried Urcella, "why dwell upon evils that by due care may be averted. A circumstance came to my knowledge this morning which ought to brighten this gloomy view of things."

"And what may that be?" inquired Mistress Trevillers, eagerly.

"The certainty that a friendly feeling towards us rests in the breast of Mr. Marsdale's eldest son."

"And from whom have you learnt this assurance?"

"From no other than from himself," replied her niece, brightening up as she spoke. "He entered Dame Trenchard's cottage whilst I was there, and referring to the unfortunate differences that existed between our families, expressed his extreme regret at the same, and trusted the past would soon be succeeded by mutual cordiality and sociability."

"And was it thus he spoke," rejoined Mistress Trevillers, shaking her

Just as morning broadened we arrived at the region margining the river Min, and alighting near a silk village on its bank took a *coup d'œil* of the surrounding prospect. To the west on the limit of the plain, a range of azure peaked mountains serrate the horizon. Far off, lying in their cool shadow, a city with its turreted walls and tent roofed temples, rises like a Chinese Venice amid a surrounding sea of golden corn; a vast stretch of bamboo forest extends along the southern disk of the landscape, while the interspace,—branched with shining rivers, and mapped with patches of varied cultivation—rice fields near the waters, tea nurseries on the uplands, mulberry groves in the valleys, is abundantly dotted with tree-embowered hamlets. At the base of the hills, villages, each with its joss-house and juniper-shadowed cemetery, and a thick sprinkling of farm-houses, with their white walls and red-tiled roofs, near and distant, sparkle and flash through the clear, dry harvest weather. Yonder convoy of huge grain-junks, some of which are being drawn along the rivers by oxen, while others, with their tall square-sails of brown matting expanded, woo the faint breeze off the inland, are on their way from the harvest-fields of the interior to the granaries of Foochoo, Toongchan, and Canton. Yonder multitude of men, treading their way along the low-hedged roads, which ramify in all directions across the map of the plain, are trains of coolies, heavily laden with cypress-wood from the forests of Leanchan, from which the finest coffins in the empire are made—coffins which are indispensable to the rich and fashionable, and which it is their custom to purchase and keep by them in their mansions many years before Atropos stretches them in their fragrant chambers. The banks of the rivers are lined with avenues of mulberry-trees, around which the population of the neighbouring hamlets—men, women, and children—are now busily engaged; some mounted on ladders among the branches, clipping and pruning the large, rich leaves,—some gathering them into baskets below. In all directions the mulberry harvest is progressing. The leaves are ubiquitous; boats, in ceaseless succession, filled with the branches, come sliding along under the arches of the quaint granite bridges on their way to some city on the coast. The floors of all the cottages, the pavements of all the temples, are piled with them, and, as you pass by either, you hear the indurating murmur of innumerable multitudes of insects feeding on the rich green foliage. Laughter and voices occasionally ripple the sunny silence of the region, but the sitherymal buzz of this world of worms, whose work will presently appear transferred in the gay costumes of London and Paris, is incessant. A few days will suffice to gather in the leaves, after which the mulberry groves and avenues of Fokung will appear mere blots on the June landscape. Nothing will be left but the skeletons of the trees, which will then appear gaunt, withered, and bare, as though the pest-wind had passed over them. Then, when the insect has passed through the stages of voracious appetite and disease, they will be placed in heaps of straw, tied at both ends, in which to spin their cocoons, which, when finished, will be thrown into hot water, to separate the gum from the threads. Then the silk will be collected, and in every village the silk-loom, worked by women and children, will ring whirling merrily. The finest

description is called Yuen-faa, or garden-flower, which is produced in the north of Chekiang, will sell for 28s. a pound, the inferior for less sums. Already this trade, from the produce of a little worm, equals the annual export value of the Northumberland and Durham coal-mines. Besides the silk insect, the Chinese cultivate another kind of worm, which feeds on the oak and other trees, and spins a coarse, strong silk, from which many useful fabrics are made, and which, were it introduced into the western world, might be made effective in creating a new industry.

But, let us leave the region of the silk villages, and, speeding eastward, through the pleasant panorama of the valley of the Min, approach the city of Foochow, whose temples and palaces glitter on its right bank, overlooking the estuary, sheltered to the north by the wooded ranges of the Peh-Ling mountains, on one of whose heights the great shrine of Kas-shan, a conspicuous object, rises, and whose rich gardens and cool climate constitute a sanatorium for the inhabitants during the summer heats. A fortified wall surrounds the city, whose houses, temples, and gardens, glimmering in the dry air, occupy two elevated mounds and the intervening valley; beneath it lies a level gleam of sea;—beyond the irregular outline and purple precipices of the northern hills. Entering, we find that its streets, like those of Chinese cities, are built at right angles, running north and south, east and west; all are narrow; some are paved with granite blocks, some with earth, while it is only those of the wealthier quarter which possess a *trottoire* for foot passengers. The houses, which are of brick, are built without uniformity, and seldom more than one story high; temples, with spacious paved courtyards, shaded by aged trees; mansions, with their gardens, intermingle with lines of humbler dwellings. Some of the streets are connected at either end by old arched gateways, sometimes surmounted by a tower, the erection of which dates from some period of dynastic war centuries removed, and which, during long ages of peace, have been permitted to fall into decay. In their architecture, all the public buildings bear a family resemblance, so that it is only by the inscriptions over the gate and on their walls, that the court of justice is distinguishable from the school, the cottage from the barrack. Looking up, you find that the Chinese have a *penchant* for giving poetical names to their streets, as well as their cities; and, as you pass under those numerous triumphal arches, erected to the famous scholars of the empire who had carried off the first prizes in the competitive examinations of distant dynasties, you enter, perhaps, the avenue of Spring Flowers, that of Celestial Virtue, or that of Benevolence and Love. Turning your attention from those long trains of camels plodding down the central space, laden with raw silk, sycee silver, corn, fruit, tea, and wood, you glance along the lines of shops, and at their contents. All are open to the air, like the bazaars of the east; all have ranges of counters, like those of Europe, with others fronting the street, on which specimens of their merchandise are arranged; while those of the first class, which are all elaborately painted and decorated, are separated into two departments, divided by large doors, in whose windows transparent paper is substituted for glass. The walls, like those of private mansions,

are thickly covered with inscriptions, indicative of the principles on which the proprietor carries on trade, and interspersed also with occasional moral maxims, culled from the Confucian code. In one you see vast heaps of raw silk, white and yellow, exposed for sale; another is draped with rich gauzes, crapes, manufactured silks of all patterns; another crowded with embroidered hats, shoes, tobacco pouches; another glitters with porcelain ware, modern and antique, from the plainest tea service to the vase of crackled china, the bowl of pea-green earth, old as the Nang dynasty, and jars and ornaments of precious jade-stone. Surveying some such collection, you are enabled to contrast the wide differences which exist between the works of the Chinese and the Greek mind, between the miracles of industry and art. Asiatic art, magnificent in its material, is, to the last degree, prosaic and *outré* in its form and image: in Grecian art, the material is nothing, its plastic expression everything: in the one, the human figure is principal; in the other of no more importance than the trees and flowers. The one people are attached to art—that is, to thought; the other to industry—to matter. Further on you come to the quarter where edibles are vended: you pass along shops, outside which are ranged tubs of live fish, baskets of various vegetables and fruits, baskets of sweet potatoes, of bamboo root, sea chestnuts, bowls full of ducks' tongues, cheese, mushrooms from Manchuria, dainty deers' tendons, birds' nests, shark fins, and eggs which have been preserved for ages in lime; outside yonder pastry cook's, a number of round tables covered with candied fruits, plumbs, and acanthus berries steeped in spirits, and confectionary of manifold qualities and devices, are temptingly arranged. Near hand is a cook-shop, with its stoves and cauldron, in whose departments all sorts of meats are in preparation. It is an illustration of the economical principle which the Chinese have realized to such perfection, being formed to save time, space, and fuel; it almost exactly covers the fire, and, while various vegetables and meats are being boiled in its lower compartments, fowls and fish in the upper, are being cooked by the steam. In the pans and cauldrons of the interior, also hiss and splutter all sorts of condiments,—fowls, sea-slugs, and rats! even,—for the Chinese eat everything which has blood and fibre. The city swarms with population; it buzzes like a hive. Endless successions of customers fill the tea shops, in which a cup of the refreshing beverage is procurable for the third of a farthing. To be sure, it is taken without sugar or milk, the latter article being unknown in the Celestial Empire,—much to the discomfort, it may be supposed, of the newly immigrated Tartar population, to whom, in their natural state upon their pastoral plains, it constitutes the chief article of food.

Turning to the population, you observe among them varieties not a few, between their complexions and costumes; between the golden olive of the cheerful Chinese and pale or dusky cheek of the sullen-browed Tartar. The richer classes are easily distinguished by the costly materials of their long-buttoned pelisses, by their silk and satin tunics, their embroidered capes, girdles, and shoes of every colour. Dark, coarse, nankin fabrics, on the other hand, form the dress of the lower orders, whose universal colour

is blue. Even the styles of different periods are observable: while some dress in the variegated patterns of modern looms, others, attached to the past, still affect the old chintz robe, with its simple red and white stripes; and instead of the long queue reaching to the feet, which came in with the Manchou dynasty, wear their hair drawn into a crown knot, and fastened with a pin, after the fashion immemorial in Japan. Up to the present, the Chinese have obstinately opposed the innovation of the fork at their repasts, and the glove in their attire—the elongated sleeve of the pelisse, folded back from the wrist, being made to serve for a hand-covering in cold weather. But let us glance at a few of the characteristic figures of Chinese life who throng the crowded streets. There, attended by his crowd of lictors, moves some pompous mandarin in scarlet robe, belt fastened with clasp of gold and jade-stone, embroidered fan, pipe, and round hat with blue button. He is on his way to attend an examination, or, perhaps, an execution. As that richly-painted sedan passes, we get a glimpse of its occupant—a delicate lady, with her thin dark-pencilled eyebrows, red, arched lip, camelia cheek, and long slip-shaped eyes, which give such an air of indolence and slyness to the Chinese face. She is proceeding, perhaps, to a temple to pray for a male child, or to some neat, juniper-shadowed cemetery, to burn incense to the manes of some departed relative. Yonder couple of merchants, trudging jocosely along with their fans and pipes, are on the road to some tea-house over the river, where they will discuss the silk and tea harvest, loudly express their assent to the last imperial edict, or criticise the work of the last Peking novelist. Then an itinerant barber passes, reverberating his iron call, and is presently engaged before a shop front on the head or chin of a customer. There a boat woman, with her swarthy infant slung upon her back, and a block of black wood in her hand (the life preserver of the semi-aquatic youngster), trudges towards the river. There a soldier, in coarse blue nankin trowsers, red tunic, and crimson-knobbed cap, with matchlock and quiver, strides to the barrack. Crowds are collected in different parts of the city. One is gathered around the itinerant theatre erected before the Temple (dedicated to the Emperor's handwriting); another, that company of jugglers at the street corner, who are producing a full grown plant from its seed in a second of time, swallowing swords, eating fire, and performing all sorts of marvels. Those two boys who are kneeling under the bamboo tuft by the bridge, surrounded by their comrades, are watching a cricket fight, which, among city youngsters, is as favourite a pastime as locust hunting is among those of the country, and are steadily engaged, irritating the insects to combat with straws. In the court-yard of the castle yonder, a group of Tartars are practising at a mark with their ponderous bows, while others are litting and whirling huge weights round their heads, to strengthen the arm muscles. See with what ease yonder brawny figure draws to his ear the string of his thick steel bow—a feat which few of the strongest Europeans could perform. From the earliest times the bow has been the favourite weapon of the inhabitants of the Tartar plains. Armed with it alone the Huns of Attila devastated Europe; their whirlwinds of terrible cavalry

destroyed the serried phalanxes of Roman and Goth, until the latter, hemming them round at Chalons, were enabled to make the weapon with which they were formidable, the short sword, available. Look toward the river. Crowds have gathered on its bank to witness a boat-race. Long ranges of sedans rest under the chestnut and mulberry avenue, along which their inmates, male and female, smoking their fragrant pipes, observe the sport at their ease. Behold those two friends meeting, and saluting each other, each shaking their hands as they approach in a violent manner, in token of the warmth of their feelings. In the west men shake each others' hands—in the east, their own; one of the many customs in which the Chinese differ from the European. Take their modes of address. It has been remarked that the salutations practised in different countries are not a little illustrative of the character of their various races. The "How do you carry yourself?" of the Frenchman is significant of his self-conscious dramatic manners and observation of externals; the "How do you stand?" of the Spaniard of his pride and dignity; the "How are you?" expresses the solid thorough nature of the Saxon; while in that joyous greeting, not unfamiliar nearer home—namely, "The top of the morning to you," who does not recognize the gaiety and elasticity of the fanciful Celt? Salutations among the higher classes of the Chinese are, to the last degree, refined, poetic, and polite, and are infused with a sort of celestial euphemism peculiar to Cathay; but those common to the mass of the community strongly indicate the materialistic tendency of a race who are said by their own philosophers to carry their intellect in the stomach. Instead of bidding his neighbour a good morrow, the Chinese inquires, "Have you had your breakfast?" and inquiries of a similar nature form the salutations of the people during the other divisions of the day. A story, illustrative of this custom, is still extant in the empire. Fate, it is said, had separated a devotedly-attached couple for many years. At last they were fortunate enough to meet once again, upon which occasion the first words uttered by the fond wife, who had thrown herself upon her husband's neck in an agony of joyous tears, were—"Well, dearest, have you had your dinner?"

Passing through the street in which numerous fortune-tellers have erected their booths, and where a multitude of people are hurrying to have their destinies decided, let us make our way to one of the tea-houses over the river. The scene is as quaint and fantastical as the picture on a tea-cup. The house, with its grotesque gables and upturned roofs, its carved doors of red and gold, its ranges of painted balconies, rises with its long, square flag close by the waters, embosomed in trees, and commanding on the land side a prospect of trimly arranged gardens, which occupy a slope of a hill. The walks are lined with box trees, cut into all sorts of forms, fishes, dragons, griffins, etc., and painted flower-pots, half-hidden in gaudy blossoms; there are artificial ponds, covered with languid lotus leaves, each with its island in the centre, to which you pass over quaint little bridges, festooned with creepers; grotesque pavilions crown every mound; labyrinths of twisted bamboo lead to summer-houses, buried in rock-work, overgrown with a

wilderness of flowers; here and there you come upon shady little baskets with mossy seats, upon cool grottoes, with their bubbling spring, and rich coverture of camelia flowers, and full blooming mangolia. An air of neatness, formality, and frivolity is everywhere evident, and the arrangements of the pleasure grounds resemble rather the designs of children than men. Both in their architecture and gardening the Chinese differ widely from other Oriental nations; there is nothing grand in their conceptions, all is conventional and utilitarian; they have no pyramids like the Egyptians, or giant rock temples like the Indians, or stupendous terraced and turreted palaces like the Babylonians; they overload every object with colour, and excess of ornament constitutes their idea of beauty.

Leaving the multitude of pleasure seekers who throng the gardens, in which a group of sing-song women are amusing one company, while others are collected round an open air theatre, upon whose stage the gorgeously dressed actors are performing a play, founded on some incident of a remote dynasty, let us enter one of those elegant mansions which skirt the river suburbs, in which a dinner party have just assembled. As we arrive, the company are engaged in arranging one of the most difficult and delicate operations of Chinese ceremonial—that of seating themselves at table, according to their rank. The polite appreciation of their respective dignity, the exquisite sense of altruism with which the high-bred celestial is inspired, sometimes lengthens this proceeding to an unconscionable period, and it is, perhaps, in consequence of the difficulty which attaches to it, that the etiquette of the empire has limited the number of guests invited to an entertainment to half-a-dozen. At length the complimentary pantomime ceases, they are seated at last; pipes and small gilt cups of hot wine are handed round; then the servants enter with the courses, and cutting up the numerous viands on the sideboards ranged along the walls of the chamber, serve the edibles round on painted saucers, after the entertainer has determined the taste of each guest. manifold are the condiments of the feast—cold relishes succeeding hot dishes; there are stews of sea-slugs floating in rich soup, wafer slices of dried pork, berries steeped in spirit or tea, salted earth-worms, jelly of frogs, hard boiled pigeons' eggs, a couple of generations old; mince of ducks and other fowl; spiced meat balls, and a few exquisite dainties, such as sturgeon's skull cap, relieved with bamboo salad. After each course, hot wine is handed round, and bowls of tepid water, in which the company dip their fingers, and then dry them in paper napkins, steeped in hot water, and tintured with otto of roses. Before the dessert is introduced, the tables are strewn with flowers, and among them are placed small and beautifully formed wicker baskets, containing candied fruits, and numerous varieties of sweetmeats. Presently the host challenges his guests to drink—a challenge which each repeats to the other, accompanied by complimentary expressions, referring to their respective bacchinal capacities; conversation ensues, and the "feast of reason and flow of soul" continues, until the lighting of an incense-rod of mosquito tobacco testifying the approach of those winged demons of the twilight, signals the departure of the company.

The evening is still golden and clear; we shall just have time to look into a mansion near hand before the sun sets. The chamber we enter, which is spacious, airy, and cool, is draped with variegated velvets and coloured paper-hangings, on which are painted birds and blossoms, landscapes of the surrounding country, and scenes of Chinese life. Rich carpets, embroidered with similar images and pictures, cover the floor; sideboards, elaborately carved and decked with precious ornaments, occupy the recesses; some of the tables, which are of marble, are draped with embroidered silks and velvets, others are of camphor wood, of which also the chairs are made. Inscriptions,—poetry and maxim,—glitter in golden characters over the oval crimson doors and mother-of-pearl casements, and over all the ornaments; lanterns depend from the ceilings, and splendid vases of rich flowers, intervalled with silk lanterns, are ranged around the walls of the chamber, which, with its coloured tapestries, transparent, iridescent windows, its atmosphere of light and colour, itself resembles an immense lantern. Its occupants—a group of ladies—are ordinary types of Chinese beauty; all of them have *retroussé* noses, eyebrows thin and crescentic as the leaf of the willow; eyes of beady ebony; faces of purest oval; complexions of pale gold, faintly tinged with carmine. Their dress consists of embroidered silk tunic, open silk pelisse, and broad silk trousers, beneath whose expansive fringe their small feet appear still more minutely beautiful. Singularly graceful is the arrangement of their hair, whose jet-black glossy bands are braided closely round the head, like a diadem—all save a single lock depending on the back. A flower rooted in the tresses droops over the left ear: over the forehead a small jewel sparkles. Various are their occupations: one is engaged at an embroidery frame in the centre of the chamber; another, lounging on an ottoman under the mosquito curtain in the recess, is indolently fingering her *san-heim*, a circular ebony guitar; a third, reclining by the casement, is regaling with her aloe-stemmed pipe, while she peruses one of China's standard novels—"The Shadow in the Water"—in which the adventures and loves of *Teihchungyn* and *Sheuyplingsin* are described with such attractive grace: nor is the fourth less agreeably occupied, for she is examining a present of rouge just received from her lover. In other regions of the poetic east, love-making is symbolic; the natural products of the earth, its flowers and fruit, form the vocabulary of Cupid. The *Romeos* of China, on the other hand, illustrate the industrial utilitarian character of the celestial empire, by sending their *Juliets*, a manufactured article,—a gift of blushes ready made.

As we flit away through the meditative dusk over the city, in whose air numerous bells undulate, and whose streets, illuminated by innumerable coloured lanterns, flash past like the chromatic creations of a kaleidoscope, we reflect upon the numerous contrasts which exist between the Western World and that of China—a land in which the needle points to the south, the seat of the intellect is in the stomach—where the people have no Sabbath, the rose no perfume, the women no petticoats—where white is the mourning colour—where the seat of honor is at the left hand—

where to take off your hat is an insult—where men salute by shaking their own hands instead of their friends'—and where the learned celestials, though one of the most literary people in the world, possess a language which has neither an alphabet nor grammar. Thinking of these and other differences, too long to enumerate, we ascend the upper air of night, and speed away northward, in the lustre of the moon just rising from the Pacific.

STEPHEN, THE ARTIST.

"What is artist life?" Existence, shaped in its divinest sense :
Heart and soul to beauty wedded,—beauty, splendrous and intense,
Realistic, half ideal, half creative, flushed and ripe,—
Breath,—a melody blown upward, from an ivory-fingered pipe ;
Earth and heaven o'erflow with fancies,—fields, and flowers, and foun-
tains rise.

White clouds float, like radiant angels, through the vastness of the skies ;
Life, as happy as the bubble in the birds' throat, deep in June,
Lucent as the star that sits twixt sinking sun and rising moon !"

So he prated in his chamber, high above the roaring street,
Where the iron feet of commerce on the granite pavements beat,
Where the brain and blood pulse quicker than in quiet country ways,
Beating, throbbing,—throbbing, beating,—day and night, heroic lays.
There, above the storms of action, and the blue volcanic gloom,
Sat my friend, before his easel ; backward, from his forehead's bloom,
Swept his hair ; and kindling passions lighted up in eyes that saw
Psyche growing on the canvas, gradual, to some perfect law.

Vividly uprise before me, picture, chamber, and that face,
In whose lines a solemn sweetness mingled with a sterner grace ;
Vividly I hear his laughter, as we talked of other times,
When we strolled the woods together, stringing chronicles of rhymes,
As the children string the daisies. Half, in jest, he turned to me,
"Jupiter ! do you remember my old sweetheart, Ellen Lee ?"
I laughed out, and tapped the window, tapped it slow, and tapped it
fast,
And, whilst tapping, far below me, through the street the lady passed.

"Blame me not," he said, and dashed a light upon the Psychian lip,
"Somehow, still I love and like her ; dreams and happy memories keep
Fragments of the past beside me ; the traditions of the heart
Soar above the inspirations, and the life and aim of art.

You may mock me, you who never knew the real wealth of love,
You who touch the rich affections through a lemon-scented glove;
You who think a woman's mission, from the first hour of her life,
Is to find some passing fellow, good enough to call her wife."

When he ceased, I turned to Psyche; laughed and whistled;—'twas not she;

But the clear and sunlike face, and budding bust of Ellen Lee:
Ellen, as we knew her, truly,—auburn-haired and almond-eyed,
Strawberry-lipped, through which the glitter of her teeth was half descried.
Stephen loved her, fondly, purely. Ah, how men will throw away
The best jewel of their nature upon common brass and clay;
While meek-hearted, trusting women, walk the daily round of care,
Finding none on whom to lean,—and moving, friendless, to despair!

Summer came; he went to Naples—wandered through the Apennines;
Wrote me letters, quaintly tintured with the juice of Roman vines.
"Heaven is here," he told me gravely; "marble temples, purple hills;
White roofs flashed from mountain ledges; morning matins, vesper bells;
Rich it is to see the sunset perish on the ocean floor,
And the twilight palpitating with the wind along the shore.
Mock me not! Earth, heaven, whatever ministereth unto me,
In its stillness and its glory, brings me types of Ellen Lee."

He returned, a dusk-checked dreamer; and we chatted, as of old;
Made our coffee on the stove-top,—smoked, till it grew flat and cold;
Read up Ruskin, swore at Turner, laughed at Martin, praised Maclise;
Sometimes sauntered to the park, and puffed below the chestnut trees.
Then, we heard that *she* was married,—in the chance of life had caught
One whom heaven never punished with the semblance of a thought;
One who suited her exactly, one who seldom ventured "Nay"
To her bidding, and, obedient, changed his neckties twice a day.

Did our Stephen grow consumptive, give up merschaums, take to tea,
Rail against the race of Adam, nickname life a mockery?
No; but he grew wiser, stronger; painted better than before;
Took to heart a sweet acquaintance; put a brass plate on his door;
Gave us a concluding supper,—was there ever such a night?—
Asked the whole set to his wedding; and, as broke the morning light,
High we raised our claret glasses, bowed, and hob-nobbed three times
three,
And drank the sweet bright health of Alice ———, Mrs. M——, who was
to be.

EMILY FRENCH.

THE POOR FAIRIES.

MANY centuries past, long before windmills were invented, and when time was still measured by sun and dial, a great war was waged between the Fairies—the old spiritual inhabitants of Cratloe—and the Witches—beings born in the mists of the mountain torrents. Seasons rolled by; the brooks were stiffened with ice in the dark winter days, or were released from their fetters by the light and breezes of Spring; but with their changes came no cessation of the war which blighted and devastated the whole region, bordered by the Shannon on one side, and the remote headlands of Kerry on the other. They were mournful days for Clare when the corn rotted in the furrows, blasted with unseasonable decay, when the apples dropped, sour and unripened, in the orchards, and the clouds were without rain, and dew fell not with the night. No lark's voice was heard above the valleys in the morning; the crimson forsook the robin's breast, and the feathers of the green linnet waxed grey, as the hairs of a man whose years are counted and whose hope is the grave. The broad forest lands, in which the wild deer had grazed and multiplied for generations, showed but a dreary wilderness of leafless branches, stretched, like skeleton hands, to heaven, as if imploring balm and moisture from the skies. The coot boomed no more in the sedges and rushes of the river bank; the plover abandoned the moor, the seagull folded his white wings in the green fissures of Mohir, the hare died in its furrow, and the brown eagle perished upon the crag. Man fled the blighted region, which was delivered up to the wrath of the fiend, who cursed the earth and darkened the heavens; and there was no life within the land.

Years waned away, and, although the hostile powers continued to eye each other askance, with the vehement hate that had been consecrated by centuries of fruitless struggles, the strength of Fairyland was wasted, and peace was besought. The Witches descended from the mountain peaks, whence but lately they had hurled storm and thunder on their opponents, and the combatants sat down in a craggy plain, in whose midst was built a temple of the Druids, vast, and open to sun and moon, there to discuss terms, and conclude the war. After many days, it was agreed that the sword should be sheathed, and the lightning locked up in the clouds, on these conditions: the Witches were to be acknowledged as sovereigns of the region, to whom the Fairies should pay a yearly tribute of wine, fruit, and water from the spring; consenting, at the same time, to lose the power of rising from the earth and sailing in the air. And when the feud ceased, corn grew again, birds returned to the woods, the deer to the forest; the trees budded afresh, the horn of plenty was poured out upon the land, and man re-possessioned it.

Whilst the earth grew fat in the summer time, the Fairies arose, and, with wings trailing in the dust and grass of the plain, went into bondage. They were a miserable people, slow of speech and weary at heart, as they laboured across the gray boulders, over which they had once floated light as

thistledown, and retraced their steps to the meadows and downs, and rolling country, stretching for miles along the bank of the river. Flocks of robins, their breasts glowing rubies set in carnation, followed them; the eagle screamed for delight that his friends were once more at rest; and a wind gathered out of the frost, and strewed their road with daisies and violets, and the yellow blossoms of the mountain furze. Night overtook them before they reached their destination; but a strange light came from the stars, as they glittered on the fugitives, and the north burned like a great fire in their rear. Thus, succoured by heaven and earth, they sat down, long after midnight, in a wide field, fragrant with thyme and clover, and, looking up, saw the sun break on the first day of their captivity.

The shadows slid round the dial stones, the river ran to the sea, the redstart piped of midsummer, year followed year, and the shadow of defeat lay black and ominous on Fairyland. The people did not grow weak or old, for time falls lightly on immortal substances. Sports and pastimes of happier days were revived, the wicked elves of the population played their old pranks on the dairymaid, or seduced the homeward-bound peasant from his road in the darkness, with the shifting fires kindled by their nimble fingers in bogs and morasses. In the raths, the beating of hammers and the tinkling of gold and glass were again heard at hours sacred to silence and the moon; and when the frost whitened the grass, the track of dancers' feet was visible in the morning. But beneath all this outward forgetfulness and contentment, grief ate the souls of the merry-makers, and mingled bitterness with the cup of their delight. They could not remember without pain the lost era, when they fluttered in the sun from tree-top to tree-top, buoyed upon wings, matched against which the plumes of the dragon-fly were but gross and clogging ministers of pleasure; and whenever they turned their eyes to the peaks, on whose iron summits the Witches brooded, like fragments of thunder-cloud, a groan went up from the captives, and they abandoned themselves to tears and despair. And, as if in reproach, the mountain tops would roar, and the mists and the torrents grow white with wrath.

Amongst the unhappy people lived a maiden of earthly extraction and exceeding grace. Her form was as lithe as the lady fern in autumn; her eyes were likened to melancholy blue bells; her hair was of the colour of fine torque-gold, and flowed down her back to her waist, where it was confined in a girdle of white ribbon. Lena they called her, and in all the land, not even Move, the queen, equalled her in perfection. Her air and manner were so sweetly tender that birds would perch upon her uplifted finger, to peck at the pure ivory of her nails, and the shyest of the fawns left the forest, to walk at her heels and be fondled by her hand. Lena, dressed for a festival, was the fairest creature that ever dropped a shadow 'twixt sun and grass. Over a flowing drapery of blue samite she wore a damask mantle, fastened at the throat with a charmed diamond, of whose history the people preserved a marvellous tradition. On her feet were slippers of silver, tied with sandals of twisted silk and gold; and on her head a coronet of wild flowers, which, because

they were thrice dipped in the enchanted well of Awmee and dried in the moon, never lost their freshness or odour. Thus apparelled, and leading her fawn by a saffron-dyed string, she would take her place near Queen Move, whilst the jocund revellers danced in the meadows to the sound of bells and horns.

One May eve, when the last embers of the bonfires were dying out on the hill sides, Lea, filled with melancholy, seated herself at the queen's feet, and, leaning her head upon her extended palm, gazed wistfully towards the cottages and farm lands which dotted the landscape for miles around. Move, who reclined on a bed of double violets, on which was raised a pillow of cowslips, sprinkled with the damask leaves of the wondrous lusmore, observed her sadness, and whilst the people were busily employed in stringing dewdrops, pearlwise, on the long threads of the grass-spider's web, asked the reason of her favourite's sadness.

"Gracious lady," answered Lena, raising her sorrowful eyes to the queen, "be not angered with me, if at times I long to be restored to the beautiful human world from which I came."

"Art thou not happy with us, Lena? Poor is our estate since the day when the strong thunder of yonder peaks bowed our necks to the yoke of the witches? Poor we are; yet, notwithstanding our fallen greatness, hast thou lacked aught that fancy hungered for or necessity desired?"

"Nothing that thou couldst give, sweet queen. My desires are humble. Yet, forgive me, if in my dreams there is born a longing which even thou canst not requite."

"Will gold purchase it? We have mines, and elves to dig them, and treasures rich enough to lure the angel guardian of the moon to dwell amongst us. Do not those suffice thee, Lena?"

"Alas! no, lady. 'Twixt sleeping and waking, when the whirr of the butterfly's wing lulls eye and brain, there look upon me from some happy land, I know not where, the sweet devotional eyes of a woman,—a pure, white face, saddened, as it were, with thought, and stained with tears."

"Thou hadst a mother, Lena?"

"And my heart craves to see her, O! queen."

"Will she love thee as we have loved thee, Lena? Bethink thee, darling, that even love is mortal—a little cloud that now floats on the bosom of a calm, yet doomed to be torn and scattered by the wind, in as quick a time as the acorn drops from the oak."

"And yet for that brief love, lady, I could consent to forego all things else. Dost thou remember how that poor mother shrieked with anguish on that winter morn when her babe was sinking in the waters of the Fergus, and thou didst bid the brave lily stems to bear it up, and the foam-flakes to rock it to the bank? Oh! would I had a mother! from her a thousand arrows of death should be welcome as benedictions."

As Lena spoke, the shadow of a winged being darkened the grass around herself and the queen; and, lifting up her eyes, she saw a spectral body floating between earth and heaven. Wings of immense length clothed its

sides from heel to shoulder, and so thin and ariel that the stars shone through them in dribblets of light.

"A witch! a witch!" shouted the people, on whose upturned faces horror and apprehension were visible. Some dived headlong into the bells of the buttercups, some ran for shelter under the long leaves of the wild spearment, others leaped from the mushrooms, and stretched at full length in the grass, whilst a few huddled themselves together under the meadow honeysuckle, and watched with blinking eyes the flight of the witch towards the peaks. Only Move and Lena resisted the infection of the general panic, and searched the heavens with tranquil looks. By and by, the little people recovered their self-possession, and, creeping on all fours out of their hiding places, scanned the air with bewildered glances.

"What a big owl!" whispered one, as he nodded his peacock horns at a neighbour.

"Owl, quotha! Prick me to death with a bee's bodkin, if it was not a witch. Here is an infirm bat—I'll play thee leap-frog to the moon, good fellow. Hoot, hoot."

"They watch us narrowly," said Move, as she nestled her tiny hand in the blossomed brows of Lena.

"What do those red flames around the peaks portend?" asked the maiden, pointing to the witch-crag, around which the lurid reflections of a great fire flickered and writhed.

"This night they worship Stobe, the god of the air," replied the queen. "Hark, how it thunders. Do you see the black figures leaping to antic dances in the flames?"

"Yes, lady; and look above. Whose are those weird forms that ride on branches of blazing pine, above the smoke and uproar?"

"The wingless witches of the peaks," answered Move. "Look, ——," and as she spoke, all eyes were turned to the crags, where they beheld the smoke divide, and the shape of a divinely beautiful female, girded with a green snake, rise from the midst of the flames. Her hands were clasped as if in entreaty; and her head was bowed beneath the shower of darts which the witches, who rode around the fire, thick and swift as leaves in the throat of a whirlpool, hurled at her.

"Who is this wretched spirit?" said Lena, tears of sympathy starting into her eyes, sobs almost choking her voice.

"A soul given up to perdition. One, who for some temporal good, bartered herself to the demons."

"All good guardians pity her. Did she live on earth, or the beautiful world outside us?"

"Even so, and in the body of a man."

Lena hid her face in her hands and wept, and again the great shadow swept the grass, and the winged being dwindled like a mote into the skies.

"Release me, I pray you, lady, from this life of fear. Let me go back to the world to which I belong, and without which I know no happiness."

"Whither wouldst thou go, Lena?"

"Where the eye, as I have heard ye tell, sees but its own kind, and is

not mocked by the phantoms of the clouds, or the goblins of the morass—where man walks in peace, because the terrors around him are unseen, and he is not disturbed by the enemies he perceives not—back to the world, wretched as it may be,—back to the mother that bore me.”

“Wouldst thou know her?”

“I know not, lady. Will ye not guide me to her?”

“Let me tell thy story. Thou wast the daughter of a woman sailing on the green sea, in a ship whose rudder was swallowed in the shark’s maw, whose masts the lightning cracked and rotted; and the crew died with baked lips, and the ship drifted hither and thither, piloted only by wind and current. And thy mother dying, tied thee to a plank, and placed the diamond at thy throat in thy raiment, and committed thee to our care, and to the deep. Many days the billows befriended thee till thou wert washed ashore on the strands of Moher, where we found thee.”

“And did she, lady—did my mother perish?”

“Not so. She lives.”

“Restore me to her, for I have seen her eyes, and interpreted their love. I have felt the beatings of her heart in the palms of my hands, in the veins of my temples. Let me see her, O queen, that her heart may not break from the pangs that afflict it.”

“Lena, maiden, hold up the diamond betwixt thee and the moon. Seest thou aught in the crystal?”

“A hundred moons, O queen, each clothed in a rainbow.”

“No more?”

“No more.”

“When those eyes, looking through the diamond, shall see the mother that bore thee, and hear her voice in the bell of the fox glove, and see thy pathway in the running brook, the charm shall be broken, and the world shall be thine again.”

“And who shall teach me to see and know these marvels?”

“Alas! we cannot. Time and fate may aid thee.”

Lena raised her hands above her head, and once more the winged shadow crossed the grass, and the lark sang, and the cock crew, and the fires of the witch-crags were quenched, and day dawned upon the waking world.

Lena went forth in the moist twilight of eventime, and seating herself on the rushes by the margin of a haunted well, which bubbled in the midst of the meadow, allowed her tears to flow without restraint. Then taking up a harp, fashioned of arbutus, inlaid with precious stones, the chords tingled to her fingers, and, with a voice full of pathos and emotion, she sang as follows:—

L.

Blow wind and fly cloud,

Run and flow, O brook.

Leave me, as the world hath left me,

Lone as linnet in the wood,

Forsook, forsook.

II.

Blow wind and fly cloud,
 To my mother hie.
 Tell her that enchantment ties me
 In the fairy goblin brood.
 I die, I die.

III.

Blow wind and fly cloud
 Over land and sea.
 Tell her that my heart is breaking ;
 Bid her haste o'er park and flood,
 To me, to me.

With a groan she laid down her harp, and casting her eyes upon the well, beheld therein a vision that curdled the blood at her heart. Leaning above her, his great wings flung back, his head erect, stood a wizard in an attitude of tenderness and abstraction. His face was human and youthful, his eyes luminous and gentle, his hair was parted in chestnut curls on his forehead, and hung like a bronze coil around his temples. She would have invoked the power of Fairyland to save her, but an unseen power deprived her of utterance; and the white face with which her dreams had made her familiar, appeared in the enchanted well, with a jewelled finger laid to its lips, as if imploring silence.

"Hear me," murmured the wizard, in accents of mournful entreaty, "hear me, and pity me."

"Who art thou?" said Lena, rising from the moss, and casting a look of mingled terror and supplication on the wizard.

"One like unto thee; human and unfortunate. Fear me not. Under this wild and terrible disguise I have a soul a prey to anguish, but strong in the hope of deliverance when the heavens shall will it."

The melancholy and humility of his voice allayed her fears, and she answered: "If, like me, thou art unfortunate, knowing not, even as the wind that cools herbage, whither thou hast come, I have tears for thee, and supplications if they avail aught. Yet earth and air are thy free dominions; where the eagle flies, thy wings float safely; where the hare limps, thy feet tread surely. Art thou not happy with thy kindred?"

"Woe is me," cried the wizard raising up his webbed hand towards the sun, as if stung by some terrible pang. "Little thou knowest, maiden, of this life that is to me like the dream from which men awake when the night is past, and the morning-star is above the hills. Kindred, didst thou say? Alas! a gulf, broad and deep as the sea, separates us. My days are ages of agony, for the hawk of memory digs my heart with his beak."

"Comest thou from the world—the happy, voiceful, shining world that lieth round us?"

"Thence have I come."

"And thou hadst a mother?"

"Yes—a pure woman—an angel, that left her wings in the heavens, that she might minister with humility to the earth."

"I pity thee, for thy fate is mine. Our destinies are like the twin apples in the black orchard of Mebe, blasted by sun and rain, and increasing not in fruitfulness with the seasons. Wert thou, too, shipwrecked and cast ashore?"

"Nay, maiden?"

"Shall I then believe that thou art human—what else but winds and waves, and perils of the sea can divide those who walk the earth and speak in familiar voices?"

"Thou soon shalt know. Other perils await us than those—dangers to which theangers of the wind and seas are as benedictions at harvest time."

Scarcely had he ceased to speak when the skies lighted up the cavernous hearts of the clouds, and the thunder followed in prolonged peals.

"Harm her not, ye minions," cried the wizard, looking to the sulphurous masses of vapour that drifted above their heads. "I shall send a wind to lash ye if ye dare."

And suddenly the clouds parted, and the sun shone down upon the river. Lena, who intuitively comprehended the wizard's power over the elements, turned to him with gratitude in her eyes.

"Sailing 'twixt cloud and water last night, I heard thy story, Lena," he said; "and whilst they sat tormenting my soul upon the peaks, I hovered around thee, for a new life was born within me, and over my beaten spirit came the sunrise of a fair hope. I listened, and dear to me was the human voice I had not heard for years. Behold!"—

She raised her head, and in the clear sunlight, directly over her, beheld an enormous bird, headed like a wolf, grasping a rock with its iron talons. In her terror she clung to the wizard, whose wings instantly over-arched her head, whilst his voice was heard exclaiming:—"Hurl not thy bolts at us, or I shall bridle thy mouth with the lightning, and scourge thee with the wrath of the seas."

And when Lena looked out once more, the bird had vanished, and the air was clear.

"May the skies bless thee for this deliverance," she murmured.

"Fear not," he said, "winds, and rains, and clouds, and the winged demons are but fellow-servitors of those who hold me captive, and dare not strike us. Would thou didst know my story. But already the hell fires are kindled on the peaks, and I must bring the blood-cup to Ayferou, our master. Wilt thou meet me in the Gray Glen at sunrise to-morrow? There thou shalt know all."

Lena consented, and at the same moment the echo of an infernal horn was heard upon the hills, and a voice shrieked through the uproar—"Salmod! Salmod!"

"I am summoned; they call me," said the wizard, and, having pressed his lips to her forehead, lifted his wings, soared towards the peaks, and was lost in the darkness. Soon the three peaks were illuminated

by the reflexion of ghastly flames, and once more the beautiful female rose upward from the fire, and was pierced by the arrows of the witches. She knew it was the soul of Salmód passing through the ordeal; and, stretching her hands towards it as it vanished, she swooned on the grass.

On the green lawn skirting the rushy lands, which stretched in gentle undulations to the river bank, three fairies were disporting themselves. They had plucked yellow leaves off the marsh marigolds, and sent them floating on the tide, clapping their little hands in glee as the frail barks were drawn into the current and swept out of sight. Suddenly a rustling noise was heard in the parched brown grass, and a little man, clad from head to foot in doublet and hose of crimson, came riding towards them on the back of a green field-frog. On his head he wore a cap curiously plumed with the ruby-coloured feathers of the goldfinch, and by his side was slung a tiny horn of burnished silver.

"Cease your pranks," he cried, lifting a long bulrush, and shaking it at the merry-makers. "Our friends the choughs are going, and the air is thick with evil."

"Save us," cried the three. "But tell us, most gallant Crowsfoot, are we not at peace with the peaks?"

"We are, and we are not. This morning they hid the land for four score miles in a fog as thick as a winter jerkin. Our fires will not light, our blue-bells have forgotten to ring, and in our granaries there is not left a grain of sound corn."

"Who hath broken the treaty?" asked the little men?

"We know not what; but the witches are angered, and there is trouble in the clouds. All through the night the owl shrieked, and the ravens chattered in the wood. Woe, woe," screamed the three. "Woe for our desolation!"

"When our queen awoke this morning her hair had turned to gray, and her face was deformed into the likeness of a hag."

At these words the fairies threw themselves on the ground, and groaned in anguish.

"I hear a noise," cried one, lifting his head and gazing at the wood. All four turned in that direction, and beheld the blaze of torches lighting up the green branches and boughs like a stormy sunset. Strains of melancholy music soon issued from the covert, and, in the twinkling of a dewdrop, a long procession of elves streamed out upon the sward.

First came several little men of venerable years, whose white beards streamed down their breasts like flakes of froth. They were vested in loose white robes, confined at the middle with cinctures of dead nettle. On their heads were caps made of acorn shells; in their hands long staves, whose beating kept up a melancholy rhythm to the chaunt of the multitude. They were followed by a swarm of tiny people, whose wizard-like faces, pimpled and blotched from chin to forehead, showed strangely in contrast with those which had preceded them. They walked on clawed feet, had conical humps on their shoulders, long hair, stiff as barley beard, projecting from their backs. As they passed along, they manifested their grief by horrible

contortions of mouth and eye, and by stifled screams, resembling the brief reproach of the broken mandrake. In their rear came a motley crew of small people, dressed in marigold-coloured cloaks and pink breeches, driving before them a herd of hedgehogs, from whose long quills hung clusters of pots, pans, drinking vessels, musical instruments, and artificers' implements. Each of the little people had a spot on the middle of his forehead, and his head was covered with a strip of snakeskin, twisted into the likeness of a cowl. They accompanied their march with a wild plaint and the clashing of cymbals formed of the armour of the black beetle, and studded with the yellow crust of the swallow's nest. On their heels limped a long train of goblins, parti-coloured as a dead oak leaf, and nimble as grasshoppers. Some were headed like hawks and crows, others seemed to have borrowed their faces from the gray owl and the lizard. A few walked upright, but the greater bulk hopped along upon all fours, shaking their stunted tails restlessly, and grinning as they trudged. Behind them, like a bed of moving lilies, rocked by the wind on the cool rim of a lake, walked a long line of diminutive damsels, clothed in flowing vestments of white and azure, sprinkled with minute stars. Each led by a leash a pair of piebald crickets, that chirped incessantly, with a lack of cheerfulness which suited the general grief. Garlands of blowing honey suckle were wreathed around their foreheads, and, in their ears, scarcely hidden by the golden weeds of their hair, bells, almost invisible, kept up a melodious but sorrowful tinkling. In the midst of the damsels, mounted on a gray monse, richly caparisoned with dry violets, rode Move, the queen, the silken reins of her steed being held by two maidens, who, wand in hand, walked at either side. Her face, which was hidden by a veil of delicate cobweb, could not be seen; and the heavings of her bosom and the sighs which escaped her from time to time, betrayed the agony that lay at her heart, for the deformity that had befallen her. As the grieving multitude passed along, the noises ceased for a moment, and, like the wind in the navel of a cavern, a million voices exclaimed: "Woe for Fairyland, and woe for Move, our queen!"

The cries and noises of the multitude startled Lena from her stupor, and, rising up, she joined the queen, who had dismounted, and sat with knitted hands and drooping head at the root of a gigantic beech tree. The branches above her were filled with the knighthood of Fairyland, delicate elves, mounted on bats and flying beetles, and dressed in close suits of vivid green. Around her the hosts lay encamped on the grass, mute and passionless. Suddenly, Move raised her veil, and, pointing her finger upwards, cried:—

"Behold! my people; behold! Thus am I punished."

Lena could not see, without a feeling of horror, the change which had taken place in the queen's features; the fresh bloom of immortal youth had left them; they were shrivelled, yellow, and repulsive.

"Thus are we oppressed," continued Move. Poor was the offence that provoked this retribution. I dared to wish aloud that our daily trial might soon cease, and at that moment an invisible hand struck me with the wand of age and decay."

"A curse light on them," cried the people. "May the master fiend chain them to the fire-crags, whilst grass shall grow and water run!"

Suddenly, the ghostly peaks lightened and darkened in the distance, and a thunderbolt shivered the beech which served the queen for a canopy. The skies opened their floodgates, and poured their fountains on the earth; and a storm, which seemed to blow out the fires of the stars, raged through the wood with such violence that the stoutest trees were overthrown, and the herbage beaten flat to the ground. The wretched fugitives in vain sought shelter from the uproar of the elements. Below, the sward was sheeted with water, lashed into foam; above, the air was inky black, except when a momentary flash showed the witches riding about in the tempest and rain. They could not cross the rivers, for fate hath forbidden them; neither could they enter the wood, for there the peril was greatest. Their shrieks and cries mingled with the tumult, and, as they ran hither and thither, in the wild hope of finding some refuge from the unfriendly weather, confusion gathered upon confusion, and horror was added to horror. Lena and the Queen, who did not quit each other, were alone saved from the miseries of that awful night. A protecting wing shielded them; and when at last the fury of the winds and clouds was spent, the wretched people found them sitting on a patch of dry moss, unhurt, if not undismayed. Day broke at last upon the tired world, and all retreated into an abandoned rath, at a little distance from the wood. Watches were placed upon the four outlets, and the wanderers tasted once more the happiness of rest and sleep.

Twilight was sinking along the hills, when Lena, foot-sore and exhausted, entered the narrow defile leading to the Gray Glen. Having walked a considerable distance along a rude pathway of slippery crags, overgrown with fern and orchis, she saw before her, high in the darkening air, the outlines of a great bridge, whose span extended across the chasm, and seemed like an outlet to some newer and stranger world. Scarce had she passed out of its blank shadow than the Gray Glen burst upon her sight. A hollow scooped out of the mountain cone, it was encompassed on all sides with precipices of living rock, their bald and blackened fronts cracked with rents and fissures. Where a ledge projected from the beetling mass, grew blasted pines and alders, scattered in desolate ranks and clusters along the barren steeps; high on a giant boulder sat a gray eagle, staring across the abyss, like the guardian of the place. A tarn filled the bed of the glen, and along its shores the spectral pines and alders were multiplied in such fantastic forms, that they seemed like doomed spirits, watching beside the infernal lake. The roar of falling torrents resounded through the otherwise perfect silence of the glen, filling it with prolonged and melancholy echoes.

She found Salmol leaning against a boulder, awaiting her coming.

"Grace and welcome to thee, dear one," he whispered, taking her hands in his, and gazing with tender earnestness into her eyes. "This night I am free. Sit thee down here. The misery of this valley is like the misery of my mind; and I can speak from a full heart."

"Thou wilt tell me of thy mother, Salmod ; and we shall compare our sorrows, and give tears to the greater."

"I will tell thee of my father, Lena ; and may my griefs be worthy of thy pity. Dearest, beyond the woods of Tervoe, we dwelt for many years, and peace sat upon our thresholds, and death knocked not at our doors. Our harvests were abundant, our herds prosperous, our hearts were light. Grief sat not with us as a guest, until my father, who commerced, through blind curiosity, with the world of spirits in which we dwell, sought from them the gift of prophecy. To him it was given, on this condition, that I, his son, should be delivered up to the witches, and to remain in their power until I should discover the secret that lies buried in the tarn at our feet. I knew not of this treaty. One day an aged woman came into our fields, and asked me to follow her to a little hill on the borders of the forest. And when we reached there, she stamped her foot on the ground, from which burst a spring, and, taking some of the water in her palm, she sprinkled me, saying :—

" 'Drop thy weeds,
And thank the giver,
Be a witch,
For aye, or never,
Till thou findest
What is hidden
In the gray lake
Rest unriden.'"

And instantly my youth dropped from me as a garment, and wings rose from my sides, and I was carried away to the three peaks, where I live tormented till the day of my deliverance."

"Unhappy Salmod," exclaimed Lena, "unhappy youth ! And is there no hope for thee ?"

"Whilst the sap runs, the leaves blow ; whilst the heart beats, the hope remains. I do not despair."

"Let us look in the tarn," she said. "There is a terrible mystery in those black waters. How they froth !"

"Let us go down," answered Salmod ; and the two descended the slope, and stood beside the lake. By a strange impulse Lena bent over it, and as she did, the diamond at her throat, dropped into the tarn, and disappeared. Then the blasted pines and alders shook from their roots to their topmost branch, the eagle screamed, the middle of the lake divided, and the head of a gigantic man rose over the surface, and looked to where they stood.

"What seek ye ?" it said, in a voice that seemed to rise from the under world.

"Deliverance," answered Salmod.

"From whom ?"

"From the witches of the peaks."

"Whom hold they in thrall ?"

"Me."

"Bind thy loins," answered the apparition, "with chickweed, cast a handful of their fire to the four winds, and call thrice on Bearan, and thou shalt be free."

"Stay—I conjure thee, stay," cried Lena, as the head was disappearing.

"What seek ye?" it asked.

"Deliverance for Queen Move and her people."

"Bid her grind the lismore seed, and steep it in the water of the enchanted spring; bid her anoint three arrows with the juice, and when she shall shoot them at the peaks, herself and her people shall be free."

"Once more stay," cried Lena—"my mother—doth she live?"

"She lives, and waits thy return," answered the apparition, as it sank in the black depths of the mere.

Salmod turned to Lena, with an expression of sublime triumph in his eyes. "We are free," he said, "we are free."

"The jewel is gone," she answered, "but if the apparition spoke true, priceless is the return we have got in its place. Oh, beautiful world, Oh, lorn mother, once more shall I return to ye—to dwell with ye for ever—far from the realm of phantasies that trouble heart and eye, and shut us out from the pure nature that lies beyond them. This was the story Move told me I should read in the jewel. Happy and great be the day when the diamond was lost, and the lake gave up its secrets. To-night shall I reveal to Move the means of her deliverance."

"And to night," said Salmod, "this hand shall strike down the power of the witches. Let us go. The path is rough and thy feet are bleeding, dearest, but I shall lift thee above them, and those wings, for the last time, shall scale the heavens and darken the world."

So saying, he clasped Lena in his arms, and soared above the crags. She, looking down, saw the rivers wrinkled like tangled threads below, and again caught the sun descending behind a bank of ocean vapour. To the right lay the infernal peaks, like to a cluster of stars fallen from the skies and smouldering on the earth; to the left, the river and the twinkling tapers of the fairy people. And a white face moved before them as they cleaved the air, and the tender eyes were suffused with happy tears; and Lena knew it was the face of her mother. Salmod descended in a little valley near the encampment of Queen Move, and as he released the happy Lena from his arms, whispered in her ear: "Be patient awhile, for to-morrow brings us freedom."

"Thou wilt soon return, Salmod," she murmured, as she hung upon his neck; "for without thee even freedom should lose half its sweetness."

"To-morrow, dearest," he answered, and embracing her for a moment, he spread his wings and floated towards the peaks.

"Joy for thee, Queen Move," and joy for thy people," cried Lena, as she stood in the royal presence.

The poor queen turned her eyes scornfully to the maiden.

"Mock us not, Lena she answered, "our misfortunes deserve your pity."

"I do not mock you, lady—hark in thine ear," and she bent her head and whispered.

Move's face changed. "These hands shall prepare the charm," she cried, "come with me, maiden," and the two rose and entered the rath.

"The twilight gradually deepened into night, but the persecuted fairies were too dispirited to think of renewing their sports, and huddled themselves together on the grass where they talked of the brighter days of Fairyland, and bewailed their present griefs. Suddenly a lurid gleam brightened the peaks—a gust of red ashes was scattered to the four corners of heaven, and a voice cried out, "Bearan, Bearan, Bearan!" Scarce had its echoes died away, when a youth of noble mein and beautiful features, dashed into the midst of the sorrowing people.

"Friends," he cried, "where is Lena—where is your queen?"

At that moment Move and her companion came out of the rath, and beheld with astonishment the convulsions which agitated the peaks, and the flames that, rising from their summits, seemed to touch the furthest of the stars.

"Dost thou not know me, Lena?" cried Salmody, folding her in his arms, "the spell is broken, and I am free—free with thee, oh, dear one."

Lena blushingly surrendered herself to his arms, and murmured thanks; giving. Then, addressing Move, she said: "O Queen, this youth is our friend—the enchanted one, of whom I told thee."

The little fairy tripped up and welcomed the stranger. "Who are those," she asked, "riding towards us in the air?"

"The witches," answered Salmody.

"Are the arrows prepared?"

"Yes," said Move, "and I have armed my trustiest imps with quivers full of them, and bows of bending larch."

"Then we are safe. Now, my gallant bowmen," he cried, addressing a troop of goblins, habited like archers, who had ascended from the rath whilst he was speaking, "send your darts into yonder cloud, towards the peak, and the powers of the benighted demons shall fall before them."

A flight of arrows was his answer. Instantly the cloud dissolved, the peaks darkened, and, with a wail like the roar of the chafed ocean, their infernal inhabitants fled seawards, lightning, and thunder, and storm flashing, and roaring in their train.

The little people screamed for joy, and danced about in ecstasy, clapping their hands, and joining in antic dances on the sward.

"Ye are free," cried Move. "What shall be the meed of our deliverers?"

"Restore me to mine own, O lady," answered Lena; "and blessings light on thee, and on thy people."

"Thy wish shall be fulfilled," answered the queen; "and when thou art separated from us, thy good offices shall not be forgotten. Thou shalt be rich in the love of one who worships thee; beautiful children shall exalt thy name, and the abundance of fields, and orchards, and seas, and rivers, crown thy happiness. Go!"

Followed by the whole suite, the queen led the way to the river, and as she paused upon its banks, she plucked a hare-bell, and handed it to Lena.

"Place this blossom to thine ear, maiden, and say what it tells thee."

"I hear a voice," answered Lena, "the low voice of a gentle woman, saying, 'Haste to me—to thy mother, who awaits thee in the meadows by the river.'"

"Then thou hast heard her voice—behold," and the queen, waving her wand, there rose across the river a bridge of white lilies, level with the water, but undisturbed by the current. "When ye have crossed this, the land of enchantment shall be at your back, and the beautiful world of Lena and Salmod before ye. Farewell!"

The youth and maiden knelt to the queen, and kissed her feet. Then rising, hand in hand, they stepped upon the bridge of lilies, and passed safely across. And when they had reached the bank they turned round to wave their hands in parting, but the faries had vanished, and nothing was visible save the marsh marigold, and the rushes on the brim, and the dead inland spreading far behind.

"They are gone," said the maiden; and at that moment she heard one exclaiming—

"Welcome to me, my long lost daughter. Thanks to our God, who hath preserved thee!"

And Lena fell on her mother's bosom and wept.

THE WAR-SHIPS OF THE WORLD.

There are great questions in agitation around us everywhere. The sanitary question is a great question, and is at the lowest strata of all the discussions that make us uncomfortable with their various grades of interest, up to that noisiest of all subjects, the income tax question. A few months ago one would have thought, and be excusable for thinking, that nothing could vary the round of topics with which human nature occupied itself in these kingdoms. We had grown so accustomed to their assertion and their reiteration; we had each of us turned over their phases so frequently, looked at them under so many aspects, seen them become so many persons' hobbies, actually gone in and made of some portion of them an individual hobby for our own particular equitation, that we might each of us have come to the conclusion of the royal Jew, and have exclaimed in a paraphrase of his sentiment:—"There can be nothing new under the sun."

Society has been relieved from the despair of such an assertion. It has been startled from its repose upon such a state of do-nothingness. The roar of the guns which thundered along the shores of James River has echoed through the homes of the world. Ericsson has become the exponent and prophet of our age, and everybody makes a faith out of ships that wear

iron armour. Who is there during the last few weeks who has not become profound upon plates, whether of hammered iron or cast steel? What coterie is without its brilliant man upon the subject? What wonderful engineers have sprung up around us everywhere, who know more about rifled guns than Sir William Armstrong, and more about the value of armour coating than the builder of *La Gloire*! We have heard fair ladies discuss with the most intense interest the value of angular deflection in the metal coating of our sea defences, who explained to a nicety the impetus required to pierce a plate of mail at a certain inclination, and we have positively listened to a juvenile of tender years, whose calculations upon the force of projectiles was something astonishing. Now, all this proves that we have got a great question at last, which fills everybody's mouth, and everybody's head, and everybody's parlour, and sends our common human nature into a wilderness of talk, never heard before since the great day of confusion on the plains of Shinar. This solemn and momentous subject is found in the phases of the great gun and great armour question—the revolution in naval warfare—iron against stone, iron against shot, and cannon against everything.

Now, in the city of Syracuse, just two thousand years ago, there was just such another hubbub made upon the same subject. Everybody cried out that a revolution in naval warfare had been initiated: and the man who heard everybody say that with the greatest complacency, was no less than Archimedes himself. That great engineer had just accomplished two brilliant feats. Shut up in Syracuse, besieged by the fleet of the Romans, which sailed proudly under the walls of the leagured city, as to certain victory, he had defeated the redoubtable power by destroying their ships equally at a distance and a-near. He had no rifle cannon, nor gunpowder, nor balls: no Woolwich, or Shoeburyness. His means were only found in looking-glasses, by whose aid he burned the Latin galleys, as they lay at anchor in the bay; and, when they were forced to venture an attack, at once a huge crane, which, shaped like a hand, when they came within its reach, swooped down from the towers, and, closing in its grasp the hulls of the fated ships, lifted them, with their crews, high in air, to dash them down, with overwhelming force, upon the rocks below, shivering them to pieces. In our age of superior mechanical development, we may smile at the means of Archimedes; but still, had we lived in those times, we would have cried aloud, with the citizens of Syracuse, that there was a revolution in naval warfare.

Mr. Ericsson does for us, moderns, as well as Archimedes did for the men of his time. He enjoys the credit of having put upon trial armoured ship against armoured ship, and come off triumphant; but men generally believe that to the Emperor Napoleon belongs the first idea of making war vessels impenetrable by any of the projectiles now in use. This is not the fact. Four-and-twenty years since, the American Federal Government proceeded to make investigations on the subject, and in consequence, began the construction of an armour ship, of immense size, at Hoboken dockyard, in New York. Mr. Stevens, an eminent engineer, in the service of their

Admiralty, superintended the operations on that occasion. The chief difficulties of the construction of this kind of vessel were then worked out. A curious fact in connexion with this ship,—the model of the future navy of the world,—was, that, after being carried on in process of building during more than eight years, the project was abandoned. During that period, the Government had granted, at different times, 500,000 dollars for the work. In addition to this, the builders had expended, from their own coffers, the sum of 200,000 dollars: but, in 1851, having applied for additional sums of money to proceed, the Government declined further outlay, and, in consequence, the vessel remained unfinished on the stocks, and but half completed. Last year, public interest and modern experience revived the plan, and the Federal Government commanded the works to be resumed. It was calculated at the time that 500,000 dollars would complete them. The construction of this ship was far from being faultless, but still it should be regarded as formidable.

When the designer, Mr. Stevens, first contemplated the idea of an armour-coated ship, he entered upon a variety of experiments, in order to establish the power of resistance, of different substances, to projectiles. From those experiments he obtained most interesting results. They established that it required 16 times the thickness of oak or teak to offer the same resistance to shot as iron, and that a well-made four-inch slab of wrought metal was equal in resistance to five feet four inches of oak. By this theory, and according to the experiments on which it is founded, the sides of those ships coated in the same manner as the *Warrior*, are equal, in resistance, to a thickness of eight feet ten inches of oak or teak. According, however, to Mr. Stevens's aims, his object was not so much to stop the shot of an enemy, as to have his plates at such an angle as would give the projectiles a different direction. For this purpose, he asserted that armour should never be laid on at a less angle than 30 degrees, and that the plates should be forged of six inches thickness, which, at such a slope, he calculated, would be equal in resistance to a foot of iron in thickness, if it were placed upright. Armour so immensely solid should, by its weight, cause a deep immersion of the ship. This, in a sea-going boat, would be a great drawback, as causing an addition to the peril of a voyage. In order, therefore, to do away with the necessity of coating her over too heavily, he saw that, if the ship could be sunk to a fixed line on going into action, all the surface, at a certain depth, would be safe from the enemy's fire. For the purpose of submerging her, therefore, he devised a plan by which, on going into an engagement, her compartments could be filled with water so as to bring her completely under the sea, submerging all but the funnel, and the tier of guns on the apex of the slanting armour plates which cover in her deck, in much the same way that a roof covers the walls of a house. Mr. Stevens considered water, from its non-elasticity, as the most perfect of all means of protection against the flight of projectiles. With this view, he aimed to get as much of it as possible around his vessel, and so arranged her construction, that the crew could with safety submerge her altogether, except the ridge of guns and the chimney.

This ship was constructed of large size, her length being 420 feet; her breadth of beam, over all, 53 feet; her depth, from the gun deck, 24 feet; and her carrying power, 5,000 tons. Besides her regular carrying power she had stowage for 923 tons of water—that required to immerse her to a depth of twenty-one feet. This would leave only four feet of her construction exposed up to the level of her guns, and the armour plates arise to eight feet above the water line. The guns stand on a ridge or platform of metal, about twenty-five feet wide in the stern, and from fifteen to twelve feet wide in the bows. On this armour deck are placed eight guns of wrought iron, the four in the bows being fifteen-inch shell guns, throwing a shell of some 350 pounds weight, the four in the stern being eighteen-inch, and throwing shells of more than 500 pounds. In addition to those, are four angular and almost conical loading houses, covered, like the rest of the armour decks, with six-inch plates, one being built between each gun fore and aft. The guns themselves are left entirely exposed, their trunnions being bedded into immense hemispheres of wrought iron. Each of those hemispheres forms part of a turn-table, which is worked on the twenty-one feet deck beneath. The steam apparatus is interesting, but very complex. The boiler compartment is situate about 200 feet from the bows, and beneath the main deck. This portion of the ship, when in action, would be completely submerged several feet below water, the only vulnerable parts thus presented being above. There, however, it is protected by the usual six-inch armour plating. In front of the boilers are placed the blowers and pumping engines, and near these again are the coal bunkers and the compartments for water, by the admission of which the vessel is brought to her fighting trim, and immersed, all but the peak of her gun deck. The boilers are five in number on each side. Each has two furnaces, and the upper parts are fitted with two-and-a-half inch return flues, ten feet in length. The engines are made to work at high pressure, sixty pounds to the inch. Each of the two sets of engines is of about 1,000 nominal horse power, the screws being two in number, one under each quarter, leading to its own set of engines, placed on each side of the vessel. Those screws are accounted to work at the rate of 100 revolutions a minute, and this gives an indicated power of 8,000 horses. It is very much doubted, however, whether even sixty revolutions can be attained. Still, all speculation upon this point must be necessarily very vague, as neither the pitch nor diameter of the screws can be ascertained until it is seen how the engines themselves will answer.

The armour plating extends some distance down the side of the vessel beneath the line at which submersion begins. It is very complete, and consists of strong plating six inches thick upon all the portions of the ship unprotected by submersion, and as far as it is concerned ought to be as efficient for protection as that of any of the armoured ships afloat. The theory upon which her usefulness for fighting is grounded is very simple. On the approach of an enemy, the vessel would immerse herself by taking in water until the ridge of her gun deck was almost level with the water's edge. The men told off for loading would then occupy the loading houses

and those beneath would, with the aid of the turn-table, work round the muzzle of each gun to the entrance of the loading house, so that each piece could be loaded, worked round again, and fired as quickly as possible. To the entrance of the loading house are fixed ports or doors sufficiently thick to close them against ordinary shells, when they have once loaded; but the gun itself with all the men engaged in elevating and firing it are left completely exposed. Such are the principal details of the first armour-clad ship ever constructed. There are points which seem objectionable in a rough sea, the guns must be "awash," and in the presence of a strong breeze the danger of her submersion is evident. But admitting those as difficulties possible to be avoided, what is to become of the men and guns which are unprotected. This latter objection has been anticipated in part, and the American Government has given orders to forge the guns of such solidity that the enemy may batter them with impunity. If 6:3 pounders were not in use, nor Armstrong 100 pounders not invented, this might be done. However, there is no doubt that no gun can be forged which could bear a rap on the muzzle from one of those missiles with impunity. The consequence of such an occurrence would be that an indent would be made which would never let shot or shell in or out of it again. Then too, the men who are to come out of the loading houses to train and fire the cannon, would be swept before the rifle shots of the enemy. Those are serious objections to the present construction of this vessel, which, no doubt, will be rectified—as they appear to the merest observer.

The next great naval construction is that of the French Government—the famous "La Gloire." After the experiments at Kinburn, the Emperor Louis Napoleon became convinced of the utility of armour plating for ships of war. The fact that iron sheathing was to a certain extent a success, determined that monarch to construct a vessel which should be as safe as the iron batteries that defied the Russian guns, and at the same time as sure and handy as an ordinary frigate. The design was made by M. Dupuis de Lome, and no less than ten of those costly ships were put upon the stocks at once. There are no authentic details given of this vessel, which resulted from the plan of the chief engineer of the French navy, as no minute examination is permitted of the ship. Her armour plates, however, are known to be of the same dimensions and density of the *Trusty*, and, like those of the *Trusty*, are penetrated by steel bolts. Each plate is $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in thickness, and the weight of the armour carried on the ship is 820 tons. It has been said by Mr. Whitworth, that "ships hampered by the weight of enormous plates must be unfit to carry a broadside of guns heavy enough, and cannot be driven at the high rate of speed which must hereafter give the superiority in naval warfare." An opinion which would corroborate general testimony of this kind is a particular reference of Sir Howard Douglas to *La Gloire* :—"I assert, on information on which the reader may rely, that *La Gloire* is a failure, as a seagoing ship; that she is really nothing more than a floating battery upon a large scale, so burdened with the weight of armament that she is not capable of ocean service." In the teeth of such statements, we have the fact of her trip to Algeria, in the

company of the Emperor Napoleon. In England many rumours prevailed, and still prevail, regarding her seagoing qualities; but in France general and particular opinion is altogether in her favour. This has received great confirmation from all accounts of the voyage to which we refer. The men who assisted in working her to the African coast have declared that not even the imperial yacht herself—light and trim a ship as she is—behaved so well during the heavy gales the squadron encountered from the hour it left the French coast. That those gales were severe and violent, we have sufficient proof in the fact that the steamers from Cette were unable to leave port in consequence of the state of the sea; and in any harbour of the Mediterranean, no fishing squadron dared to put to sea at the time. Yet, then, the *Gloire*, charged with her full amount of ammunition, with all her guns, with provisions for several months, sped through the storm in safety to her destination. This was test enough for her sailing qualities. No more severe trial could be required; and it is one to which no other vessel of the same kind over the world has been put. We are told that in appearance *La Gloire*, which is the largest of the mail-clad vessels of France, does not at all give the idea of a very heavy or very powerful ship. Her lines are delicate and symmetrical: her masts are taper and yacht-like; and the only sign which tells of huge machinery, and consequent power, is the broad and low funnel. If it were not for this, she might be taken for a pleasure boat, and not for the most formidable of existing warships.

Before this trial afforded evidence of the speed and seaworthiness of this experiment of naval warfare, Mr. Scott Russell had expressed a favourable opinion of the ship, upon the mere merits of the question of the hindrance in rapidity of her sailing, or the safety of her navigation, by reason of her weight. He asserted that *La Gloire* was built by M. Dupuis de Lome after a most exact calculation of the effect of such plates as she carried, both upon the weight and speed of the vessel. For this reason, and upon the data ascertained in this way, she was constructed as fit to carry a broadside, as heavy in calibre as any that can be worked in wooden ships in our own service. In reference to this, Mr. Scott Russell is of opinion that the judicious application of well-known principles of naval architecture is able to overcome any obstacles of this kind. He states, however, that, great as she is, well laid down, and answering in every respect to the wishes of the builder, as she does, *La Gloire* must not be regarded as his *chef d'œuvre*. He had not always the material required for his views in hand, France not being a great iron country like England; but, there is no doubt, M. Dupuis de Lome made the most of his means, and met a success in every way commensurate with his ability.

Such are the most note-worthy circumstances in connexion with the first of the armoured fleet in France. Whilst the preliminary steps were taken, at the same time, both at Cherbourg and Portsmouth, in order to ascertain the value of ships covered with mail for war purposes, it would appear that the French executive alone took advantage of the knowledge thus derived. It was proved then, that at a certain distance, and with guns of a certain

calibre, iron plates could be penetrated by solid shot, either of the new or old construction : but it was also proved that this could not be done except at point blank ranges. However, whilst the British Admiralty remained quiescent, their French ally was busy at his ten terribles ; and it was only when *La Gloire* excited a commotion by her fame, that an effort was contemplated not to be caught by her unprepared. This was the effect of the public opinion of those countries alone, for, in 1856, by Mr. Scott Russell's designs, for an iron-plated corvette, with very fine lines, and destined for high speed, were submitted to the admiralty. Year after year the subject was pressed upon them in vain. On the accession of Sir John Pakington to office, at last steps were taken to put this question at rest. Aided by Mr. Corry, and finding how active the French dock-yards were in this department, he determined that, at least, a beginning should be made here. Before doing anything, six of the most eminent ship-builders were requested to send in plans and suggestions, and as those were found not to differ materially from those already submitted, a slightly modified plan was adopted. From this the *Warrior* was constructed, at Blackwall, and she still retains the reputation of being the finest man-of-war afloat.

The building of this great vessel was accomplished by the Thames Iron Ship-Building Company, and she was begun in the spring of 1859. She was originally intened to be built as an iron-cased steam ram, and in this state was to be nearly as shot-proof as possible, with the object of not only engaging, but especially of running into and sinking other ships. From this, however, she was altered to be a shot-proof heavy-armed frigate. She was equally built to be fire-proof. The slabs of armour which cover her sides weigh many tons each, and are from 16 to 18 feet in length, four feet wide, and four inches and a half thick. The nose, or cut-water of the vessel, is one immense slab of iron, 30 feet long, 10 inches thick, and weighing upwards of 17 tons. The screw-frame is one piece of the finest forged-iron, without the slightest flaw of any kind, and weighs not less than 44 tons. Such forgings were never thought of before, even in the construction of the *Great Eastern*. The measurements of this enormous ship of war are : extreme length 380 feet ; extreme breadth 58 feet ; depth 41 feet 6 inches, and her tonnage no less than 6,177 tons. The engines are 1,250 horsepower, their weight, with boilers, is 950 tons. However, one great defect in her construction is, that she can only carry about 950 tons of coals, or about enough for seven days. Her armament weighs about 1,200 tons, this with the hull, which is 5,700 tons, gives her a total weight of 9,000 tons in all, or about the weight of the *Great Eastern*. From her fine lines and admirable construction, her speed is very great, being almost fifteen knots per hour, and this wonderful velocity would make her a most terrible enemy of a wooden fleet, as if run right on, she could bear the whole ships of a squadron down without the slightest injury to herself. From five feet below the water line up to the upper deck, comes the great armour of teak and iron. This is formed of a double casing of the hardest teak 18 inches thick, with the beams laid at right angles to each other. Over

those beams are laid the plates of solid iron five inches in thickness. This tremendous coat of armour does not cover the whole vessel. The stem and stern are left unprotected by it, the broadside alone or about 220 feet of her side surface being covered with it. The stem and stern are covered with iron plates about one-and-a-half inches thick, and are lined with 24 inches of teak. To compensate for the want of armour, both those extremities of the ship are crossed and re-crossed in every direction by water-tight compartments, so that it is almost a matter of indifference whether they get riddled with shot or not. The whole vessel is amply supplied with expedients of this kind, about twenty places being subdivided into wrought iron bulkheads, constructed water-tight, and of the most solid description. Those which cut off the stem and stern of the vessel from the armour coated portions of the ship, are cased with teak and armour plates below the water line just as the broadside of the vessel. Thus, if the stem and stern were shot away, the fighting portion of the ship would still remain as complete and impenetrable as ever, still opposing 20 inches of teak, and 5 of wrought iron to every shot. The bows are enormously strengthened, with the object of being used to run down an enemy's ship of war, being backed inside with a perfect web of iron work—eight wrought iron decks, an inch thick, stretching back from this part to the armour plates. Of the 36 guns the ship carries, 30 are under the armour coating, and the rest are fore and aft. All these pieces of ordnance are Armstrong's long-range guns, and throw a shot 100 pound weight. The armour plates are dovetailed into each other, and are fastened into the inner ribs of the ship with bolts, which are counter-sunk outside, so as to be level with the surface of the plates. The weight of the plates is 1,000 tons. Those armour slabs are formed of scrap iron with a certain proportion of puddled bar iron, which combination makes a mixture of almost unyielding toughness. Many of them were taken to Portsmouth, and subjected to the most severe tests in order to ascertain their capacity for resisting shot and shell, and, at the time of trial, withstood these projectiles admirably. Such is the construction of the *Warrior*—the most efficient iron ship of Europe—and from those details, evidently manufactured with the greatest care and skill which could be brought to bear upon her. Her guns give her ability to commence an action at four miles distance. At two miles she will herself be out of an enemy's range for all practical purposes, whilst her ordnance can tell with the greatest effect at such a range. She is the result of the practical skill of England, directed to achieve that miracle of naval architecture, an impregnable war-ship, and, no doubt, she arrives near the point of success.

In the consideration of this subject, we must give the last link in our catalogue to the wonderful and celebrated *Monitor*, but this is not the place that vessel must take in any consideration of the efficiency of ships afloat. The *Ericsson* battery is the closest approach to impregnability of anything upon the water. Captain Cowper Coles claims priority for the idea of constructing a cupola ship, which contains much of the germs of the victorious vessel of Hampton Roads. There is no doubt that gentleman proposed

to the Admiralty, in 1855, to construct a battery having a double bottom, taking a light draught of water, capable of being submerged to a certain extent when under fire, sharp at both ends, and having a formidable prow. Her rudder and screw were to be protected by an iron projection, but in those points, and in possessing a tower, the similarity between the vessels ends, and the invention of Captain Ericsson displays unrivalled ingenuity. The tower in the latter is moveable, and revolves on a turn-table; the strength of the armour which defends her is unequalled. The turret, too, is cylindrical, and not hemispherical, as in Captain Cole's proposal: and altogether, every advantage is on the side of the American invention, and leaves her, for so far, unrivalled in the annals of ship-building for war purposes. Her details are the more interesting, as they present themselves after the severe trial which proved their excellence in the engagement with the Merrimac, at short range, and after the terrible evidences of power afforded by that ship in the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress frigates.

The Monitor is constructed of three principal parts, and is a shallow-decked vessel, with perpendicular sides, dead bottom, and pointed ends. Under this shallow vessel, a second and deeper vessel is attached, with raking stem and stern, flat-bottom, and sides inclined at an angle of 51° to the vertical line. This lower vessel does not extend the entire length or breadth of the upper one. It is in free communication with it, however, the bottom of the latter being cut out, corresponding exactly with the top line of the lower vessel. The third principal part is, the cylindrical turret placed on the deck of the upper vessel. This turret contains the armament of the vessel, which it effectually protects. The screw propeller is applied aft of the raking stem of the lower vessel, and aft of the propeller is an equipoise rudder, both of which lie far in cover of the upper vessel, which projects at each end and at the sides of the ship. The steam-engines, boilers, and blowers, are all stowed in the lower vessel, and thus lie deep in the water, which protects them from all danger of shot. The upper vessel is 174 feet long, 41 feet 4 inches wide, and 5 feet deep. The draught of water is 3 feet 9 inches, and thus there are only 18 inches of the battery above water. A wooden bulwark, 30 inches thick, protects the upper vessel, running inside the armour plates, which are the most ponderous in the world, being 9 inches thick, and extend all round the upper vessel. The stem and stern are pointed at an angle of 80° , the armour thus presenting a sharp edge at each end of the vessel, of enormous strength. The deck is made shell-proof, and very heavy. It is composed of oak beams, 10 inches square, placed 26 inches apart, the deck planking being 8 inches thick, covered over with double plating, 1 inch thick. The lower vessel is 124 feet long, 34 feet wide at its junction with the upper vessel, thus leaving the stem and stern under a projecting cover of 25 feet of the iron-clad surface, and giving to the sides the protection of 3 feet 6 inches of the same cover. Any shot, to reach this, the weakest part of the battery, should pass through a distance of 25 feet of water at least, by reason of the diagonal course it should take to reach it, and then would

only strike at an angle of ten degrees. This is a provision of safety beyond the thickest plates of metal that could be forged, for no shot, no matter what its weight, or momentum, could do damage under those circumstances. The turret, which is the only fighting portion of Captain Ericsson's invention, is a cylinder of twenty feet internal diameter, and nine feet high, composed of eight consecutive rings of rolled iron, one inch thick, laid over each other, and firmly bolted together. Its top is composed of sliding hatches of two-inch plate iron, very admirably forged. The guns, which are two in number, move on slides of forged iron, extending across the turret. The circumference of the turret rests on a turned revolving ring inserted into the deck, and the weight is borne by a vertical shaft, ten feet in diameter, which rests in a cup, supported by a bracket, firmly bolted and braced to the main bulkhead of the vessel, about half way down. By this construction the tower is made to turn round. The means by which it is moved is a spar-wheel attached to the turret shaft, six and a half feet in diameter and eleven inches in face. Actuated by a double cylinder, moved by the spar-wheel and connecting gearing, the whole turret revolves at any requirement. To train the guns—which are two, throwing 180lb shot—a rod connected with the revolving gear raises or lowers their muzzles, so as to enable the person in charge of them to take correct aim. Such are the principal facts in the configuration of the Monitor. Of the value of her peculiar shape and construction we have the evidence afforded by the engagement which took place between her and the Merrimac in the James River. She stood victoriously the fire and the force which had destroyed two of the finest wooden frigates of the American navy. The Merrimac, iron-clad battery, it will be remembered, bore down upon the fated Cumberland, all steam on, and crashing amid ships of that unfortunate vessel, drove upon her with such force that the ship reeled until her top gallant yards are said to have dipped in the water, and a terrible gash in her side let in the sea for her destruction. She tried the same game with the Monitor and produced nothing more than a dint upon her side, worth no notice. The shot and shell of the guns of the Merrimac absolutely riddled both Cumberland and Congress, and went through the stout oak as if it were so much cardboard, and the greatest effect produced on the Monitor was a ball which ripped up the sheathing of the deck for some length at a depth of half an inch. Those were all the effects produced upon her after a bombardment of many hours, the duel taking place at a distance occasionally of only a few feet. This trial stamps her resisting powers sufficiently, and it appears from a statement of her inventor since made, that in order to have been sufficiently used, she should have been forced under full steam against the side of her terrible antagonist, and from this manœuvre he believes a more signal triumph would have resulted over the Merrimac, the sharp prow driven on with violence being able to split the plating of the Merrimac. However, notwithstanding this neglect on the part of her commander, enough of testimony is afforded by the history of the engagement to prove her great superiority as a combatant. Sections of the hulls of mailed ships may have been put to test

elsewhere, but the Monitor has undergone the baptism of fire, and is endowed with all the reputation of a great success.

To estimate the value of armoured ships for impenetrability in battle, for safety to their defenders, and victory to themselves, we have given the ascertained details of the great representative ships of France, England, and America. Stevens's submerging ship is a perfectly original construction, no such type of vessel being in construction or afloat. *La Gloire* is as original in her way; and the *Warrior* may, or may not, for all that is known, be an improvement upon, or a bad copy of, the great French model. The Monitor is certainly an improvement upon Stevens's battery, possessing as it does the qualification of being deeply submerged, affording a more perfect covering for its gunners, and offering a smaller mark for the enemy's shot; but presenting the drawback of a lesser armament, and the possibility of not being fitted for a long voyage, or a rough sea. The *Warrior* and *La Gloire* are both nearly four times her size and weight, yet, for efficiency, it may be doubted whether either are as good. The *Warrior*, with her unarmoured extremities, is open to the passage of any shot which may hit them, even at long range, from guns of a heavy calibre, and with a light charge, affords, too, a huge mark, and, in narrow waters, is difficult to manœuvre. The same criticism applies to the great French armoured ship. On the other hand, the Monitor, lying low, and, at a distance, covered from sight by the waves which the lightest breeze might raise, perfectly impregnable to guns of ordinary calibre loaded with ordinary charges, easily turned and mastered anywhere, clad with an armour double the thickness, almost, of either the French or English constructions, is the most impregnable thing afloat, and approaches as near the requirements of her builder, and the object of the naval powers of the world, as any design yet modelled. The point of perfection lies in a construction which will be seaworthy for a voyage, and yet, in an action, will possess the good qualities of the Monitor. This can be attained by the addition of the principle of submersion, as used in the Stevens's battery, until the point at which Captain Ericsson's construction floats is gained. The power to submerge a ship, on going into action, to the same degree as the Monitor, the same turret construction, and the same ponderous density of armour, constitute, possibly, the greatest accumulation of the means of conquest at sea, and afford the principles upon which the future war navies of the world must be built. The American plans, for so far, are vastly superior to any yet designed; they, and not either the naval armaments of France or England, must afford the arbitrament of the ocean, as engines of prowess. The English Admiralty have shown their appreciation of this fact by the orders given for the immediate construction of a number of batteries, modelled after that of Captain Ericsson, and already progressing in the dockyards of the great builders of Britain. America has revolutionized the war-fleets of the nations.

The experiments with Sir William Armstrong's 300-pounder at Shoeburyness, may be thought demonstrable of the impossibility of making a ship impenetrable; but let it be remembered, that they prove nothing

against the impregnability of the Monitor. In a general way, it was stated that a target representing a section of that ship, was fired at by this formidable piece of ordnance, and that its projectile crashed through it with the greatest ease. Now, this *was not the case*; and the fact can be proved from the report of the experiment itself. In detailing the proceedings, it is stated that it was a target representing *the Warrior, which was fired upon*. With a charge of 40 pounds of powder, the new and formidable gun drove its missile right through the armour plates, burying it in the teak bulwark behind. This was done twice. The charge was increased by ten pounds, and the shot went through the armour plate and teak with the greatest ease. This was the ruin of the Warrior target. Now, [that target is constructed of iron plates of four and a half inches in thickness, backed by teakwood 20 inches in density. What a difference between this and the Monitor construction. The mail plates of the Warrior are only one-half in thickness compared with it—the teak backing them only two-thirds. In the Monitor, the protecting armour is 9 inches in density, and the teakwood which supports it 30 inches. An inch of iron plating is capable of keeping out a shell which would sweep through a foot-and-a-half of oak—it is questionable—very questionable—if the three hundred-pounder at two hundred yards' range, would get through six inches of the armour on the side of the Monitor, and it is very certain it would never pass through it all. Arguing on the elevation of forces—no doubt the six hundred-pounder, contemplated by Sir William Armstrong, would do it at close range; but that gun has not been forged yet, and when it is forged, it can never be worked on board ship. It is doubtful even if the three hundred-pounder which pierced the Warrior target can be made available there, so that upon sea a vessel like the Monitor may be regarded as impregnable.

Whatever way the question ends—whether guns beat ships, or ships beat guns,—the revolution now initiated in naval warfare makes the sea the commonwealth of the world, where every nation may hold its own with equal rights. The supremacy of navies is gone by, and must be marked by history as a thing laid down in the grave of time. Civilization has outlived the reign of force upon the waters; science has dethroned the superiority of races; and the haughtiness of power there, and opens the gates of peace, by which art can create a happier rivalry, in the ways of commerce, than war ever found in the ways of conquest. And if we are to be no more fired to emulation, as we con “o’ winter’s nights,” over the deeds of Blake or Van Tromp, De Grasse or Nelson,—if the race of naval heroes is gone by,—if we may never listen more to some old veteran of the sea, as he seizes his crutch with the inspiration in which he once caught up his boarding pike, and tell us how he sprang, with some daring leader, upon an enemy’s deck,—let us reflect that the world is nothing the worse of the change, and man may be the better, although Victory, like Venus, rises from the sea no more.

A GARLAND OF MAY FLOWERS.

COWSLIP'S SONG.

"Cowslips, wan, that hang the pensive head."

MILTON.

When snows melt away, and rude winter's afar,
And Daisy peeps up through the sward, like a star
That had left its own home for the beautiful earth,
And the flowers, one by one, come to greet the new birth,

In that fair sunny season,—the prime of sweet May,—
I my yellow lids ope mid the meadows bloom gay;
And I see no young beauty, in all the bright bowers,
Looking better than Cowslip, the humblest of flowers.

I am happy, and therefore it is I look well.
Whether mountain, or moorland, or meadow, or dell,
Be my birthplace, no murmur doth Cowslip e'er give,
Wheresoever I spring, uncomplaining, I live.

See, the Buttercup near, like a laughing brunette,
And her leaves blaze like sunrays, ere Phœbus is set;
Such glittering glory I boast not, nor care
That her leaves are richer, as mine are more fair,

Yet the pale Daisy's robes are much fairer than mine,
And the Tulip's, like rainbow, more gorgeously shine;
But, though some flowers are richer, they may be less sweet.
Who, when Cowslip is nigh, would those scentless blooms greet?

Thus each flower has its lot, and the lot which is best,
Whether battled with perfume, or, as Tulip, rich dressed,
But inodorous; all have perfection, which shows
Full and fair in plain Cowslip as in Royal Rose.

SONG OF THE CUCKOO-BUD.

"Her sound went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale."

MRS. DUNBAR.

"Where the bee sucks,
There suck I."

SHAKESPEARE.

The warm air is bright'ning:
O! Spring, thou art come!
Hark! the gay song of wild bird,
The early bee's hum,

Are heard o'er the valley,
Each green field and fountain;
While the shepherd boy tunes
His soft pipe on the mountain.

And I, the wild Cuckoo-bud,
Pour out my voice,
To swell the full chorus
That bids all rejoice.
O! mother of mild airs,
Of beauty, and bloom!
Thy rose-wings have waved away
Winter's chill gloom.

Come down from the hill-top,
Come forth from the dingle,
Come up from the vale,
Where the bright waters mingle,
And dance on their way,
To the far shining river;
Come hither, wild flowers,
Sing to the Giver,

Of life, love, and happiness,
Beautiful Spring!
Come, and, with Cuckoo-bud,
Gratefully sing.
Come, azure-eyed Heatherbell,
Bring Meadow-bloom,
With Oxlip, Thyme, Shepherd's Clock,
Gay Yellow Broom.

And Love lies a-bleeding,
Who shall not be sad?
Come, and with Cuckoo-bud,
Sing, and be glad;
The Lark, and the Redbreast,
Shall join in our song,
And the flower-loving south wind
The chorus prolong.

O! beautiful mother
Of pretty wild flowers,
As sweet on bleak mountain,
As those in rich bowers.
I greet thee, I love thee,
I pour forth my voice!
Wild sisters, with Cuckoo-bud,
Sing and rejoice!

SONG OF THE HAWTHORN.

“How sweet the Hawthorn blossom”

BURNS.

“What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear.”

SHAKESPEARE.

In the month before May,
When the woodlands are ringing,
With songs, sweet and gay,
Of the merry birds singing;
When the soft flowing rill
Dances down to the river,
And the morn's ruddy beams
On its bright wavelets quiver.

While the garden's frail flowers
Dream in sleep, calm and tender,
Of bloom-blushing bowers,
And summer-time splendour;
When afar the cuckoo
Croons his song of sweet sadness,
Then I sing my song, too:
My heart bursts into gladness.

Now, the early-winged bee,
From the yellow broom staying,
Comes a-courting to me,
With my snow blossoms playing;
But what time the May-flower
And May-fly are awaking,
He will seek some far bower,
Though my heart should be breaking.

Well, I heed not the flight
Of the self-seeking bee,
Even the May-flower he'll slight,
And her rifled charms flee;
And I've heard virgins say,
Milking neath me at morn,
Thus man's love flits away,
Leaving poor maids to scorn.

Though I have not the tinge
Of the Queen Rose's cheek,
Nor the Pink's jaunty fringe,
Nor the rich Talip's streak,

Nor the empurpled glow
 Of the Violet, shy ;
 Yet, of all blooms that blow,
 None more happy than I.

When my white blossoms fade,
 And return to the earth,
 'Neath my boughs' fragrant shade,
 Other blossoms have birth.
 And, when sere autumn's past,
 And no flowers remain,
 And rude winter's bleak blast
 Howls along the froze plain,

As a bird, whose trim nest
 Is secure from chill breeze,
 In warm safety will rest,
 Though ice-winds strip the trees ;
 Thus, content, I sleep through
 Winter's storm, snow, and rain,
 For, when spring comes anew,
 I shall blossom again.

SONG OF THE MARIGOLD.

"Marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
 And with him rises weeping."

SHAKSPEARE.

Sister, look forth ; 'tis time to rise ;
 From morning skies
 Night's curtains are withdrawn ;
 And see ! the young-eyed dawn
 Proclaims the Sun !

Up ! ere he run
 Through the gold gates,
 Where flushed Aurora waits.

Up ! ere the Primrose peep,
 Or Violet.

Up ! while in dewy sleep
 They slumber yet.

Up ! be the first
 To hail the Sun ;
 And first to grieve
 When purple Eve
 Shrouds him,
 His bright course done.

And now, let us unfold
 Our leaves. Behold!
 The first to meet,
 And give him greet,
 Is Marigold!

Bright Sun!
 Through all the year,
 Be Winter, Spring, or Summer here,
 Or Autumn brown,
 We first do tell
 Your rise;
 And, with fond eyes,
 Do weep
 When you sink down
 To sleep.

But when you beam,
 As now,
 Upon our brow
 Joy dances, and we sing;
 Whilst echoing
 Our morning song,
 The raptured stream
 Glides merrily along.

JOHN DUGGAN.

THE TWO LENORES.

BY RUTH MILLAIS.

CHAPTER V.

DAWN was breaking, calm and lovely over the wood and mountains of Aylemere as we reached the wicket leading by the short way to the house. As we ascended the steps we were surprised to meet Lenore coming quickly through the shrubbery, in her white dressing-gown, with her hair hanging undressed over her shoulders. Her face was blanched and frightened-looking, and when she saw us she flew to meet us. She looked as though she had been enduring acute mental distress, and, when I clasped her in my arms, she burst into tears and sobbed convulsively on my shoulder, while the doctor stood by with averted face. I will tell the story which she told us partly then, and the rest of which I gathered from her afterwards. She had been awakened from her sleep by repeated knockings at the hall-door, had risen in affright, and hastened to my room. Not finding me there, she had known not what to think; but, never timorous in any emergency, she had hurriedly dressed, and made her way to the dining-room to find out what was the matter. None of the servants were stirring, and, on reaching the hall, she heard the knocking again, more loud and impa-

tient than ever. She called out to know who was there, and was amazed to hear Nora's voice in reply, with an imperious demand to be admitted to her own house. Wondering, Lenore opened the door, when Nora rushed in, flung the doors wide, and, drawing herself to her full height, pointed towards them with her outstretched hand.

"Begone from this house!" she cried. "Do you know that I am the daughter of Philip Ennis, and the mistress of these estates and of this hall? And *you*—what are you, but the daughter of a servant?"

"Nora!" gasped Lenore, aghast, bewildered.

"Aye!" went on the poor, raving creature, "with your meek looks and sweet ways, all the world will side with you and pity you; while I will be hated for claiming my own. But I will have my revenge now for all I have borne. It is not because you have stood all your life in my place, and kept me what I am, that I hate you, but for robbing me of the one thing I prized——. He loved me before you came, lowly as I was. I know he loved me till you came with your smiling face, and your graces bought with my gold, and turned his heart from me and took it to yourself, like everything else that was mine. Begone now to your lover, and see if he will marry a beggar!"

These and many other such things she said, and ended by driving Lenore from the house and closing the door upon her. The poor child, utterly ignorant of what had passed, was too much stunned and bewildered to make any resistance, and was wandering about, uncertain where to go, when we met her.

I accepted the doctor's invitation; indeed, I was obliged to do so—there being no other roof in the neighbourhood to shelter us. The doctor's was a pleasant house, smaller than the hall, and quietly situated among trees in the valley. The proprietor spent much of his leisure time in gardening, and he had a teeming orchard and a blooming flower-garden. His study was the pleasantest room in the house, and we were made welcome to use it as a sitting-room. The walls were well lined with books, and enriched by a few good pictures and classic marbles. The hall was spacious as a chamber, red-tiled, and had a peat-fire always burning on the hearth. The doctor's housekeeper was a cosy old body, with a face like a withered apple. She was extremely kind to us, and made us feel quite at home. Lenore was restless and dejected all that day. I knew she cared little for the fortune she had lost, but Nora's words preyed upon her mind. I feared to comfort her; for I knew that she would not admit that she believed aught against Howard, or doubted him in the least. Nevertheless, as hour after hour crept on, and no Howard appeared, I saw her eyes grow brighter and her cheeks more feverish, though still she endeavoured to hide her uneasiness. When I kissed her hot forehead that night I felt as if a whole age had passed since I had bid her good night in her moon-lighted chamber in Aylmere the night before, after hearing the happy tale of her love. Next morning I knew, by her heavy eyes and burning face, that she had not slept; but she persisted in assuring me that she was quite well and happy. On going down stairs I found the doctor looking stern and pre-

occupied. I asked if he had heard any bad news? He said he feared so: he had just heard that Howard had left the country for London, on urgent business, the night before. This was terrible—woe on woe! But might it not be false? Alas! no; it was too true—he had fled from the storm. He had wooed the heiress, not Lenore. Nora was right—Howard would not wed a beggar.

A slow, weary week wore on, and when gradually the dreary truth broke on Lenore, mind and frame both overstrained, gave way, and she yielded to the fever which had been gaining on her for many days. The doctor tended her, and watched by her bedside as if his very soul's salvation hung upon her life. After weeks of weary suspense she recovered.

In the golden September afternoons she was able to sit in the porch and enjoy the sunset. Had she been an ordinary heroine, she must have pined and died under her affliction. But my Lenore was too right-hearted, too unselfish not to fight against her sorrow for the sake of those who still loved her, and for the pride of her womanhood. By common consent, the one painful subject was not mentioned amongst us. Lenore occupied every moment that her strength permitted her, in drawing and reading, her two dear-loved pursuits. She had a quick imagination, and a facility for sketching her own fancies, and giving them life and reality. Thus, drawing was not to her a mere outside accomplishment, but a real, life-sustaining good, a fathomless well, ever brimming with sweet waters; an ideal world filled with beautiful images and soothing dreams, whither the harassed spirit could fly away and find rest and forgetfulness. How her nights were spent I knew not. Her heavy eyes and swollen lips, when I saw her first in the mornings, often made me suspect that they were sacred to the tears which our eyes never saw her shed. But her days were serene. Her smile had lost its childish, unalloyed sunshine, but it was there, sweet and lovable as ever. In the evenings the doctor, who was engaged in the early part of the day, and left us the mornings to ourselves, would come and read aloud from Lenore's favourites, Tennyson or Longfellow. He read well; Lenore loved to hear him read. She always welcomed him with a glad look, and when he produced his book and arranged his chair, a little in the shade, she got ready her pencil and sketch-book. She lay with her face to the warm sunshine with closed eyes, listening dreamingly to the magical rhythm that fell with a regular spell-like cadence from the grave, earnest lips of the doctor. Or, when some favourite picturesque passage filled her ear with music, and her brain with images, she would sit up, and the pencil would go to work in the small, busy fingers.

Ah! I have seen the doctor studying her from behind his book. I have known him to repeat whole passages from memory, while his eyes were rivetted on her face, reading the beautiful soul inscribed on that fair page, marking each changing emotion that came winged from her heart, and hovered upon eyes and lips. So the weeks of Lenore's convalescence went.

Meanwhile I heard enough of Nora's doings at the Hall. She had by

advertisement, supplied herself with a companion, or chaperone, a showy, elderly woman, who had taken up her abode in Aylemore at once. All the servants who had shown any regret for Lenore or me had been dismissed, and others engaged in their places. Soon I heard that she had communicated with her father's relations, the Chirmsides, Lepore's old friends, and was going to spend the winter with them in London. I fancied Nora in a ball-room, or riding in Rotten-row. Truly, with her pride and her beauty, she would make herself remarkable wherever she went, the more so as her story had found its way into the newspapers, under the heading of "Romance in real life." Nora would be a lioness, no doubt. Poor, untamed heart! poor, helmless soul! And so Aylemere Hall was shut up once more.

As soon as Lenore began to gain a little strength, she set her wits to work upon the question of how she was to live. It was useless for me to assure her that I had enough of my own to keep us both from want. She implored me not to hinder her from earning her bread. And I did not. I knew that labour was the only staff for the brave heart to lean upon, after its sweet natural support had been torn away. "Do not keep me, dear aunt," she said, "I know I am restless and ungrateful. I have need to rough it in the world before I deserve to appreciate my quiet home with you. I am an orphan, and penniless, but I have received a good education, and, with God's blessing, I shall now turn it to account. I never will be a burden to you, dear friend, depriving you of the little necessary comforts you have been accustomed to. I shall take a situation as teacher, happy that at any time I can return to you. Perhaps at vacation I may come back to you, calmer and stronger of heart. Do not keep me, for I am not satisfied here, and I cannot expect to find rest till I have earned it by labour." I could not alter her determination. A new, quiet energy seemed to possess her. She looked life steadily in the face, that new life into which she had awakened from her girlhood's dream. In a little while she obtained a situation as assistant teacher in a school, and set about her preparations for departure. Dr. Redmond did not endeavour to stay her. He agreed to her plans when he found her bent on following them. Whatever his feelings were, they were locked in his own breast.

I remember one little incident that occurred on the evening before her departure from Glendara. I was in a room off the study, packing some books for my darling. It was quite dusk, and the doctor sat in the arm-chair, by the fire, reading. I think he forgot that I was there, for he laid down his book upon his knee and seemed examining something that lay in its leaves. He fingered it lovingly, and gazed sadly into the fire. I went on with my packing, and presently I heard him summoned in haste to attend a dying man. A few moments after he went, Lenore came in. I heard her light step in the room, and was about to speak when I saw her come to the fire-place and lift up the doctor's book. She turned the leaves abstractedly, when suddenly a blush sprang to her pale face, while she looked almost guilty at something in the book. Whatever that little talisman was, it worked its own magic. Lenore knew that the doctor

loved her. She gave a hasty glance around to make all sure that she was alone. Then closing the book, she knelt on the hearth-rug, and kissed it reverently; then laying it aside, she clasped her hands and remained for a few moments wrapped in prayer. The prayer was for him I knew, so were the bright tears that struggled through a sweet light in her eyes. They were all she had to give him.

I cannot bear to recall that sad, sad parting. My darling left me, and I was alone.

I took a neat little cottage on the outskirts of D——, a village about ten miles from Glendara. The doctor saved me all the trouble of removing and settling. He managed everything for me in his own quiet, reliable way. Christmas found me settled in my solitary home once more. Ah! what changes upon changes one year had wrought.

In April, the doctor left Ireland for the continent, and I was lonely indeed. The succeeding six months were marked by little change.

I heard now and then from Dr. Redmond, but he did not speak of returning to Glendara. The months rolled away, and I lived but in the hope of seeing Lenore again. Two years had passed since she had left me, and now she promised to come to me in August. Her letters were cheering, but I knew that the young heart found this "roughing it in the world" a harsh experience. I spent my time between assisting in the village school, working in my little garden, and improving and decorating my cottage, so that everything might look neat and pretty when my darling should come.

CHAPTER VI.

JULY came, with its long hot days. The hills were wrapped in purple ether, the sky was like a wide blue ocean, flecked with sunny isles of snow. Each day was lovelier than the last. Eternal sunshine seemed to have risen upon the land. I was proud too to see how pretty my cottage looked. The garden was gay and full of perfume, the rooms were fresh and bright as hands could make them. I had taken a servant, a girl who had been dismissed from the hall for crying when Lenore left it. Honor now bestirred herself merrily, rattling about the house, in glad preparation for "the young mistress," as she still called Lenore.

I went half-way to meet my child, and bring her home. Honor was to have tea ready at six o'clock on a certain evening, and all things prepared for our arrival. I thanked God when I at last held the little wanderer fast, and vowed in my heart she never should escape me again. She looked a good deal worn, and there was a weariness in her step, and shadows lurked about her eyes. Truly, she had been roughing it. Her two years' toiling among strangers had surely earned her the rest she had spoken of so longingly. Who can tell the joy of our meeting, or the pleasure of our journey home together? How much Lenore had to tell of her experience

of the world ! How glad she was to see the loved hills again ! No bitter association seemed to mar her pleasure, as I had feared it might. She spoke of the past with a shudder, but without regret. The pure and upright nature had thrown off its fetters, had fought the good fight well, and conquered.

Dusty and tired, we arrived at my little gate just as the sun was dipping behind the mountains. Honor was out to meet us in a twinkling, and quickly following her came a tall gentleman in a shooting-jacket, and low crowned hat. I had scarcely time to wonder who could be the stranger, when my eyes met the doctor's well-known, kind face of welcome, and my hand was caught in his true, friendly grasp. My joy could scarcely exceed my astonishment, he had come so unexpectedly. Now, indeed, was our meeting perfect, since this one dear friend had joined us.

He looked much improved by his travels. His manner was brighter and more genial than of old. I half resented that he did not seem more concerned at Lenore's altered looks and silent manner. But he seemed to observe nothing, only quietly resumed his old, protecting way towards her. Indeed, all our old relations seemed to slip back upon us almost at once. I felt as if we had all got home at last, after wandering drearily apart for the past two years.

Lenore grew refreshed while breathing the sweet unwonted atmosphere of home. The brave young head, that had held itself unflinchingly erect throughout the season of trial, now bent under the gentle pressure of love and sympathy. A word of endearment from me wet her eyes with tears, while a restful dreaminess sat upon their lids. The doctor's watchful tenderness subdued her like a spell. I saw her heart swell at many little touches that once had been familiar and unnoticed ; but, long missed, and supplied by carelessness and neglect, they now dropt on the tired spirit like dew, and filled it with an atmosphere of sweet gratitude. Who can tell, when lonely among strangers, how sweetly it had come to her, the memory that one noble heart, though far away, thought of her with love and blessings ; how often, when smarting from another's faithlessness, she had recalled the doctor's great silent love, and wept that she had not given her love and trust to him who deserved it.

Thus I mused, while watching those two who had been brought together again, after two long years of separation and trial ; and I wondered if they ever could be brought yet nearer, or if the hand of Destiny were already extended to part them for ever. While I mused, the weeks sped away, and Lenore's vacation-time drew near its expiration. Quietly she made her preparations for departure. All my entreaties were in vain. She seemed eager to get away. "The fever is not spent yet," she said, with a sad smile, "my time of rest is not yet come." The doctor said nothing, and the shadow came back to Lenore's eyes, and she went about with her old, weary step.

The evening before her departure came, her trunks were corded in the hall, she wore her travelling-dress, everything had been done. I thought the doctor had gone, but it was late when Lenore went into the parlour

and found him standing alone on the hearth. She lifted up a book, and was carrying it from the room, when the doctor looked up and said "Lenore."

She looked up hastily, and laid the book upon the table. His eyes were bent on her tenderly, mournfully,

"Everything is ready," he said, "you are going, then, to-morrow early—in a few hours!"

It was too much, Lenore covered her face with her hands, while the tears rained through her fingers. He gently drew her towards him.

"Then," he said, "this is the last night you and I shall speak together: for to-morrow I shall sail for America, and never, never see Ireland again."

The slight frame was quivering with sobs that were struggling for way, but were bravely kept down.

"Lenore," he said, drawing her yet nearer, "will you leave me now, and go back into the cold world?"

A shiver ran through her, and she clung to his strong arm.

"Oh! darling," he murmured, "let your home be here," and he laid her head upon his breast.

I was sitting up stairs, dropping very dreary tears into a little black bag, in which I was stowing away some biscuits for my child, on her journey. I felt life very heavy on me, very cold in my heart, very bleak on my path. Why was it that I could not be resigned to give up the sweet things which God had allowed me to taste for a time? Why could I not return with content to my old savourless food, and say my grace, as in former days, and sit at rest in my silent house, never picturing young faces, never listening for young voices? Alas! I could only shake my head and drop more tears in answer.

I mused, "Lenore, you are very wild, very wilful, to quit again the little haven where you have rocked so safely—to push off your slight boat into the rough ocean which has already tossed you unkindly, where you will be surely swallowed by heedless waves, or borne down by tall ships, long before you reach that opposite shore. Lenore, you are an ill-fated woman to thrust from you that great loving heart, and go on your weary journey alone, for ever and ever. And all for a miserable shadow that once fell on your path. Has that shadow, then, not ceased to chill?"

And then I heard her hand on the door, and I looked up, even out of my meditation, knowing, by one tap of her little foot on the threshold, that a change had come. A great change, *the* great change.

I saw her coming towards me, not a bounding, flushing girl, as I had known her coming once before, but a thoughtful maiden, with a certain quiet rapture in her slow step; with a wonderful sweetness about her lips, and a wet mist in her eyes, looking like one who hardly saw the present for the rays of a sudden sun which had risen in the future.

She came and told me of it, very simply and quietly. I will not set down here what she said, or what I said, but I left her at her prayers, and went down to bid the doctor good night.

How glad I was to sit down and inform Lenore's employers that circum-

stances prevented her return, and to request them to select another governess! How glad, indeed, when I had the letter in my hand, to be posted at D——; and Lenore by my side in the doctor's snug chaise, and when that gentleman had cracked his whip, and we were bowling along the white, dusty road to the little country town. This journey had a double object. I have said that I had to despatch my letter. There were also sundry modest purchases to be made, for we were soon to have the wedding.

I think, for women, we were not either of us very hard to please, but shopping does run away with time, and I had set my heart on seeing Lenore in a delicate blue muslin, also on seeing Lenore in a pale lilac silk. A post came in, just as we were ready to turn homeward, and our letters were given us into the chaise. I should not have said "our," for there were never any communications for me from the world, but the doctor had some correspondence, and we got his letters. This time, there was one from Nora, for my darling. The writer described herself as being at the point of death, from typhus, and implored forgiveness for her past ingratitude and unkindness. She further begged that Lenore would not hold her memory wholly in reproach, and that she would accept the only restitution it was in her power to offer.

At her request Dr. Redmond went to England, and brought back with him a coffin, containing all that remained of poor Nora's pride and beauty. There is a touching little monument above it in the sunniest corner of the valley grave-yard.

One morning, shortly after this, Lenore stood in her black frock, at the garden gate, looking for our little post-boy. She got a letter, which she brought in and laid in my lap. When I had read it, I folded it up, and said:—"It is only just, my darling, and you deserve it."

Lenore said, thickly:—"Oh! if I had only been with her when she died."

This second letter was a lawyerly affair, informing Lenore that Norah had bequeathed all her possessions to her old benefactress.

"Do not tell him, aunt," she said, an hour afterwards.

"Why so, dear?" I said, in surprise.

"Not till—not yet. I would like him to think that he was putting the ring on an empty hand, and only find afterwards that the hand was full of gold."

She had her way. Her sad rich gift was her secret, up to the moment when they left me, one morning, after a visit to the mountain church. They have been two months on the continent, and I dare say the doctor knows before this how much wealthier he is than he imagined himself to be.

I am now abiding in Glendara. I have never yet had courage to pay a visit to the old hall. I am at present in the midst of glad preparations for the return of my wanderers. I count the days till they come, for it is wearing towards winter. The winds begin to moan, and the flowers are all dead on Norah's grave. Ah! here's the post, and a letter to say that they will be home in a week.

ARAN—PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN.

PART I.

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

THERE are few of us, no matter how circumstanced in worldly matters, who can recall pleasant scenes of olden times without a skeleton making its appearance. "The old familiar faces" have passed away; we see them no more; but, when we dwell on old scenes and passages of our youth, memory will cause, as it were, a resurrection, and we once more, in feeling, at least, clasp the honoured one's hand, hear the well-remembered tone of voice; and the long past and present become blended. How well do I recollect my first sketching journey, when employed upon the intended Ordnance Memoir. Dr. Petrie was the head of that particular department of the survey to which I was attached. In the little back parlour in Great Charles-street, we used to meet daily,—by we, I mean John O'Donovan, Eugene Curry, Clarence Mangan, P. O'Keefe, J. O'Connor, besides two or three more. The duty of the office was to collect every possible information, antiquarian or topographical, about that particular portion of the country which was at the time being surveyed. All sorts of old documents were grabbed up, old spellings of names compared and considered. O'Donovan and Curry, even then the first Celtic scholars of the age, settled the orthography of the towns, villages, baronies, or other divisions of land, so that the Ordnance maps might be as correct, in a literary sense, as they undoubtedly were as surveys. At the same time, Petrie's great work on the "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," as also his admirable essay on the "Antiquities of Tara Hill," were being completed. Indeed, we lived in such an atmosphere of antiquarianism, that a thousand years ago seemed as familiar to us as the time when we first donned breeches. For my own part, I felt as if I had had a personal acquaintance with Niall of the Nine Hostages, or Con of the Hundred Battles (or *bottles*, as poor Mangan humorously misspelled the hero), or with Leogaire, who wouldn't mind the exhortations of Saint Patrick, but insisted on being interred sword in hand, in his rath at Tara, with his face turned to the east, as bidding defiance to the men of Leinster. Petrie, as head of the office, superintended everything; and the mass of antiquarian and topographical information collected far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. A miserable system of false economy caused the Memoir to be abandoned; and, from the character of the matter collected, we can judge how great has been our loss that the work had not been continued for at least a few years longer. But, if I stop at the office, I shall not get to my subject, which is a sketch of a journey to the famous Islands of Aran, made by John O'Donovan and myself, in the year 1839. And yet I should like to dwell a moment on the scene of that very happy time, when we used to meet in Dr. Petrie's back parlour. There was our venerable chief, with his ever-ready smile and gra-

cious word; there poor Clarence Mangan, with his queer puns and jokes, the odd little cloak and wonderful hat—which exactly resembled the tiles which broomstick riding-witches are usually represented with; his flax-coloured wig and false teeth, and the inevitable bottle of tar-water, from which he would sip and sip all day long, except when he was asleep, with a plain deal desk for a pillow. By-the-bye, it was in that office Mangan penned his since famous ballad, "The Woman of Three Cows," and I verily believe, the composition did not occupy him half an hour. Mangan was a man of many peculiarities. In addition to the curious hat and little round cloak, he made himself conspicuous by wearing a huge pair of dark green spectacles, which had the effect of setting off his singularly wan and wax-like countenance with as much force as might be accomplished by the contrast of colour. Sometimes, even in the most settled weather, he might be seen parading the streets with a very voluminous umbrella under each arm.

At that time, O'Donovan was about thirty years of age. As, in the case of almost every man who has risen to distinction, he was an unwearied worker—never sparing himself, and evidently holding his occupation a labour of love. With all the office he was a general favourite, and, in the intervals between his more serious business, would often favour us with some of his experience as a traveller, told in a rich, emphatic manner, almost peculiarly his own.

Then there was O'Connor, the companion of O'Donovan in very many of his topographical raids, a man of kindly feeling, and possessed of a very considerable amount of information on Irish subjects. He died early however, and without having given more than a promise of taking a high place amongst those who have made Irish history and antiquities their peculiar study. I must also mention P. O'Keeffe, perhaps, at that time, the most learned and accomplished of all the Ordnance employees in Petrie's department of the survey. His duties were very similar to those of O'Donovan, and his loss to the survey, when he retired to a non-literary or antiquarian life, was considerably felt.

At the time I write of, Eugene Curry had recently commenced that course of application to the illustration of Ancient Irish History which has gained for him the proud appellation of Chief Brehon and Lexicographer of Ireland. He, too, belonged to our staff, and, during the summer time, was engaged chiefly in travelling and collecting information about old names and places for the use of the Ordnance authorities.

Our office consisted of a front and back parlour, separated by folding-doors. The former was occupied chiefly by Petrie, and O'Donovan, when the duties of the latter confined him to Dublin. Two sides of the room were hung with mahogany cases, which contained, even at the time I speak of, the most valuable and unique collection of Celtic antiquities to be found in the kingdom. There might be seen, arranged together, as well as space would admit, the rude flint flakes which served the earliest occupiers of these islands for knives, arrow-points, even spears and axes; the symmetrically formed leaf-shaped swords and spear-heads of bronze, of a later, but still pre-

historic age ; bells of the old Irish saints, one of which, indeed, there is reason to believe belonged to Saint Patrick himself ; exquisitely wrought croziers of high historical interest—that of Cormac M'Carthy, Archbishop of Munster and King of Cashel, being amongst the number ; there were the urns in which our Pagan ancestry used to deposit the ashes of their dead, many of them still containing the dust of chieftains or kings. There, too, might be seen the rings with which long-forgotten generations married, and the superb brooches and other ornaments, in gold or silver, with which the ancient people adorned their persons. Every article was characteristically Irish, as much so even as the magnificent harp which whilom had sounded in the halls of the Fitzgeralds, as the arms curiously carved upon it indicated, and which here formed a very conspicuous object. Our own room was a mass of dusty, worn, old books and documents, ancient and modern ; but they were just such as were required, and that was enough.

But if I stop upon these old apartments any longer, I shall never get fairly upon the subject—the expedition made by O'Donovan and myself to Aran, while those islands were as yet almost a *terra incognita*, the place having been examined by only one true antiquary : we need not hesitate to mention the name of George Petrie. Our chief, some twenty years previously, had visited the islands, and filled his sketch books with drawings and measurements of many of the principal objects of interest then to be found. Of course, it was a portion of our duty to follow upon his path ; at least, to look out carefully for objects of antiquarian or topographical interest, to which he had drawn our attention, and of which it was to be feared but few traces might be still remaining. Alas ! we were soon to discover how much had disappeared ; but surely, enough remained to excite the enthusiasm of even the coldest.

It is not now necessary to describe the old coach journey from Dublin to Galway, or to enlarge upon the superior merits of the rail as a means of locomotion. The journey from Dublin to the "City of the Tribes," twenty years ago, has quite a different undertaking from what it is at present. Then, the time occupied in the transit was from Dawson-street, at six a.m. to ten or eleven p.m., according to the state of the roads. It is now done in about five hours, except on especial occasions, when a Viceroy or other great personage honours the West with his presence, when the space, 131 miles, may be traversed even much more rapidly. We, that is, I and fellow passengers, (I was to meet O'Donovan in Galway,) rolled out of Dawson-street on as fine a morning as ever dawned. There was something exhilarating in the ringing of the feet of the gallant team, as the road seemed running into ribbands by their exertions. Stage after stage was passed, and few without a joke perpetrated by our facetious guard, at the expense of some noted character on the road. While yet the morning was young, and the mists still hung about the tops of the distant hills, and the old road was still clammy with the last night's dew, little children, innocent of many articles of dress, would sometimes appear at the wayside doors, anxious to catch a glimpse of the big coach, and its wonderful piles of luggage, and of the "quality," who, no doubt, appeared to their

unsophisticated gaze as strange as even the most bearded and bestrapped tourist of *modern* times must appear to their successors, where such are left. But, indeed, the traveller by rail, when a mere tourist possessed of leisure and money, cannot congratulate himself on any great advantage over the old system, by which he could not only see the country and towns through which his route led, and wherewith he had also an opportunity at convenient intervals of chatting with the natives, or of seeing as it might be, a little of their daily life. Time is precious, no doubt, to every one who has business in the ordinary sense to transact, but he whose business is to kill time, or to gain health or recreation, or even antiquarian, topographical, or agricultural knowledge, or indeed, any other kind of information about a country or district which may not be had by book-reading, will find the rail the longest and slowest road to the fulfilment of his desire. Those tunnels are emblems of inner darkness, and embankments and cuttings in their internal and particular construction are often highly interesting to engineers, but seldom so to travellers of any other calling or class. In due time we arrived at Athlone, then a highly picturesque and romantic looking old town. The ancient bridge, by which we crossed the Shannon into Connaught, was a very singular and interesting structure of its class. We forget the exact number of arches which it exhibited, but they were very numerous, and of various forms and sizes. Each pier upon the roadway was hollowed into a kind of recess, which afforded foot passengers a very necessary retreat when vehicles were passing, for the bridge was so narrow, that scarcely more than one carriage could pass at a time. During the temporary stay of the coach for dinner, I made a hasty examination of an extraordinary collection of sculptures, with which an erection upon the southern battlement was decorated. They seemed of considerable historic interest; and there were traces of lengthy inscriptions, so choked, however, with dust and moss as to be completely illegible. What has become of these carvings and inscriptions? When that supreme job, the so-called "drainage of the Shannon" was settled upon, the commissioners at once condemned the ancient bridge to demolition, and the sentence was soon completely carried out. We do not now want to question whether the venerable structure was so much in the way of the water-flow as to render its removal absolutely necessary or not, but we would ask the government what has become of these most interesting relics? We heard a few years ago that they had been preserved, and were to be inserted in some place of safety—if so, where are they? Where also are the sculptures which a few years ago were to be seen surmounting the archway of the north gate of Athlone, an edifice by-the-bye, which ranked amongst the most interesting of its class in Ireland. The huge square tower bore many honourable scars in the shape of unmistakable shot holes from the cannon of besiegers—We cannot conceive, however, it could be considered as an obstruction to the insignificant traffic which existed upon the northern side of Athlone. Perhaps the stones were covered by some needy contractor, as in the case of the fine municipal gateway which still stands upon the wall of the neighbouring

town of Athenry, and which was only saved from demolition by the firm stand made by a single gentleman, Mr. Hickman, the chief proprietor of the old town, who would not allow an historical monument to be unnecessarily destroyed, in order that one or two interested parties might make something of the job. An enlightened individual, arguing upon the side for demolition, wondered how any person could wish for the preservation of the old portion, on the ground of its antiquity, "as any antiquity it possessed had gone long ago!" There was nothing particularly note-worthy in our journey from Athlone to Galway, where we arrived at about a quarter-past ten, after a journey of over fourteen hours. Think of this, ye modern travellers, who step into your well-cushioned carriage at the Broadstone, and have scarcely spelled through your morning paper before you may inhale the briny air of a genuine Atlantic savour, and find yourself very soon after among red-petticoated, white-kerchiefed, and graceful, but bare-legged Celts who differ from the inhabitants of other portions of her Majesty's dominions as much or more so than *they* do from the Russ or Greek.

Dear old Galway, how changed are you within the last twenty years! Where are your dark and mysterious archways, where, according to tradition, the robber used to lurk after nightfall ready to pounce upon any belated or unarmed wayfarer? Where your ancient palace homes of the grim old fathers of the tribes? They are nearly all gone, and with them the fond idea so long and tenaciously clung to by antiquaries of a certain class, that their architectural peculiarities breathed of the sunny south, in fact, were copies from Spanish originals. In saying that the houses of the city are nearly all gone, we have, perhaps, said too much, but of those that remain, the great majority have been newly fronted and modernised that much has been lost, there can be no doubt. One gentleman preserves in his yard a number of decorations, coats of arms, etc., etc., which formerly formed portions of buildings, which had become ruined, and which are now replaced, we cannot say represented, by fine modern shops or warehouses. That some care had not long ago been taken to preserve the Anglo-Irish monuments of the old citie is greatly to be deplored. Upon a recent visit to Galway we looked in vain for what twenty years since presented one of the finest specimens of Anglo Irish work to be found in the kingdom. It consisted of a massive chimney-piece in black marble, rising from the oaken floor to the ceiling of the room, and enriched with the coats of arms quartered to any extent, of the great majority of the old families of the district; but in chief stood two shields, over which, in the character of the sixteenth century, might be read the names of the former master and mistress of the place, together with the following very un-Spanish inscription, also in black letter:—

"O . Lord . Thou . me . defende .
 From . secrete . sort . of . those .
 Who . friendshippe . me . pretende .
 And . are . my . secret . foes .

MARGARET LYNCH. NICHOLAS DARCY."

But, though much that would interest the antiquary in Galway has disappeared, the men of the time have great consolation in the grand new docks, and in many other acquisitions to the town and district, which may now be reckoned. We would here pay a tribute to the enlightened zeal and well-directed judgment of the Rev. Father Daly, Parish Priest of Galway, who spares neither trouble nor expense in conserving the antiquities of his native city. To his care must be attributed the preservation of the celebrated *memento mori*, the celebrated Death's Head, which is popularly supposed to refer to the execution of a too guilty son of an ancient chief magistrate of the town, by his father's own hands.

And now, the time was fast approaching, when I was to join O'Donovan in the long-wished for visit to Aran. He had still some work to finish in the western part of the mainland of Galway, and I was ordered to join him. It was, indeed, a happy time—a new scene every day, and in such a country, abounding as it did in all that could interest the antiquary or artist. Upon our return to Galway the hospitable mansion of James Hardiman, of Taylor's Hill, became our abode. Here it was that O'Donovan collected a very large amount of information about the islands he so longed to visit. Every document or publication, ancient or modern, which was thought to bear in the least upon the antiquities or history of Aran, had to be procured and examined. Our host, the venerable historian of Galway, had been O'Donovan's chief friend in early life, and now he seemed not a little proud of the position which his pupil had even then already won. Hardiman himself, a distinguished scholar and antiquary, could well appreciate the talents of O'Donovan, although as yet the "Annals of the Four Masters" had not been translated.

At Taylor's Hill high hospitality was kept; we generally sat down eight or ten to dinner, and Hardiman, like an old Irish chieftain, as he considered himself to be, had his piper, Paddy Connelly, at a table upon his right hand, and well the piper fared both during dinner and after it. Those were pleasant times at Taylor's Hill; for several days we met at that hospitable board not a few of the most distinguished men to be found in Galway. Father O'Donnell, soon to be Bishop of the Diocese, was a constant guest; Father Fahy, the Apostle of the Claddagh, would often rivet the interest of our company by tales and anecdotes, illustrative of the character and peculiarities of his singularly-interesting flock. Then, as a kind of contrast to the staid ecclesiastic, we had Thomas MacNevin, not only a very fount of humour and jollity in himself, but the cause of sociability in others, even the most unbending. All are now gone of that pleasant and gifted company—all, except one individual. How sad the old house looked last year, when we happened to revisit Taylor's Hill.

But, now for our long meditated voyage. O'Donovan having sufficiently arranged all his business relating to the mainland of Galway county, determined to enter at once upon the examination of the group of Aran Islands. After making many inquiries, we found a suitable boat and crew, and, on St. John's Day, 1839, we hoisted sail at the old pier of Galway.

Our boat, a fine Claddagh hooker, of about 16 tons, was named the Saint Patrick. As usual, with this kind of craft, there was a half deck forward, a floor near the stern, for the use of the helmsman and stray passengers; and in the centre, or waist, an open well or hold, well paved with roughly-squared limestone blocks, which served as ballast. To my ears, at least, no music ever sounded sweeter than did the creaking of the tackle and spars, as the crew began to spread our boat's wings to the wind. But just as we had edged a little off the land, and the boat had begun to feel her helm, down came all the sails, as skippers say, "by the run;" and we were left floundering in a not very tranquil sea. This was, of course, at first a little alarming; but, as our honest crew did not seem to mind it, we were content to abide the issue in calmness. In a moment, all heads were uncovered, and it was easy to perceive that a rite of solemnity was being performed. In short, it was then, and we believe still is, the custom of these primitive western sailors never to commence a voyage without first having invoked the Divine assistance. The custom, no doubt, is of very early origin, dating, probably, from a period when Aran was still in fact, as well as in name, "Aran-na-Niomb." In a few minutes we were once more passing rapidly through the water, though not in a direct course to our destination. We made a long tack towards the new quay, on the Clare side of Galway bay, and soon became almost becalmed. Our men were very anxious to be permitted to remain where we were for the night, as there was a promise of an abundant take of fish. Indeed, we had glided amongst a small fleet of fishing boats, which seemed to be busily, and not unprofitably, at work. Our duties, however, would not allow us to stop, and, after nearly touching upon Traigh-Chairan, or the beach from which the saints of old used usually to embark for Aran, we changed our course towards the opposite side of the bay; what little wind there was being still against our direct sailing. To the left rose the big stone mountain of Blackhead, rising, like some fabulous monster, from the ocean; its jagged sides, formed almost like the steps of a gigantic terrace, cut sharply against the evening sky; and we (I mean the landmen) were soon made rather disagreeably aware of our proximity to the great Atlantic swell, which, even in the calmest weather, rolls in from the westward ocean. However, there was nothing for it now but to tack, and tack, for the wind, little as it was, was almost directly a-head, and our vessel was too big to be influenced materially, by the sweeps, even if the crew had thought proper to rig them. We were going at the rate of about half a mile an hour, by the sails—how much more by the tide, goodness knows—when the night fairly set in, and a drizzling rain commenced. Of course, all who had not duty to perform got under cover of the half deck, and the look-out and the helmsman only remained from under cover. The men were evidently burning with curiosity to know who and what we were, but through that innate delicacy of feeling possessed generally by the simple sailors of the West, no leading question was asked. We, of course, had stories of the old times, and it was curious to perceive what an amount of legendary lore, relating to events which had occurred five or six

centuries ago, these men possessed. The tradition of the fate of Connor O'Brien, the last King of Thomond, in the thirteenth century, who was killed in a raid made by him against the O'Loughlins, of the neighbouring coast of Burrin, was as fresh as if the occurrence had taken place only a few years previously. "His image lies over there in Corcomroa," said they, "just as he appeared in life," and, sure enough, a right royal looking effigy of *Crohoon-na-sudinae* may be seen in the old Abbey of Burrin.

We opened a basket and offered some whiskey to our entertainers, not knowing that they never would touch anything stronger than water when at sea. They were very anxious to get accounts of Dublin, London, and other chief cities, and on one or two occasions, when their excitement at what they heard was extreme, eagerly asked "would the boat go there?" As the night became finer we were glad to escape from the smoky cabin to the upper deck. The wind was stiffening a little, and one of the men began pounding with his foot at the side of the boat, as if he wished to drive out a plank. It appeared that he was "prospecting," as an Australian would now say, for herrings. Though the night was quite dark, he kept his eyes intently gazing at the black, dark water, still thumping away with his foot or knee, as the case might be. Full of curiosity I also looked into the darkness, and strange enough, every now and then a track of light, sometimes a dozen or two would suddenly pass our course, apparently at a considerable distance below the surface of the water. These were the herrings startled by the concussion occasioned by the knocking. It was really a very beautiful sight, and irresistibly reminded me of the lines in the Ancient Mariner's description of the movements of the water snakes:

"They moved in tracks of shining white,
And as they moved the Elfin light,
Fell off in hoary flakes."

The light on Aran had been seen for several hours, but strange to say, it appeared as if we were never to approach it. At length, after some very lengthened tacks and other nautical manœuvres, the wind being still against us, we were safely landed at the little quay of Kilronan, the principal village on the Great Island. This happy deliverance took place about six o'clock in the morning, and we were very glad, shortly afterwards, to find ourselves in Mrs. Costello's little cottage, at that time a very humble hotel, indeed.

In a report of the excursion of the Ethnological section of the British Association from Dublin, to the western islands of Aran, in September, 1857, our talented friend, Mr. Haverty, gives a very interesting summary, apparently based upon the authority of O'Donovan's letters of the "History of Aran," from which we take the following extract:—

"The earliest reference to the pre-Christian history of Aran is to be found in the accounts of the battle of Moytourney, in which the Firbolg's, having been defeated by the Tuatha-de-Dananns, were driven for refuge into Aran, and other islands on the Irish coast, as well as into the western islands of Scotland. It seems doubtful whether the Aran mentioned on

that occasion be the island of the same name on the coast of Donegal, or those in the Bay of Galway ; although the fact that the route took place in the direction of Sligo, and that some of the Firbolgs certainly retired into the Scottish islands, renders the former the more probable supposition, still Dr. O'Donovan asserts that there is no positive authority on the subject, and that it is extremely probable that the Firbolgs did retire into our southern Aran isles after their defeat on the occasion in question, and that some of the military remains now visible on the island must be attributed even to that period—namely, to a time considerably more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ. If, however, there be any doubt on this point, there is none whatever as to the second period at which we find the Firbolgs mentioned in connexion with those islands, and that is about the first century of the Christian era, when *Ængus*, *Conchovar*, and *Mil*, the three sons of *Uamore*, with their numerous sept, being driven from the islands of Scotland by the *Crithnians*, or *Picts*, came into Ireland, the country of their ancestors, and settled for a while in Leinster ; but, being obliged to relinquish the land they held there, owing to the exorbitant rent exacted for it by *Cairbre*, the King of *Tara*, they crossed the *Shannon* into *Connaught*, where a great portion of the population was still composed of their own ancient race, and where they were well received by the celebrated *Queen Maeve*, who granted to them the Islands of *Aran*. Here they immediately fortified themselves in great stone duns, that must, at that time, have been impregnable, and the remains of which are objects of our curiosity and wonder at the present day. The names of the three brothers are still preserved in connexion with the topography of the islands. The ancient fort on the Great Island, of which our early antiquaries had some imperfect knowledge, and which occupies the most interesting position on the brow of the loftiest precipice of all the islands, being called *Dun Ængus* ; the great fort on the middle island, superior in strength and preservation to the former, bearing the name of *Dun Connor*, or *Conchovar* ; and the name of *Mil* being associated with the low strand of *Port Murvey*, which forms the hollow or undulation of the kidney, and was formerly known as *Murveagh Mil*, or the *Sea-plain of Mil*."

These particulars are mentioned in O'Flaherty's "*Iar-Connaught*" and "*Ogygia*;" and more in detail in an Irish manuscript tract on the *Firbolgs*, by *MacFirbis*, who refers to much older authorities on the subject.

Aran, indeed, must be looked upon as the grandest quarry of Celtic antiquities in Europe. There are to be seen, almost as the builders left them, the pagan cromlech, or tomb, of a pre-historic age ; the monolith, equally peculiar to the earliest state of society in the world—the fortress erected by the hands of defiant, perhaps despairing men, determined to make a last stand on the last rock which separated them from their enemies, on the one hand, and from the remorseless ocean on the other ; the pillar monuments of early saints, the pioneers of Christianity among a people who, however skilled in the manufacture of certain metallic objects devoted to war or the chase, or even to domestic purposes, must still be considered

as fierce barbarians. No doubt, to the Christians of the sixth and seventh centuries, the forts of Dun Aengus, Dun Connor, and others, still remaining upon the several islands, appeared as memorials of a remote age, just as we may look upon the fortresses of Trim, or Limerick, Cahir, or Ardfinnan, as remains of a period and people long passed away. But to the thoughtful traveller, by far the most interesting relics upon the islands will present themselves in the churches, nay, the very dwelling-houses of the saints, who, whether of regal or humble origin, are still remembered by the people, whose ancestors they converted from the darkness of Druidism to the truth of Christ, with feelings of reverential gratitude. No district in Europe, whether on island or continent, contains, in the same space, so many architectural monuments of the early Christian Church, as are encompassed by the shores or cliffs of Aran. In the Great Island, which is but nine miles in length, are the remains of fourteen principal churches, besides the shattered fragments of many more, the names of which are not clearly identified. In buildings of the sixth or seventh century, in a remote island, situate upon the uttermost edge of the then known world, we cannot expect to find much architectural grandeur, at least that kind of development which has invariably been the result of a long course of power and prosperity in a people; but, in the venerable churches of Aran, we find peculiarities to create a degree of reverence which could hardly be excited by the contemplation of the most magnificent cathedral of mediæval times. The walls are usually plain and unadorned, but the masonry is Cyclopean, such as may be found in pagan works, perhaps of little earlier origin. The doorways, when original, are striking examples of pagan architectural forms adapted to Christian purposes, and are evidently copied from the openings to monuments, like the pre-historic sepulchres of Newgrange, or those of the great forts, so many examples of which occur both in the islands and along the coast of the west of Ireland. The style, at any rate, is essentially Irish; and, even if no record of the early history of Aran remained, the peculiar forms of the doorways, and other openings of the Celtic buildings, so curiously grouped together upon these remote rocks, would clearly indicate, at least to the intelligent antiquary, that the place had been famous during the earliest period of Irish church history, as a seat of sanctity and devotion. In carefully examining the remains in several of the sacred Celtic enclosures, which are still generally used as graveyards, it is affecting, sometimes, to remark three principal objects,—the church; the ruins of the clooughan, or dwelling-house, of the saint; and thirdly, the aharla, or grave, still revered, as containing the bones of the pious founder. The church, house, and grave are almost undisturbed, except by the ravages of storm or rain, after a period of thirteen hundred years.

Fired with a desire to visit the great Firbolgian Fort of Dun Aengus, we made but little delay at Mrs. Costello's. Armed with measuring tapes, note-books, and sketching materials, we started over the rocks, in the direction of the western cliffs, upon the highest of which the great Acropolis of Aran stands, at a height of 302 feet above the Atlantic surges. A smart walk brought us in sight of the object of our day's pilgrimage;

and I shall never forget O'Donovan's burst of enthusiasm when the old palace fortress of the days of Queen Maeve first met our view. He literally shouted with delight, and, after launching his umbrella a marvellous height into the air, threw himself upon the ground, and shouted again and again. And indeed, to one not unacquainted with the history of the hoary pile, the scene was well calculated to produce feelings of intense excitement. Nearly the whole western portion of Aran is a desert—a mere wilderness; and here, upon the highest point, rose the mighty walls of the grandest barbaric monument in Europe, looking as old as the awful cliffs upon which they stood. Not a sound was to be heard but the booming of the ocean amongst the inaccessible caverns many fathoms below, or the screaming of birds, who seemed clamorously indignant at our intrusion upon their dominion.

At first sight, the Dun presents the appearance of a huge *carne*, but, upon examination, it is found to consist of three enclosures, or walls, and a portion of a fourth, of dry masonry, arranged somewhat in a horse-shoe form, the end of the walls reaching to the brink of the precipice which bounds the work on its southern side. The innermost enclosure measures 150 feet from north to south, and 140 from east to west; but it is an opinion very generally received amongst antiquaries, that the fort was originally of an oval form, and that at present only half of it remains, the other portion having probably been launched into the Atlantic when the cliff which supported it had been undermined, and carried away during the raging of some unrecorded tempest. The wall, where it has suffered least from the depredations of nearly two thousand years, measures about 20 feet in height, and may be described as being composed of three distinct walls, built so as to form one solid mass. Whether there was originally but one wall, and that an outer and inner coating were added to strengthen the work, is a matter for conjecture, but the same description would apply to the walls of the majority of the Duns of Aran. Upon the interior are several flights of steps leading to the top of the wall, where, no doubt, there was anciently a breast-work, or parapet, to shield the warders from the missiles of an enemy. The second enclosure varies from 28 to 210 feet in width, and its wall, though well built, has neither the height nor thickness of the central keep. Upon the sloping sides of the rock outside this wall is a *chevaux-de-frise* of tall, jagged stones, socketed in the crevices, and so thickly arranged in irregular rows, that, although many have fallen, it is difficult to pass between them. This singular mode of defence was adopted at one other fort on Aran, and, we believe, is not found elsewhere. To a fanciful mind, the rude upright flags might appear, in the uncertain light of evening, as the old defenders of the fort, changed by Tuatha-de-Danann witchcraft to stone, but still at their posts. The space enclosed by the outer circumvallation varies in width from about 130 to over 650 feet. The wall has suffered considerably from storms, but much more from the depredations of rabbit-hunters.

Of the buildings which, no doubt, the fort anciently contained, no vestiges remain. They could have had no foundation, as the area inclosed

is entirely rock. Elsewhere, however, such edifices, called cloughans, are to be found in a good state of preservation. O'Flaherty, in his "West Connaught," page 68, describes many that existed in his time as "a kind of building of stones, layd one upon another, which are brought to a roof without any manner of mortar to cement them, some of which cabins will hold forty men on the floor; soe ancient nobody knows how long agoe any of them were made. Scarcity of wood, and store of fit stones without, peradventure, found out the first invention."

It was evening before we had done measuring and sketching the great fort: and during the day we had not seen a single human being about the place. There was something so oppressive in the loneliness and desolation of the locality, and in the utter sterility of the surrounding landscape, that after witnessing the great broad sun, apparently, seeking an evening bath in the bright, rolling waters of the Atlantic, we were very glad to retire to our snug little room at Mrs. Costello's.

In the second part of this paper I purpose to give a sketch of our proceedings in other portions of the island, as also in Inismaan and Iniskeer, both of which islands contain historical antiquities, pagan and Christian, which, if belonging to any other country, would not have remained undescribed, except in the pages of an hitherto unpublished manuscript.

OUR BRUSH WITH THE PRIVATEER.

ONE of the most beautiful crafts that floated on the ocean waves was his Majesty's brig, "Sea Lark," of twelve guns. Sailors who seem to divide their affections between the gentle sex and a good ship, called the Sea Lark "the sauciest pet in the service." Her spars were as taunt as pine-trees, and as graceful in their tapering proportions; and her standing gear stood upon her as tight as fiddle strings—cat-heads, blocks and trucks were perfection itself.

"I tell you what, Jem," said a lounging old sailor who leaned over the wall of the "Holy Ground," in the picturesque town of Cove, now Queenstown, on a fine spring evening in the year 1812, "there are none of the craft that I have seen or sailed in in my time at all equal to the Sea Lark. Just look at her, how proudly she rides to her anchor: she looks as if she was conferring a favour on the water by floating upon it. There is nothing wall-sided upon her. See what a sweet run she has aft, and how finely she tumbles home above her water-lines. I sailed with her skipper (Captain Griffiths) when he was a middy on board the old Victory, when we bore down upon the French fleet on the memorable day of Trafalgar. I think myself that Captain Griffiths owes his promotion to Lady Hamilton, though, I need not tell you, Jem, that my lady was a particular friend of 'Old Nel.' I can tell you more, Jem. I was boatswain's

mate when the squadron was lying at Naples; Griffiths was sent ashore with a despatch from Lady Hamilton. The old gentleman who was on board at that time (Carracioli they called him), with his son. I knew by the look of her ladyship that some mischief was afloat, and I walked forward towards the fore-castle. The old prince and his son (how well I remember them) were great favourites in the ship, and a queer kind of feeling came over me, Jem, 'sailor-like you know,' that a white squall was coming down fast upon that fine old man and the young chap; and, sure enough, a treacherous and unmanly deed was perpetrated, the old prince and his son were subjected to a shameful death, all because a great and a brave man was weak enough to gratify the vengeance of a ——. I knew Nelson long and well, but since that event I never liked him, though I saw him die. If the Admiral lived, Sir William, who now commands this station, would never have got promotion, inasmuch as "My Lady," as we used to call her, hated him. Griffiths is going to be married, Jem—aye, and to a nice lady, too, but I don't think that the same Griffiths is any great things, though f—— I must say he behaved well when the small craft got aground at Copenhagen."

The person addressed as Jem was an individual distinguished in the locality as "Jem Rattles," and the party addressing him was no less a person than "Tom Sparling," a transfer from the Navy to the Coast Guard Service. Jem Rattles, when he walked on shore, appeared to have no confidence in dry land, as, in his waddlings, he seemed to have made up his mind to place the smallest amount of pressure on his feet. In fact, he maintained his old sea legs. He looked as if he had escaped from one of the pyramids, or was a fossil mariner of the time when Tyre and Carthage were distinguished for maritime enterprise. He looked so dry and calcined from exposure to the weather, that one would be almost inclined to believe that he had gone through a slow process of baking. Still, he was supple of limb, and athletic in muscular power, possessing all the characteristics and desirable qualifications of a thorough-going sailor. Tom Sparling was a man of a very different aspect, he being literally as broad as he was long. Nevertheless, he was a fine, manly fellow, and a fair specimen of a thorough-built sea-dog.

The conversation between these two worthies was resumed by Jem Rattles observing:—

"I say, Tom, I don't think that this marriage of Griffith's is likely to come off so soon as you imagine. See, the brig is hove short at her anchors, the foretop-sail is loose in the brails, and there goes blue-peter to the fore."

"What's up now?" said Tom, "This reminds me that the brig took stores on board yesterday, and was said to be going round to Bantry."

The sun was fast approaching its setting, and it illuminated one of the most picturesque and magnificent scenes in nature. To the eastward lay Rostellan and the famed Danish settlement of Corkbeg. On the north was seen the terraced and Algerian-looking town of Cove. To the west the then newly-erected government naval stores at Haulbowline Island seemed to issue from the very bosom of the waves, which danced and

sparkled in the sunlight, reflecting the last smile of evening. Owing to the natural breakwater of Spike and Rat Islands and the adjacent rocks, a brisk breeze from the south-east which had sprung up scarcely ruffled the waters of this noble harbour, and the shadows of the graceful hull and tapering spars of the *Sea Lark* were reflected with scarcely a quiver in the gently-ebbing tide. On board the brig all was now bustle and activity, and the crew of the gallant craft crowded her deck and swarmed up her rigging like bees. Yards having been hoisted and sails sheeted home and trimmed, the *Sea Lark's* anchor was hove up to her bows and secured, and she glided down channel, standing to the northward. At first her motion was slow; but on opening the Spit Bank she began to feel the breeze, and as she tacked through the entrance of the harbour nothing more beautiful could meet the eye of the sailor. Captain Griffiths was proud of the *Sea Lark*, and justly so, for indeed she was a sweet craft of her class, sailed like a witch, and was a splendid sea boat. As she careened down to her bearings, but not an inch beyond, under the pressure of her canvas, Griffiths paced the quarter deck, proud as a monarch, but, happily, ignorant of the trying scenes which awaited him and were near at hand. Twilight had faded, and night had come on before the *Sea Lark* had weathered the Cork harbour light; but the moon rose gloriously, silvering the curling crests of the waves, and displaying in richest beauty the border of snow-white foam that broke on the rocky barriers of the harbour.

"What do you think of the night, Mr. Spenser?" said Captain Griffiths to his first lieutenant, who happened to be officer of the watch.

"I think it will freshen. This is the first of the spring equinox, and I should say it would be as well to make everything as snug as possible aloft, though the *Sea Lark* is a real stiff 'un under canvas."

"She bears all the sail she has now on her with evident ease, and without straining. However, it would, perhaps, be prudent to adopt your suggestion."

This conversation between the skipper and his first lieutenant had scarcely concluded, when a heavy squall struck the *Sea Lark*, but she rose from her dip like a dolphin through the clouds of spray caused by her rapid course through the water.

"The wind came nearly as soon as your advice, Mr. Spenser," said Captain Griffiths, giving himself three or four good shakes, which sent the water drops flying from off the surface of his pea jacket, and clewing up to the weather side of the quarter-deck. Top-gallant masts were soon housed and topsails reefed, and the *Sea Lark* stood to the westward on the starboard tack.

* * * * *

On the evening on which our little story opens, the parting between Captain Griffiths and Alice Moreland partook of an amount of interest and anxiety on the part of the fair girl not to be accounted for by any of the ordinary risks contingent on the life of a sailor during a short cruise. Alice Moreland was the daughter of an officer, who had served with distinction throughout a long and arduous career, and who, after having

wasted his best years and energies in the service of his country, died poor and penniless, the recipient of what is called "half pay," after having seen in his time class-influence and class-insolence promoted above merit, and to find himself a subaltern to mere pretension. Through the influence of a friend who had known him at a period when the throbbings of a big ambition seemed easy of being realized, he succeeded in his old days in obtaining the appointment of his only son to a commission in the navy. The young man went to sea, and in the stirring events of that period which opened the nineteenth century, he earned honour and renown up to a certain time, when he became a victim of a low vice, that of habitual intoxication; and at a critical period, on a "cutting-out expedition," it would seem that the disabled physical powers and unstrung nerves of the unhappy young men had rendered him incapable of doing a man's duty. He was accused of cowardice in face of the enemy. He was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death. During the few bitter hours which elapsed between his sentence and its execution, Frederick Moreland (for such was his name) experienced the greatest kindness from Captain Griffiths, and when about to be led forth to death, he made it a last request that Captain Griffiths should always keep the interests of old Lieutenant Moreland and of Alice (the poor fellow's father and sister) always in view and under his special observation. This request Captain Griffiths promised faithfully to fulfil.

It was in the month of June, 1810, that the attention of the loungers and idlers on the cliffs and look-out points of Cove harbour was attracted by the appearance of a vessel of war, evidently, from her size and apparent number of guns a line-of-battle ship, slowly entering the noble harbour. The ship had, apparently, come a long voyage. She looked like a sea-bird weary after flight, and she bore about her, both in hull and rigging, well-marked signs and indications of having battled with ocean and tempest. As the storm-beaten ship approached the usual man-of-war anchorage, two individuals marked her approach with feverish anxiety. These individuals were Lieutenant Moreland and his daughter Alice, for it was in that ship that the Lieutenant's son, Fred. Moreland, was serving as second lieutenant. The massive anchor, with its heavy chain cable, were let fall from the bows, and the huge ship rounded to the tide. She looked like some huge animated being, fatigued with buffeting winds and storms, and now taking a position of ease in swinging to her berth in the placid anchorage of Cove harbour. Shoals of small boats clustered around the newly-arrived ship, and many an upturned face looked in vain for the features of loved ones who were destined never to return, or recognise those who had come back after encountering the dangers of sea and war. Amongst the first from the shore who stepped on board the newly-arrived ship were Lieutenant Moreland and his lovely daughter, Alice. They looked and looked in vain, for a sight of him who was so truly dear to them. Griffiths, as lieutenant, was on deck, and at once recognised the likeness between his unfortunate shipmate and the lady and gentleman before him. He had a sad story to record, and the brave old man and his daughter,

who but a short time before had their hearts brimful with joyous hope, descended the ship's side and returned to their silent home, plunged in the deepest sorrow, and pierced with the bitterest and most humiliating affliction.

The kindness and consideration evinced by Griffiths excited in the mind of Alice the warmest gratitude, and, in fact, the sincerest affection, for the man who had proved himself the friend of her unhappy brother. The old Lieutenant did not long survive this bitter bereavement of cherished hope; and his orphan daughter became the sole occupant of one of the prettiest of cottages, that seemed to nestle amidst shrubs and trees, in the vicinity of the shore of that section of Cove harbour known as East Ferry. Day after day, Captain Griffiths was a constant visitor at the cottage, and strove, by every means in his power, to assuage the mental sufferings and subdue the bitter and hateful reminiscences of an event which, whilst cutting short the life of one so dear to her by a disgraceful end, deprived her, even his own sister, of the power of blessing his memory. At the conclusion of one of those interviews between Alice and Captain Griffiths, the sailor offered her his hand in marriage, and the offer was accepted; but, with all a woman's pride, she reminded him, and solemnly warned him not to forget, that he had now pledged his troth, for life, to a woman the sister of one whose professional career had been stained by the imputation of a crime, the lowest and most degrading of which any man could be guilty, whose profession it was to bear arms in defence of his country.

The reply of Griffiths was manly and sailor-like. "I knew your brother well, Alice," said he, "and he was no coward. He was as physically brave as a lion, and he met his death with the calm composure of a truly brave man. What was called cowardice in him was drunkenness; and I believe that a great wrong has been done to my poor unfortunate shipmate, your brother. Even if he had been guilty of the crime for which he died, it would not influence me for a moment with regard to you, to whom I feel the deepest and most unalterable affection."

"Then, be it so, Walter," said Alice, whose eyes were suffused with tears, as she heard the observations which Griffiths made relative to Frederick Moreland. "If you think me worthy of you," continued the beautiful girl, "I am yours for ever. But, tell me, Walter, will you be long absent on this voyage you are going to take, as I feel a kind of uneasiness on your account which I cannot recover myself out of?"

"Nonsense, pet," replied Griffiths, as he burst into a long, loud, and joyous laugh; "you women are as superstitious as Danish sailors. And will you tell me what danger is there in going round the coast in the *Sea Lark*. By Jove, for a mere trifle, I would make you come round with us. I intend to be your guest at tea this evening, Alice, so be quick, as I must be on board within an hour.

Alice was not long in getting the tea equipage in order; but, despite every effort to shake it off, a feeling, or rather sad foreboding, haunted her like a shadow. This did not pass the observation of Griffiths, who

accounted for it by assigning it to the affection which he knew Alice bore to him. He tried to converse as gaily as possible, but to no purpose, as the fair girl gave indications of unspeakable sadness. The time arrived when the sailor should return to his ship, and, as he rose to take his leave, Alice burst into tears. After an affectionate parting, Griffiths proceeded on board the Sea Lark, and Alice watched the vessel which bore him she so deeply loved, until the white sails of the brig faded in the hazy distance.

As the Sea Lark continued her course, the wind freshened until it rose to half a gale, and as the gallant craft rushed through the foam, clouds of spray dashed over her quarter and deluged the decks. Her spars, from the pressure of the sails, whipped like fishing rods, and at this time the Sea Lark was going thirteen knots an hour.

"The wind is westing a point or two," said Spenser, addressing Captain Griffiths, "and I think it would be well to 'go about,' and give the coast a 'wide birth.' I don't like a lee shore in a square-rigged craft," continued Spenser, laughing, "I have got enough of that kind of thing in my time."

As the lieutenant spoke, the thunder of the huge breakers could be heard on board, and from time to time when the moon would shine out, the giant rocks that girdled the coast could be seen covered with foam and spray.

"You have given such good advice before this evening, be it so," replied Griffiths; "pass the word,"

"Stand by, about ship," shouted Spenser, through his trumpet, and in one minute the shrill whistle of the boatswain was heard above the tempest like the sound of the oboe above an orchestra. Every man was at his post, when the helm was "put down," and the Sea Lark ran up in the wind like a sea-bird emerging from the water. The yards having been braced round, the brig rushed off on the "port" tack, standing to the southward.

She is behaving well to night, Mr. Spenser, said Griffiths, who never went below from the time the brig left her moorings, but I fear we have not had the worst of the gale yet; it looks very unsettled to windward.

"I think we are in for a full sneezer before daybreak," replied Spenser, who was now dressed from top to toe in oilskin overalls. "I never knew a sudden shift of wind to S.W. at this season, that it did not blow hard."

"Sail, ho," sung out the "look-out," from the fore-top.

"Where away?" shouted Griffiths, "come below."

The look-out, in obedience to his orders, descended from the exalted but unenviable position which he had occupied, and, approaching the captain and Spenser, who were standing to windward of the main mast, said that "he saw a large vessel, about five miles to the southward, bearing towards the land."

"We must soon see what she is, as she will cross our course within half-an-hour if the look-out speaks right," observed Griffiths.

The anxiety of the captain and his lieutenant to ascertain the character of the strange craft extended to the crew, and many a practised eye sought to catch a glimpse of the stranger.

"Halloa! I see her," said Bill Marlin (a tall, wiry-looking tar, as he stood in the weather-shrouds,) "and I'm blowed if I don't believe she is a down South Yankee—I know she is; she is one of them low, long craft they send out a privateering."

"If so, she is in the wrong box," said another sailor, a second edition of Bill; "the guns of the *Sea Lark* would make short work of her."

"I tell you what, Jack, you mistake," replied Bill. "The Yankee has more teeth than we have, and I know the lubber is up for mischief. He did not pipe down to-night; all the hammocks are in the nettings."

"Let us have a look at her, Bill," said Jack Trysil, as he took up his position alongside of Marlin. He fixed his gaze on the approaching ship, and, after scrutinizing her from stem to stern, as she rose and fell with the sea, he said, "You are right, Bill, I know by her flimsy cotton canvas that she is a Yankee. She is a three-masted schooner, as long as a street, and she is going through the weather, she is like smoke. The fellow sees us he's luffing to get on our weather quarter; that looks game, doesn't it, Bill?" continued Jack, as he jumped on deck.

"We'll have a brush, or I'm a harpoon," observed Bill. "I counted his ports, and, if I am not out in my reckoning, he carries sixteen 'bull-dogs' and a long swivel aft."

While this conversation was going on, two anxious watchers observed the movements of the strange sail that every moment approached closer to the brig that was now lying, gunwale under, to the fury of the gale.

"I smell powder already," observed Spenser; "the Yankee is well manned and armed, and I fear is too heavy for us in this weather."

Griffith made no reply, but continued for some time as if wrapt in deep reflection, and, as if waking from sleep, he said, suddenly addressing Spenser with unusual sternness, "Pipe all hands, and clear for action!"

The order was scarcely given when all was energy and active bustle on board the *Sea Lark*. The port and starboard guns were loaded with as much promptness and precision as if the brig was "going free under top-gallant sails and royals.

"If this fellow shows fight, as I am sure he will, our plan will be," said Griffiths, addressing Spenser, "to let him get to windward of us, and give him the whole of the weather broadside, then we will wear the brig, even if we should lose every spar in her, and give him the other broadside, which will become a weather one by the movement of which I speak; and Spenser, if you should survive me in this encounter, fight the *Sea Lark* till she goes down beneath your feet." There was an air of solemnity in the manner which Griffiths expressed the latter part of his observations that showed that the forebodings expressed by Alice affected him. Having given his orders, he assumed that cool indifference to danger which characterized the school of British sailors of his time.

"I like your plan well, in everything," replied Spenser, "but the wearing, in doing which, I fear, we will lose our masts."

"We never could fight our leeward guns in this weather," replied Griffiths, coldly, as he looked through his telescope at the stranger. "If

they fight their ship as well as they sail her, we shall have some hot work on hands; there goes up his bunting at last" continued he, "stars and stripes, of course. About ship."

The Sea Lark head was again turned towards the shore, and, as she careened to the sea, in her rapid course, it was evident the Yankee was gaining on her. "Leave her away a point or two," said Griffiths, and as the saucy little craft was eased off more with the wind, she danced over the heavy tumbling sea. When about four miles off the land the Yankee came within range, which fact was announced by a round shot passing through the fore-topsail of the brig, now about a half mile ahead and to windward of the Yankee, on whose decks numbers of half-naked sailors were to be seen preparing for the approaching combat.

"This won't do," said Griffiths, "bear away and get to leeward of the Yankee, and as he passes give him a broadside." After this order had been given a period of fearful suspense ensued. The Yankee did not seem to understand the movements of the brig, as she foamed through sea-way; the American was congratulating himself on an easy capture, when the Sea Lark fired her six starboard guns into her formidable rival. "Stand by to wear ship," was now passed, and before the Yankee could return the fire the Sea Lark literally lay over in the trough of the sea as she was wore round.

"Bravo, good masts!" shouted Spenser, as he called lustily to "brace round the yards lively;" and as the brig righted on the other tack, the "port" broadside was sent at the upper works of the "three master." As the smoke cleared away, the main-mast of the Yankee fell over the side, carrying the fore-topmast with it. So rapid and so novel was this manœuvre, that the captain of the Donald Richardson (the name which the Yankee ship bore), was quite taken by surprise; but as the brig was preparing to renew the encounter, the disabled American poured a deadly volley into the Sea Lark, which did some damage to her hull, and laid many a fine seamen a mangled corpse on the deck. A shot hit Griffiths below the right shoulder and nearly severed the arm from the body.

As he fell in the arms of Spenser, he said—"Don't mind me; Alice was right. Poor Alice, what will become of you! Save your ship by getting out of range of the Yankees' guns. You need not trouble yourself more about him, he will be ashore, and go to pieces within an hour. Take me below," continued Griffiths, "I feel very weak."

The surgeon of the brig succeeded in stopping the blood which had been flowing fast from the wound, caused by the amputation of the right arm of Griffiths, who was now reduced to the extreme of weakness, no hope whatever being entertained of his recovery. Amongst the dead were numbered Bill Marlin and Jack Trysil, of whom Jack Oakum (the great yarn spinner of the crew) said, "I would as soon myself, or the captain was dead, as either of them. There is no one aboard now to have a lark with, as poor Bill and Jack are gone."

At daybreak the gale continued to blow with the greatest violence, as the brig kept well off the land. Far to leeward the American was to be

seen, despite of the exertions of her crew, drifting hopelessly to destruction, outside of the reach of all human aid. Onward she drove before the tempest like a doomed thing, bearing to their death hundreds of brave but despairing men. As the sickly sun rose above the horizon, she neared the rock-bound coast, on which the distracted waters broke in the wildness and terror of frenzy. She rolled broadsides on the rocks when she was struck by a tremendous sea which turned her keel up. She was borne back again by receding waters, and was dashed in fragments by returning ones against the giant sentries of the Atlantic on the western coast of Ireland. Not one of her crew survived to tell the fate of the once proud ship. "Donald Richardson," the celebrated privateer, and the terror of our mercantile marine.

The command of the *Sea Lark* having devolved on Lieutenant Spenser, he determined on bearing back at once for Cove, and early on the morning after the encounter, the brig was running briskly for harbour. The wind being fair, she arrived at her moorings early in the afternoon; but how changed. The dashing craft that looked so graceful when leaving on the previous evening, now returned to the port shattered by shot, and bearing the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Spenser, after reporting himself to the admiral, and recording the events of the previous night, lost no time in having Griffiths carefully borne to the cottage of Alice. The meeting between them was most affecting; and, as she saw him who left her a few short hours before, full of youth, hope, and manly beauty, return maimed, bruised, and dying, she wept bitterly. Long and carefully did she nurse and tend her wounded sailor. But she was rewarded for all her care as she saw her patient slowly but steadily recovering. The *Sea Lark* was put out of commission to refit, and when she was made good as ever, Spenser was promoted to command her. It is almost needless to say that Griffiths married Alice, or that a number of young Griffiths appeared on the stage. Walter Griffiths rose to be an admiral in the service which he adorned, but it does not appear that he ever trod a quarter-deck after the eventful night of "Our brush with the Privateer."

A GLANCE FROM THE WINGS.

ONE grows very tired sometimes of respectability, even of respectability in amusement. Hence it was that the regular drama, after a while, began to pall upon my taste, and upon that of my friend, W. Shakspeare. We were, I am ashamed to say, sick of Sheridan; and such other of the legitimate comics as still retain possession of the stage, we knew by heart. Even the Italian Opera ceased to have charms for us, and the sweetness of Rossini and Bellini, the everything that is good and grand of Mozart, and the noise and namby-pamby of Verdi began to affect our ears, temporary barbarians that we are, pretty much alike. Decorum, too, was distasteful to us—and the audiences at the regular theatres are always strictly decorous. Ladies

in full dress, and gentlemen in black coats and white neck-cloths, are no doubt, pleasing objects to look upon, but we had seen them too often. We knew the face of every play-goer pretty much as, no doubt, every play-goer knew ours. All this became, at last, monotonous and unbearable, and so, as men take a tonic to restore their appetite, or a swim in the cold sea to brace up their relaxed muscles, we determined to plunge into a lower society, and see if an acquaintance with the lower forms of our favourite amusement would not give us back the enjoyment in it which we had formerly had.

For these, therefore, and other good causes, we set out, one night last winter, to see how things were managed at a small place of Thespian entertainment of which we had heard some time before.

The theatre which we went to visit did not always hold the inferior position which it holds at present. The time was when it was a place of fashionable resort: that, to be sure, was a time when dingy houses, which are now let in tenements, and swarm with dirty, though noisy and merry children, were the abode of an aristocracy which has long since quitted them, and flown to other quarters. The time was, when the space now occupied by the pit and boxes which accommodate a somewhat humble audience, was filled with periwigged and red-heeled gallants, who wore by their side rapiers, which they were by no means slow to draw upon occasion, and by ladies powdered and rouged, and only in their best circumference of petticoat, resembling the fair ones of the present day. And ladies and gallants were there to listen to some of the sublimest strains that musician ever composed, strains which, even now, after a hundred musical fashions have flourished and failed, still by turns delight and awe us, as a century hence they will delight and awe our grandchildren. And see, as the famed *maestro* takes his seat, and the music rolls on, now touching and tender, now grand and solemn, now again terrible, how the whole audience, that hard-hearted, frivolous eighteenth century audience is moved, or feigns to be so. Though no, I do not believe it is feigning. The gambler for a while forgets his cards and dice, the run of bad luck which overtook him last night, and the favouring turn of fortune which he hopes will to-night retrieve his past losses: the duellist, too, is softened, and is led to think that, perhaps, there are nobler things in life than deciding knotty points in the law of honour, or marking out the ground for some friend whom that rigid code has compelled to go out to endeavour to take the life of his fellow man, while risking his own. As the strain flows on, his mind goes back to the days when he yet was young and unstained with blood, and ere he had forgotten to pray, and learnt instead to swear. The coquette near him positively forgets laces, ribbons, lap-dogs, and flirtations, and, for a while, is a being of rational, nay, even of noble mind and feeling. While again, alone in a corner of the house, stands one ———. Bah! I am dreaming of old times: let us come at once to the present.

"A drama of thrilling interest. Comic songs. The whole to conclude with the new grand Christmas pantomime. Boxes, four pence; pit, two pence." While, gentle reader, if you be a very humble votary of the drama,

one whom nature has endowed with noble tastes, while fortune has very culpably neglected to provide you, to any great degree, with the means of indulging them, yet, fear not, even you are not forgotten, and a simple penny will introduce you to the gallery. If you are a bloated aristocrat, and scorn to mingle with the ignoble vulgar, five shillings will procure for you, and as many friends as may accompany you, a private box. But you may get a still better place at an easy rate. A seat in the stage box may be had for a shilling. The only matters to be remarked with respect to this is, that there is no stage box and no seat. The term, "stage box" is an euphemism, and when translated into plain English it means, "behind the scenes." To this part of the house my friend and I, having respectively paid our shilling, betook ourselves. The house, as well as we could see it through a hole in the curtain, was moderately full, with a not very aristocratic, but by no means an "unrespectable," audience. Small tradespeople filled the boxes, there were workmen in the pit, and the usual rabble in the gallery. After an overture, performed by a somewhat slender band, W. and I were driven aside into any corners which we could find, and in which we would not be visible to the rest of the house, and the "drama of thrilling interest" began. I was at the time—and I confess that I still am—utterly unable to say what this production was about. I gave my whole attention to it, but it was above my comprehension. Where the action took place, whether on board a ship and in a storm, or on the top of a mountain, has never been quite clear to me, though, from the circumstances of frequent reference being made to a lighthouse, and of one of the principal characters being given to hitching up his trowsers, making alternate allusions to his lee scuppers, and to a certain Poll, whose absence he deplored, and having occasional recourse to intoxicating drinks, I am inclined to the opinion that the drama was of a nautical cast. The plot was rather obscure. There were, of course, several ruffians, and two or three virtuous individuals; and, at a particular moment, a lady rushed forward on the stage and claimed somebody for her long-lost child. Thereupon two men were shot, and three more thrown, either over board or down a precipice, the female survivors sank upon their knees, and the males took off their hats with their left and pointed to heaven with their right hands, and with this satisfactory conclusion the curtain fell. I take it that the audience understood what it was all about, for they applauded with the greatest energy, but, for my own part, I can give no clearer report of the proceedings than what appears above. After this dramatic performance, a gentleman in evening costume "went on" and sang a song, in the chorus of which the entire audience joined, the singer beating time with a roll of music as they did so. Then came a part of the entertainment of which I hardly know to say whether it was the more pitiable or comic. Two very little children, so little indeed that they were scarcely able to toddle on before the curtain, went forward, dressed as a shepherd and a shepherdess, as shepherds and shepherdesses were dressed in the days of Louis XV. and Watteau, to sing some kind of amœbean pastoral ditty. Their mother, the same lady who had claimed

somebody as her child in the "drama of thrilling interest," led them just to the edge of the scenes, where she remained to prompt them, while their father, from behind, contemplated the performance of his little prodigies with manifest pride. Indeed, when the little things toddled back after what must have been to them a sufficiently fatiguing piece of work, the father could not repress his exultation, and said aloud that "the little fellow was worth the whole of them"—meaning, I suppose, all the rest of the talented company—while the mother, in the most natural manner possible, kissed the little girl, and then led away both the children to assist in re-clothing them in their every-day costume. I remarked too, with respect to this worthy lady, that while she claimed her child (the theatrical one) in an accent which was elaborately English, the tone in which she addressed the little things who really belonged to her, smacked very strongly of the main street of the city of Cork. I must not, however, before I leave this part of the entertainment, fail to commemorate the mode in which the audience testified their delight at the performance of the poor children. In grand theatres, when *Mademoiselle Della Fioriture* has died, after pouring forth a wondrous torrent of melody, and the green curtain, which gives us assurance that no other act remains, has fallen, a storm of applause arises, and the dead heroine is resuscitated at the public voice, and led before the curtain by her faithful lover, (also lately deceased,) or the dire villain who has been persecuting her, as the case may be. Then the house resounds with clapping of hands, and sometimes with cheers, the air is fanned with waving hats and handkerchiefs, and there descends to the fair *prima donna's* feet a perfect rain of bouquets, which the villain, or faithful lover, picks up and presents to the object of all this enthusiasm. Similar, and yet unlike, less grateful, but in its way, perhaps, somewhat more substantial was the public offering in the present instance. Bouquets, it is true, descended not, but in their stead a shower of halfpence was thrown upon the stage, which the children ran hither and thither to secure as they fell. Three or four oranges and apples made their appearance also, and I even observed that one gentleman, carried away by his feelings, cast on the stage his pipe, which, like a great painter's canvas, was of small value intrinsically (I should say it cost originally one halfpenny) but was rendered priceless by the artistic colouring that appeared upon it. For a while the children picked up the halfpence singly as they fell, and so carried them behind the scenes to their parents, but after a minute or two, one of the villains who had been shot in the first piece gave them the red night-cap which he still wore, and in it all the remaining coppers which fell upon the stage were placed and then brought back to the anxious mother who was waiting behind the scenes, and who forthwith secured them.

But now came the preparations for the pantomime. Coarse-looking scenery was shoved into its place; ropes were hauled about in various directions; gas jets were lighted here and there; trap doors were opened, and shut again; little boys appeared, dressed in the traditional costume of leprechauns; and young ladies, in rather dirty short white dresses, flitted about hither and thither upon the stage. A dingy, melancholy

man, with paint on his cheeks and tinfoil under his eyes, lounged about smoking a short pipe, and looking as if he thought that to be a "sprite" was nothing very funny, after all. The leprechauns amused themselves by knocking each other down and playing "tig," to keep themselves warm. The young ladies, who, I believe, were fairies, practised their steps, and hummed the airs which they were to sing in the approaching piece. In the green-room—but, heaven help us, what a green-room! what a *foyer*! I had almost forgotten it. It was a large, empty room—if room it could be called, which opened upon the side of the stage, not by a door, but rather by the absence of a wall. A dull fire burned in the huge grate that stood at one side of it. Heaps of coarse sacking, some of it filled with straw, some of it limp and empty, lay scattered here and there upon the dirty, uncarpeted floor. The walls were rudely whitewashed, and the ceiling showed its bare rafters uncovered by paper. Altogether, the place had the appearance of a large and long-unused barn, where you would say that rats and mice ought, by time, to have acquired full sovereignty, and would be fully entitled to look upon men and women as new intruders. Here were congregated the performers who were to bear the principal parts in the pantomime, together with several of the public, who, having paid their shillings, were revelling in the glorious dissipation of being "behind the scenes," and of talking familiarly to real live actors. The pantomime began. What was it like? To me it seemed, standing where I was, to be a confused jumble of coarse scenery, in which it was impossible to distinguish a resemblance to any natural object;—of dirty-looking men and women, besmeared with paint, and dressed in faded, ill-fitting garments, and of a great deal of purposeless running about, and singing. It made my friend and me very melancholy, and we determined to go away. Before leaving the theatre, however, we went for a moment into the boxes, to see how all that would look at a distance, which, close at hand, had appeared so wretched. Of a truth, the change was wonderful. I do not mean to say that the scenery was a model of painting and-decoration, but it was bright and cheerful, and conveyed to the eye what it was intended to represent. The performers looked well, their dresses appeared to be appropriate; and it was quite possible to see the drift of all the running about, and the singing. In fact, taken all in all, the entire performance, though unmistakably of an inferior kind, was creditable, and well got up. It was not the only place, we thought, as we buttoned up our great coats, and strolled into the night air, where things look best at a distance. There are more matters than dramatic performances, which will not bear to be looked at too closely; and it is not merely in a Christmas Pantomime, at a minor theatre; that a vast deal of pleasant illusion is lost by being behind the scenery.

JOTTINGS ON CARD-BACKS.

"Patience, and shuffle the cards."

DON QUIXOTE.

WHO the introducer of playing-cards into Europe was, is to the present day a mystery; there is, however, a supposition, having some *trai-sen-blance*, that they were known early in the fourteenth century, if not anterior to that period. It is the general belief, that they were invented for the amusement of Charles V. of France, to amuse him during his lacid intervals, he having become deranged from the effects of a sun stroke. In that monarch's treasurer's accounts for the year 1393—the year succeeding his death—appears the following entry:—"Given to Jacquemin Grignon-neur, painter, for three packs of cards, gilt and coloured, and variously ornamented, for the amusement of the King, fifty-six sols of Paris." If, however, the artist in question was the inventor of cards, it is but reasonable to suppose that he would have received a sum much higher than that specified in the entry, for his three packs. But we must regard this as a popular fallacy, and revert to a much earlier era in the world's history than the reign of Charles for the origin of cards—that singular medley of pieces of enamelled paste-board, bearing grotesque devices, which has been the cause of many a pleasant hour, as well as of many an anguished one; which has in turn wrecked the palace and the cot; at one time flushing the brow with the triumph of success, and at another marbling it with the pallor of bankruptcy.

To the East, we believe, we may with safety assert that we are indebted for this mystic source of amusement, since the game of chess, nearly the same in its principles, as it is now played, was originally devised in India, in the early part of the fifth century, and the similarity between the chessmen of the old oriental game and the court and coat cards, at once suggests the inference that to chess we are indebted for the invention of cards. It would appear that in the eastern game there were six orders amongst the chessmen, namely:—*Schach*, the king; *Pherz*, the general; *Phil*, the elephant; *Aspensuar*, the horseman; *Ruch*, the camel; and *Beydel*, or *Beydak*, the footmen, or infantry. In accordance with oriental notions of propriety, a woman could not be introduced into a game in which the stratagems of war were represented, in consequence of which there was no queen; and it is noteworthy that, even after the introduction of chess into Europe, the piece now called the queen retained its eastern name, *Fierge*, afterwards assimilated to the French *Vierge*, a maid, and ultimately, to *Dame*, the lady—though it assumed a feminine character. The most ancient eastern game at cards, of which any particulars are known, was called "Trappola." It was played with a pack containing king, knight or horseman, knave or servant, and six numeral cards, namely, the 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, and 10, making in all 36 cards. The suits were swords, cups, money, and clubs. This game, of the rules of which nothing is now known, is of Arabic origin, and is said to have been introduced into England by Edward I.,

who resided for five years in Syria, when Prince of Wales. This monarch also played another very ancient Indian game, called *Chaturaji*, or the "Four Kings." The pastime represented a mimic battle, and was played by four persons, thus shadowing forth our scientific game of Whist. There is a record of certain moneys being appropriated for the king's use whilst playing at the "Four Kings," as appears from a statement in Mr. Austis's "History of the Garter." It is a well-known fact that cards were generally known by the name of the "Books of the Four Kings." The word card, we may remark, is supposed to have been derived from the term *Chatur*, which signifies "four," in the Hindūstane language; many have supposed that it had its origin in the Latin word *Charta*, paper; but the generally accredited opinion is in favour of the former etymology.

Both the Italians and Spanish designated cards by the name *Naibe*, or *Naipes*, a word said by some authors to be of Arabic origin, while others aver that to the Hindūstane word, *Na-eeb*, signifying, in that dialect, a viceroy, who ruled over a certain district as sovereign, is attributable its radix. At the present day, cards are well known both to the Hindūs and Moslems. The cards of the former bear no resemblance to ours in shape, as they are usually circular, with the exception of having no queen, a feature in the earliest known European cards. Previous to the invention of paper, cards were made of thin tablets of wood or ivory, or of parchment, and the figures upon them painted by hand.

There is a tradition regarding the origin of the Hindūstane cards, to the effect that they were invented by a favourite Sultana, to wean her husband from a habit he had acquired of plucking or eradicating his beard! Be this as it may, there is a marked similarity between the oldest European cards and those of Hindūstan. As the marks of the European suites—chalices, swords, money, and clubs—have been supposed to represent the four principal classes in the European state, that is, Churchmen, Swordsmen, Merchants, and Labourers; in like manner are the four great historical castes of the Hindūs represented, thus—Brahmins, Priests, Chetryas, Soldiers; Vaisyas, Tradesmen and Artificers, and Sudras, Slaves, and the lowest class of labourers. Indeed, there is a general theory, that the four suites of cards were intended to represent the four orders of men. According to M. Laber, the French suits have this significance: cœur, (heart) valour, greatness of soul; trèfle, (clover) wisdom, and gentleness united with power; caneau, (the square-headed arrow,) firmness and constancy; pique (lance-head), military power. In the oldest stencilled or printed European cards, which are about the fifteenth century, we find a similarity between the marks of the suites and the Hindūstane cards. The former were bells, hearts, leaves, and acorns, each of those having marks in common with the eastern cards, excepting the hearts, for which no corresponding symbol has been found. It is affirmed that the diamond, of our own time had its origin from the "Castrala," a mystic diamond worn on the breast of Vishnū, or held in the palm of his hand. In China, playing-cards were known from a very early date, being supposed to have

been invented there in the year 1120. They were called *Che-pea*, or paper tickets, though the name of a single card was *Shen*, a fan.

Germany, into which country it is averred they were introduced as early as the year 1300, appears to have taken the initiative in the manufacture of cards, when pursued as a regular trade, which was early in the fifteenth century. It would seem, from some records extant, that women were the earliest card-makers and card-painters. The towns of Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Ulm, appear to have been the chief seats of the card-manufacture in Germany, in the fifteenth century, and there was a large export trade in these commodities. Though it has been assumed that wood-engraving had its origin in the practice of engraving cards on wood, and was thence extended to sacred and other objects, this theory is by no means well authenticated, as cards bearing date 1440, were evidently stencilled; and the circumstance alone of so many women card-printers employed at Nuremberg, between 1433 and 1477, is a conclusive proof that such is not the fact. The precise period at which the art of xylography, or wood-engraving, was introduced in Europe, or in which country it was practised, is still doubtful. There is an interesting anecdote in connexion with cards, related of a very distinguished cleric of Sienna, who preaching in the year 1424, on the steps in front of the Church of St. Petronius, at Bologna, depicted so forcibly the evils of gambling, particularly card-playing, to which the Bolognese were much addicted, that his auditors made a large fire in the public square, and cast their cards into it. A poor card-maker who was present, seeing his mode of life, as it were, wrested from him, addressed the divine as follows:—"Father, I have not learned any other business than that of card-making, and if that is taken from me, you deprive me of life, and my destitute family of the means of support." "If," said the preacher, "you are at a loss how to employ your talent for painting in the manner best suited to gain a fortune, paint this image," sketching a figure of our Saviour on a tablet, "and you will have no cause to regret the change." It is said the card-painter followed his advice, and eventually became a rich man.

It is an admitted fact that card-playing formed a portion of the Christmas pastimes in England, during the reign of the fourth Edward. Henry VII., according to Barrington, had a passion for cards, as there is notice of several entries of money, lost at cards, in his privy purse expenses. It appears to have been a common game at court, the royal children even indulging in the recreation. The Princess Margaret, afterwards wife of James IV. of Scotland, had her first interview with her affianced husband whilst engaged at cards, after her arrival in Scotland to fulfil her engagement. James himself indulged in the pastime, and we find several instances on record of moneys forfeited by him. It is recorded of Catherine, wife of Henry VIII.—that "spot of blood and grease on the history of England," as Dickens has truly called him—that amongst her other accomplishments, she could play with "cards or dyce," while Henry's daughter, the Princess Mary, afterwards queen, was passionately fond of the game. During the reign of Elizabeth, who was herself a card-player, dramatic and satirical representations of cards appear to have been a Christmas pas-

time. "Kimeró" was the game in vogue at this period, and seems to have been played with five cards; the five of trumps, called the five fingers, like in our own old games of five-and-twenty, and five-and-forty, being the best card, next to which was the ace of hearts. In the reign of Queen Anne, card-playing was very fashionable and popular in England, "Ombro" was the favourite game of the ladies; "Piquet" that of the gentlemen. Pope immortalised the former in his "Rape of the Lock," the game being evidently the one most in favour at this epoch. In the days of Anne, and those of George I., satirical and emblematical cards were much in request. The subjects selected for the latter were various; Love however, generally bore the sway, and each card had an emblematic motto. Card-playing was at its zenith during the greater portion of the "Georgian Era." Seymour's "Court Gamester" written, according to the title page, for the princesses, was published in the early part of the first George's reign, and was intended for the instruction of the daughters of George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. During the reign of the latter—about the year 1737—the original edition of Hoyle's treatise on "Whist" was published, and was received with marked and universal approbation, particularly amongst the elite of the clubs. Those were the halcyon days of Beau Nash; when Colley Cibber was poet laureate; when the guards, the pride of the army, were the heroes we see represented in Hogarth's famous "March to Finchley," and when such statesmen as Bubb Dodderington had the *entrée* by the back stairs, both at Leicester House and at St. James's. It was, in truth, a remarkable era of vice, of which gambling bore off the palm. Though Cibber sipped his wine at the table of "my lord," and the great old Samuel Johnson, behind a screen in Cave's back shop, eagerly devoured a plate of meat, which the exacting publisher had sent him from his own table, still might be seen a batch of gambling senators hurrying down to the house, from the club at White's, to record their votes against gambling, whilst fresh from the act of indulging in the vice against which their sharp censure was thus passed. The passion for gambling increased rather than diminished during the earlier part of the reign of George III. Divines of the first eminence pitilessly hurled their invectives against the vice, and it is related that Dr. Rennell, Master of the Temple, with his own hand, placed under the knocker of Mr. Fox's door, a very animated sermon, in which, whilst denouncing gaming and gamblers, he levelled his shafts openly at the great statesman himself.

There is no mention of the introduction of cards into Ireland anterior to the sixteenth century. Spenser, at the latter end of that century represents cards as a common amusement in the South of Ireland, and one, the indulgence of which, led to every species of dissipation and meanness. The favourite game in Kerry was called "One and Thirty," which was supposed to have been derived from the Spaniards, as a game so designated was customary in that country. The "six of hearts," in various parts of Ireland, the county Kilkenny in particular, is known by the name of "Grace's card," an agnomen which it is said to have acquired in the following manner:—A gentleman named Grace, being solicited, with many promises of

royal favour, to espouse the cause of William III., gave the following answer, written on the back of the "six of hearts," to an emissary of Marshal Schomberg's, who had been commissioned to make the proposal to him: "Tell your master I despise his offer, and that honour and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and title a prince can bestow." Many quaint and superstitious remarks have been made, from time to time, on several of the numeral cards, they being regarded lucky or unlucky, according to the tone or temper of the period. Thus, for instance, the deuce of cards is not, by any means, considered synonymous with that term as ordinarily applied, and is, therefore, regarded as a lucky card, and old card-players frequently employ the aphorism, "there's luck in the deuce but none in the tray." In some parts of England the "Four of Hearts" is looked upon as an unlucky card at Whist, and rejoices in the euphonious title of "Hob Collingwood." The four of clubs has been designated the "devil's bed-post" by sailors. It is, if we mistake not, the ace of diamonds that is popularly known as the "Curse of Scotland," either from the belief that it was upon the back of that card the Duke of Cumberland penned the order to give no quarter, after the battle of Culloden, or that the directions for the massacre of Glencoe were similarly indicted by William III.

Whist is, perhaps, of all games of chance the most scientific and popular. It was first played upon fixed principles by a club of gentlemen which met in the "Crown" Coffee House, in Bedford-row, London, in the year 1756. Alexander Thompson, in his "Humours of Whist," has, in the prologue, commemorated those gentlemen, and their scientific instructor, "Edmund Hoyle, Gent.," the author of the "Treatise" to which we have already referred:

"Who will believe that man could e'er exist,
Who spent near half an age in studying Whist;
Grew grey with calculation—labour hard!—
As if Life's business centred in a card?
That such there is, let me to those appeal,
Who with such liberal hands reward his zeal,
Lo! Whist he makes a Science; and our Peers
Deign to turn school-boys in their riper years;
King's, too, and Viceroy's, proud to play the game,
Devour his learned page in quest of Fame:
While lordly sharpers dupe away at Whites,
And scarce leave one poor cull for common bites."

We have evidence that it was played in England more than two hundred years ago, and it is more than probable that country may claim the honour of its invention. Cotton, writing about 1679, says: "Ruff and Honours are games so commonly known in England, in all parts thereof, that every child of eight years old hath a competent knowledge of that recreation." We find a reference to the game in "The Beaux' Stratagem," so early as 1707, in which one of the heroines ridicules the "rural accomplishment of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoking tobacco with my husband." Swift tells us that "the clergymen used to play at Whist and Swabbers."

Whist, or Whisk, as it was originally called, was not, we must admit, as fashionable or scientific a game in its earlier days as it has since become. It was then played by what are called "Swabbers," a term which originated most probably in the custom which then prevailed, by which a player holding in his hand certain cards, was entitled to take up a share of the stake independent of the issue of the game, and thus, in seaman's parlance, clearing the deck, or swabbing, as it was called. The substitution of the quaint term "Whist," for "Whisk," has evidently reference to the silence necessary to be observed whilst playing the game. Dr. Johnson coincides in this opinion. "Whisk and Swabbers" was the same as the still older game of "Ruff and Honours." Thompson and Pope have referred to Whist. The former names it in the "Seasons," as the squire's refuge against the tedium of Autumn, thus :—

"To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist awhile,
Walk'd his dull round, amid a cloud of smoke,
Wreathed, fragrant, from the pipe."

The celebrated Dr. Parr had a high opinion of his own skill at Whist, and could not even patiently tolerate the want of it in his partner, unmindful of the sage advice engraved on the old Whist markers—"Keep your temper." On one occasion, being engaged with a party in which he was unequally matched, he was asked by a lady how the fortune of the game turned, when he replied, "Pretty well, madam, considering that I have three adversaries."

In 1715, Pope writes as follows to Martha Blount :—

"Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is Whist; whose drink a toast in sack;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
Who loves you best of all things—but his horse."

The sentiment conveyed in the last line of this excerpt, reminds us, by the way, of a couplet from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

"He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog—a little dearer than his horse."

One of the clauses in the Budget recently laid before Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has abolished the duty upon playing-cards. The abolition of imposts upon any amusement is, at all times, a gratifying circumstance; still, we think that there are other taxes which materially affect the social and moral habits of the people, that might have been repealed with greater advantage.

REVIEWS.

TOPOGRAPHICAL POEMS.*

It is admitted that the late lamented Dr. O'Donovan possessed more knowledge of Ancient Irish Topography and Irish Family History, than any other man who had lived within the last two-hundred years—that is since the age of the O'Clery's, MacFirbisses, Colgans, and O'Flahertya. He enjoyed opportunities for acquiring this kind of knowledge which no one even within a much longer period possessed; and besides his constant occupation, his taste, his extraordinary memory, all urged and aided him in the pursuit of his favourite study. He had accumulated, indeed, an inexhaustible fund of information on this subject, and his lavish use of that information in his annotations of the "Annals of the Four Masters," and to the numerous works which he edited for the Archæological and Celtic Societies, and for other Irish literary bodies, constitutes the chief interest of these publications. His contributions to the old Dublin Penny Journal of twenty years since, are still anxiously sought after, and his admirable papers on some Irish Families, in the first series of the *Hibernian Magazine*, will not soon be forgotten. He had collected and thrown into a methodical shape a quantity of materials which comprised the very pith and marrow of what is known on this subject, and which would serve as an invaluable key to the study of Irish genealogies, provided only that it could be given to the world; but notwithstanding its value, and the wish of Dr. O'Donovan and his friends to have it published, the means for effecting this object seemed for a long time very remote. At length, however, the wished for opportunity presented itself. The Archæological and Celtic Society determined on the publication of the "Irish Topographical Poems" of O'Dugan, (O'Dubhagáin) and O'Heerin (O'Huidhrin) and this was precisely the work which would afford Dr. O'Donovan all the scope he could desire for his purpose. These poems were in fact themselves the principal Irish authority for the ancient topography of our country, inseparably mixed up as that subject is with the corresponding one of ancient family history. Nothing, therefore, could be more happily chosen, and Dr. O'Donovan accordingly entered most cordially upon the work. He did so with all the aids of his own most matured experience, and with the facts elicited by the investigations of others for the identification of ancient Irish topography before him—and the result is the publication now before us, the most practically useful, we believe, of the many important works for which the country is indebted to this lamented Irish Scholar,

* TOPOGRAPHICAL POEMS, by John O'Dubhagáin, and Olda Na Naomh O'Huidhrin. Edited in the original Irish, from M.SS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, with Translation, Notes, and Introductory Dissertations by John O'Donovan, LL.D.; M.R.I.A., &c. Dublin: Printed for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, by ALEX. THOM & SONS.

always excepting, of course, his *opus magnum* of the "Four Masters." He did not live to see his work issue from the press, he revised the last of the proof-sheets while his last sickness was already upon him, and only left the labour of indexing the work unaccomplished—a labour which has been performed for him with admirable judgment and precision by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, the learned editor of "St. Adamnan's life of St. Columbkille."

O'Dugan's poem, which is here published for the first time, in a complete form, is about 500 years old, its author having died in the year 1372. O'Heerin, the author of the second or supplementary poem, paid the debt of nature forty-eight years later, that is, in 1420. The object of these writers was, to transmit to posterity an accurate memorial of the territories belonging to each tribe and family of the ancient Irish race at the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion. They belonged to the class of hereditary antiquaries or historians, and possessed all the knowledge necessary for their task—knowledge, perhaps, which was not very general at a later period. In their time the native Irish had recovered a considerable proportion of their ancient territories. Some of the great Anglo-Norman barons, as the Burkes and Fitzgeralds, were, it is true, seated in the midst of them; but these were either becoming "more Irish than the Irish themselves," or else found it hard enough to retain their castles against their Irish foes. The "Pale," within which the English government could exercise its authority, was becoming every day more narrowly circumscribed, and the Irish chiefs could not assuredly have given up all hope of yet driving the stranger from their land. Still, even then, a great many of the Irish families had sunk into abject poverty and obscurity; many of them had become extinct, and a much greater number of them had changed their original territories—that is, having been expelled themselves by the Anglo-Norman invaders, they were compelled to seek land elsewhere, and dispossessed other and weaker Irish tribes in neighbouring, and sometimes in remote districts. This process of displacement, both by the English among the Irish, and by the Irish among themselves, commenced immediately after the invasion, and, if not well understood, would cause a great deal of confusion to the student of Irish history. For many reasons, therefore, it was most desirable to fix, with precision, the exact locality held by each tribe and family previous to the introduction of the disturbing elements, and to effect this was the object of the bardic historians whose productions are now laid before us. It was, no doubt, O'Dugan's intention to have extended his work to the whole of Ireland, but he only accomplished it for the provinces of Meath, Ulster, and Connaught, and his successor, O'Heerin, took up the task where he had left it off, and carried on the enumeration of districts and families for Leinster and Munster, being the portion of Ireland called Leath Mogha, as that described by O'Dugan was called Leath Cuinn, in the ancient division of Ireland made in the reign of Conn of the Hundred Battles, monarch of Ireland in the second century.

The work, however, of O'Dugan and O'Heerin, even in an English dress, would be of little use to modern readers without such an exposition and commentary as Dr. O'Donovan was able to afford us. Many of the places

mentioned by the old bards could not now be identified without such assistance, and a great many of the ancient Irish family names had become so metamorphosed by the attempts to assimilate them to English names, or to modify, in an English sense, their Celtic ruggedness of orthography to sound, that it would be quite impossible for us to recognise the old names given by O'Dugan and O'Heerin in their modern representatives. This very point, however, had been one of Dr. O'Donovan's special studies, as he, perhaps, of all men, was best able to detect the old race of Milesius under all the singular changes of patronymics that had been adopted, in too many instances, we fear, for the purpose of disguising it, but often, at least, in early times, from compulsion. This subject he develops in the admirable dissertations which form the introduction to the present publication.

In the reign of Edward IV. (A.D. 1465), it was enacted that every Irishman dwelling within the English Pale, that is, in the counties of Dublin, Meath, Louth, and Kildare, should take an English surname, or, as the statute quaintly expresses it, "shall take to him an English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale; or colour, as White, Blacke, Browne; or art or science, as Smith or Carpenter; or office, as Cooke, Butler; and that, he and his issue shall use this name under payne of forfeiting of his goods yearly til the premises, be done."

In obedience to this order the head of the O'Caharny's, of Tefia, who had the title of Shinnah, Anglicised his name into Fox; the Mac-an-Cowans and O'Cowans, translated their names into Smith; Macant-saioir (MacIntire), was altered into Carpenter; MacSpallane into Spencer; MacCoogry into L'Estrange; MacCrosane into Crosbie, etc. "But," adds Dr. O'Donovan, "the more eminent families of the Pale and its vicinity, as MacMurrough, O'Brennan, O'Toole, O'Byrne, O'Murchoe, MacGillapatrik, MacDamore, O'Nolan, O'More, O'Dunn, O'Ryan, O'Dempsey, O'Connor, Faly, O'Kelly, and others, retained their original Irish names unaltered. It is certain, however," he continues, "that the translation and assimilation of Irish surnames to English was carried to a great extent in the vicinity of Dublin and throughout Leinster; hence, it may at this day, be safely concluded, that many families bearing English surnames throughout what was formerly the English Pale, are undoubtedly of Milesian or of Danish origin."

Many, indeed, of the most distinguished Irish family names were Anglicised in a similar manner; as we find that in some instances, "O'Connor was changed to Conyers, O'Brien to Brine, O'Reilly to Ridley, O'Donnell to Daniel, O'Sullivan to Silvan and Silvers, O'Mordioe to Morpie, MacCarthy to Carter, &c."

This change of Irish into English names," observes Dr. O'Donovan, "continued to increase after the Revolution of 1688, when the natives who remained in Ireland were completely subjected. About this period numbers of the oppressed native Irish reduced their names as much as possible to the level of English pronunciation, rejecting in almost every

instance the O' and Mac, and making various other changes in their names, so as to give them an English appearance." (P. 29, *Introd.*)

A few examples of the capricious alteration of Irish surnames will be interesting, perhaps, even to the present owners of the names, many of whom know very little on the subject.

"In the county of Sligo, the ancient name of O'Mulclohy has been metamorphosed into *Stone*, from an idea that *clohy*, the latter part of it, signifies a *stone*. But this being an incorrect translation in the present instance, these persons may be said to have taken a new name. In the county of Leitrim, the ancient, and by no means obscure, name of Mac-Connava has been rendered *Forde*, from an erroneous notion that *ava*, the last part of it, is a corruption of *atha*, of a *ford*. . . . In Kerry and Thomond, the ancient name of O'Cnavin is now often Anglicised *Bowen*, because *Cnavin* signifies a *small bone*. In Tircconnell, the ancient name of O'Mulmoghery is now always rendered *Early*, because *moch-eirghe* signifies *early rising*. . . . In Thomond, O'Marcachain is translated *Ryder* by some (*Marcach* signifying a horseman), but is Anglicised *Markham* by others; and in the same territory O'Lahiff is made *Guthrie*, which is altogether incorrect.

Dr. O'Donovan proceeds to enumerate many similar changes made in other provinces, such as that of O'Darcy (*Ua Dorchaide* or *Darkey*) in Darcy in Galway; O'Mulrony into *Moroni*, in Thomond; O'Mulaville into *Lavelle* in Mayo, and into *Mac Paul* in Ulster; O'Dublilaine, or *Delany*, into *Delani*, as if it were of Norman origin, or into *Delane*, as it is written by the well-known editor of the *Times*; O'Dowling into *Du Laing*; Magilsinan into *Gilson* and *Nugent*, etc.; and he proceeds:—

"In Leinster all the Os and Macs have been registered; and, though a few of them are to be met there now, in consequence of the influx of poor of late into that province, it is certain that there is not a single instance in which the O' or Mac has been retained by any of the aboriginal inhabitants of the ancient Irish province of Leinster, not including Meath.

"The most distinguished of these was Mac Murrough, but there is not an individual of that name now known in Leinster, all the families of the name having, without exception, adopted the name of *Kavanagh*. The name now generally Anglicised *Murphy* is not Mac Murrough but O'Murchoe, which was that of an offset of the royal family of Leinster, who became chiefs of the territory of South Hy-Feliny, now the *Murroos*, or *Barony of Ballaghkeen*, in the east of the county of *Wexford*."

It is a remarkable fact that the Irishmen who have arrived at eminence in foreign countries, and there is scarcely one of the great ancient families of Ireland, besides many of the lesser ones, that has not produced some such distinguished persons—it is a remarkable fact, we repeat, that Irishmen in foreign countries, however high the position at which they arrived, have never been ashamed of their Irish origin. On the contrary, they have preserved their names with pride, and cherished every memorial of the country of their ancestors.

The ancient Christian or baptismal names of the Irish did not fare better

than the family names in their Anglican transformations. Thus it has been supposed that Aedh was equivalent to Hugh; Dermott to Jeremy; Mahon to Mathew; Conor (Concho'ohar) to Cornelius; Cormac to Charles; Donnell (Donhnall) to Daniel; Conn to Constantine; Melaghlin (Mael-seachlaim) to Malachy; Brian to Bernard; Flan to Florence; Teige (Tadhg) to Timothy; Donogh to Denis; Turlogh to Terence; Felim to Felix; and so on in a great number of instances, in not one of which, however, is there the slightest analogy of origin or import between the names thus popularly supposed to be equivalent.

It would be interesting and instructive to follow Dr. O'Donovan through the sixty octavo pages of curious details which he has collected on this and other matters relating to Irish names, and which form the very appropriate introduction to the topographical poems, but these few samples may give an idea of the rest. There are, besides, nearly ninety pages of closely printed notes, in which every name of place and person mentioned in the poems, receives all the necessary explanation, or, at least, all that was possible; and it should be observed that many valuable notes have been contributed by Dr. Reeves, derived chiefly from ancient ecclesiastical sources. The value of this body of annotations to any one engaged in the study of Irish history or antiquities, cannot, in truth, be over-estimated; and what adds immensely to its value is the truly admirable index, which occupies forty-one pages of double columns, and which appears to be compiled with an amount of judgment, care, and accuracy worthy even of the great experience of Dr. Reeves, as an investigator of Irish historical subjects. On the whole, there is no exaggeration in asserting that this publication establishes a stronger and more general claim on public support for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society than any of the excellent volumes which had hitherto passed through the press under its auspices. It may be said, of course, that these volumes are exclusively intended for the members of the society; but then there is nothing to prevent any one who wishes to encourage Irish national literature from becoming one of those members; and in truth, it may be said, that when an otherwise rare or inaccessible work is printed by a society for the use of its members, inconsiderable as these are in point of number, it is given to the world. If every one to whom this volume of Irish topographical poems and annotations ought to be of a deep interest, in a family, local, or historical point of view, were to become possessed of a copy of it, then, indeed, the circulation would be enormous, but alas! the support given to the Archæological and Celtic Society for its publications is not to be estimated by any such calculation. If the truth were to be rightly considered the amount of the support would be a sad slur upon Irish patriotism. The work of the society is done by a few gentlemen who are devoted, heart and soul, to Irish literature, and who therefore bestow their unrequited labour upon the hallowed task, and much of the pecuniary support of the society comes from quarters which might bring a blush to those who make a louder profession of national feelings. Let us hope that the publication of this new and most important volume will secure for the society a large extension of its resources.

LEGENDS, LYRICS, AND HYMNS.*

As a poet, the Rev. Mr. Potter claims relationship with a school whose peculiar views and doctrines are founded on the dicta of Wordsworth. It occurred to the author of the "Excursion," that the poetry which found favour with the public in his early days was wrong in principle and unsound in treatment. Its leading defects he held to be elaboration where none was needed—meretriciousness of colour, where the plain aspects of soul and nature were the best interpreters of their simple selves. To reform the prevailing error, he began with a theory which had nothing better than novelty to recommend it. The commercial details of everyday life were to engage the practical sympathies, concentrated and reflected lights, those fine agencies which throw a halo even around vulgarity, were to be abandoned as savouring of artificialism; and the human heart, with its passions and longings, was doomed to forget its tropes and images, and speak in the plain language of a bankrupt's circular or a price current! The whole plan was based upon purely realistic tendencies—it was the apotheosis of fact. Much as it may have promised to square with that nebulous element known as the age; the theory did not succeed. Healy was bad enough in his own way, and Pye was remembered with devout horror by a generation that had listened to the fresh song of Cowper; but either was less repulsive than the new man who cared little for Spenser, and thought Shakespeare crude and unintelligible. The popular intelligence persisted in believing that poetry, limited to the domain of fact, was a poor representative of the genius which ranged through the wide realm of imagination, and drew inspiration from heaven as well as earth. William Wordsworth was defeated, and retired into the country to distribute stamps and cultivate egotism. Where are his followers?

Calmly reviewing his opinions from our present standing point, it is but fair to admit that whilst they were radically wrong in their application to one "branch" of poetry, they were equally correct in their application to another. Descriptive poetry will prove barren reading when it catalogues nature with the business-like terseness of an auctioneer. It will not do of itself to tell us that fields are green, that meadows are flowery; for this is the result of ordinary apprehension, exclusive of the subtler insight and perception to which poetry alone can help us. Religious poetry, on the other hand, is best adorned, when adorned least. It is the voice of worship, and should combine in itself the volume and simplicity of Gregorian music, without the florid overlaying of those compositions, which, whilst ministering to an exquisite sensuality, divert the mind from the Object to whom they are offered. Dryden's translation of the *Te Deum* is a noble example of what classical severity may do for the religious muse. As a contrast to it, we may mention Tennyson's "Saint Agnes," a little gem so chastely ornamented, that it reminds us of a fresh flower laid on a white altar-

* LEGENDS, LYRICS, AND HYMNS, by the Rev. Thomas J. Potter. Dublin and London, JAMES DUFFY.

stone. Nevertheless, keeping their special motive in view, the comparison is in favour of the former. Its majestic breadth and rhythm, united to its austere grace, renders it the finest specimen of devotional poetry in the language.

"If I claim any merit for those poems," says Mr. Potter, "it is merely that of extreme simplicity of thought and treatment." And then he proceeds to explain his plan in words which exhibit an intimate knowledge of the theory of Wordsworth. Evidently, he perceives where the poet was wrong, for we cannot help thinking, even in opposition to Mr. Potter, that his strictly secular poems betray a taste for ornament of which the devotional pieces are wholly destitute. In "Christmas Memories," we fancy we can detect traces of this feeling; for instance, speaking of the bell-voice, he says:—

"It rusheth forth from its turret grey,
With a sound right full and deep,
Like the wild wind's roar o'er the seagirt shore,
When it wakes from its summer sleep."

And again:—

"Yet it lingereth first in the old churchyard,
And it whispereth round the graves,
With a mournful voice, like the babbling song
Of the gentle summer waves."

In both stanzas, the associative faculty exerts itself in comparison. Spite of the restrictive influences which permeate the work, a bit of colour finds its way here and there into the sober mass, and is rendered doubly brilliant by the contrast.

We are inclined to believe, however, that Mr. Potter's speciality lies deeper in feeling than in description. That he can be picturesque enough when he likes, is sufficiently shown in the exquisite and truthful touches scattered through "The Harvest Moon," "An Old Man's Musing," and one or two poems more, full of quiet cheerful graces, and sober painting. He does not startle his reader by excessive picturesque detail: his muse is emotional, not objective. A few happy colours furnish the background of the scene, from which the heart and soul speak to us—not in the pomp of phraseology, but in words, the essential simplicity of which, to quote Lord Bacon, "uplifts us in our expectations, and gives us those gratifications in fancy which reality denies." A lovelier piece of pathetic writing (under the conditions above specified) than the lines on "Sister Elizabeth," it would be hard to point to. In the "Christmas Song," the writer has infused all the warmth of bereaved affection, accepting its losses with that holy resignation which is the foundation of our highest hope. Perhaps, of the collection, no poems will be more popular than those included under the title of "Cypress Leaves." Their whole force lies in their directness: their beauty, in their unembarrassed outline. Of the translations at the end of the volume, we cannot speak too highly:—they are English conserves of the essence and aroma of the Latin originals. The book has been very handsomely brought out.

ARRAGON HOUSE; OR, THE BANKER'S SON.*

No side of English, French, and German literature has undergone so many changes in the lapse of a half century, as the fictional. It has been, to use a plain phrase, turned inside out. There is a vague but growing belief amongst those whose tastes and studies ought to make them good judges, that Smollet and Fielding, were they living and writing, would not snit the present generation of readers; and that Goldsmith alone might have a chance, where Cervantes and Richardson should get none. Except in the pages of the cheap periodicals, Mrs. Radcliffe would be now voted intolerable; and, rejecting her, what possible fate but neglect could befall Mr. Lewis and Miss Porter? The Germans in a great measure are responsible for this change. Goethe's "Elective Affinities," and "Wilhelm Meister," rang the dying knell of a school, whose views of life were false, if epigrammatic; shallow, if brilliant. From the hour those wonderful books entered the British Library, nature grew more respected. Perhaps her "modesty" has not been always duly considered; for in constructing the modern novel, writers expend over-elaboration on plot, and too much of what painters call "idealization" in character. We are gainers for all that, inasmuch as our novelists have thrown aside the tall stilts upon which their predecessors traversed the broad field of fiction, and are enough humble-minded to trudge in the dust and mire of life like other mortals. "Adam Bede," though a late example, is a fair representative book of the new class. In its pages we see the world, not through rose-colored, nor yet smoked glass, but an honest medium, presenting faults and perfections alike with candour and fidelity. Also, we take the book before us as a fine and successful instance of a work carried out according to the best canons of the modern school. Miss Young selects her materials with no hypercritical hand; they lie thickly around her in all the social strata; instead of heroines pining in bowers and dungeons, plumed heroes, and daggered banditti, she deals with matter-of-fact people—some who have borne persecution for justice sake, some who chafe in the wilderness of untoward circumstances; and others, whose oddities and humours make them, at the same time, amusing and instructive. In Marcella we have a picture of the first—a pure, whole-hearted woman, bended by affliction, yet patient in her worst pain, and never tired of hoping good things for the future. The portrait is touched with an exquisite hand; and we have a pendant to it in the person of her brother, the "Ego" of the story, whom we like to think of as a brave, cheerful fellow, much at war with the world, but bearing up stoutly that he may help the dear ones at home. We fancy we have seen "Nurse" before, but, notwithstanding, there is a wealth of originality in the conception of this good old woman, with her queer tippet and red Indian

* ARRAGON HOUSE; OR, THE BANKER'S SON. By *Marian A. F. Young*. Dublin and London. JAMES DUFFY.

shawl, Leghorn bonnet, and garrulous tongue. Better still is the life sketch of poor hen-pecked Mr. Jacobs, and his vulgar, domineering wife. The scene between the pair on the night when the gentleman returns, not soberly, from a civic dinner, and strives to conceal his shakiness from his wife, is brimful of genuine humour, and a keen relish of the situation in which the unhappy little man is placed. We take the characters at random. Of "Miss Temple," the heroine, (not that rose-showering Henrietta, of Disraeli), there can be but one opinion; meek, chastened, and yet sanguine, one follows her from the moment of her appearance to the inevitable, though artfully disguised *denouement*, with a purer and loftier interest than young ladies of her class are frequently honoured with. The contrast between herself and her father, that man of perverse idiosyncracies, is very forcible, and is carefully sustained to the last.

To write a successful story one needs travel out of the old hedge-roads; and knowing this, Miss Young has not scrupled to avail herself of a half-supernatural element. "Arragon House" is distinguished as being the local habitation of a peculiar race of ghosts, who devise sundry means of manifesting themselves under highly suspicious circumstances. The introduction of *umbra* into a tale of modern life may be enough pardonable, but we cannot help thinking that they might have been treated with less gravity. The story opens with a phantom clock, the real nature of which is quickly discovered, and ends with a ghost on the wall, of which nothing is explained. It is not treating an author fairly to place the stark machinery of his or her book before the public, and thus deprive them of the pleasant doubts and conjectures to which the reading of a well-written story gives birth. And on this account we are restrained from entering into an analysis of the plot of "Arragon House." A parallelism is sure to be established between the hero's father and a certain public character, of no small notoriety, who suddenly disappeared from the scenes of his labours some years ago. The resemblance between the two is, notwithstanding, one curious coincidence so slender that if this be abstracted the identity ceases to exist.

We may honestly congratulate Miss Young on having produced a clever book. As a writer, she appears to have overcome all the perils of adolescent authorship, and to have acquired the roundness, ease, and fluency, which are the fruits of patient discrimination, and sober talent. The story of "Arragon House" may stay up many a sinking heart, but it will never pollute one. Christian feeling wedded to ability is capable of great things—one proof of the usefulness of both is before us.

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No. 6.

JUNE.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VISIT.

"WHAT has detained you so long?" said the fair, blue-eyed Alice, leaning affectionately on her father's arm, as he crossed the entrance-porch, on his return from the sessions.

"Business, important business, dear Alice," replied Mr. Marsdale, embracing his daughter.

"It seemed so strange not to see you for five long days. Everything looked lonely without your kind presence."

"Well, dear child, I sincerely trust there will be no further occasion for my leaving you again. Such expeditions suit me ill, both in mind and body; and, until my fragile health is quite restored, I will let alone what can be more willingly performed by others. Let me now inquire," continued Mr. Marsdale, "whether Gerald is returned from his visit to the mines, and what is become of Merris?"

"Gerald is not returned from the mines as yet, and Master Merris is down with the reapers."

Having received satisfactory answers to all his queries, Mr. Marsdale retired to take some rest—an indulgence he much needed after a long, wearisome journey of many miles.

Master Merris, the usual companion of Mr. Marsdale, had on this occasion declined accompanying him to the sessions. He did not quite approve of the object that drew him there; he considered it uncalled for. He knew well that it was entirely at the instigation of his son, Humphrey, that this prosecution had been undertaken, and not from any wish of his own. Merris was, therefore, determined not to encourage the private enmities of this young man by giving way to his solicitations to accompany him to the sessions. He had often perceived with regret the unfortunate influence Humphrey possessed over his indulgent parent, whose blind partiality fre-

quently threw a shade over the superior qualities of his elder son. Under these circumstances, Master Merris did his utmost to steer a middle course, and, by his judicious conduct, encouraging the one and conciliating the other, succeeded in promoting that degree of harmony which his kindly disposition loved to see reign at Tregona.

The day after Mr. Marsdale's return from the sessions, he intimated to his daughter his wish to delay no longer visiting the poor, injured man to whom he was so much beholden. Alice was pleased at this proposal. She was not only anxious of expressing her acknowledgments personally, but felt a little curiosity to see the individual whose courage she had so much reason to admire. Very little time was, therefore, lost in responding to her father's request, and they soon found themselves in the presence of the invalid.

He was seated in an easy chair, with his left arm bandaged up, the emaciated appearance of his countenance betraying the severity of the injuries he had received,

"I am come," said Mr. Marsdale, with great emotion, "to express a father's gratitude to the preserver of his child's life."

"I rejoice," replied the sick man, rising from his seat, "to have been able to restore happiness to an affectionate parent."

"Be seated," said Mr. Marsdale, kindly; then, taking Alice by the hand, presented her as the loved being he had snatched from destruction. Alice expressed her obligations as well as she could.

"Say no more," said the sick man, interrupting her. "The sight of your happy smile fully repays me, by the assurance that the eventful day has left no visible traces to recall its perils."

"None, good sir," but the regret at not seeing you in the same healthful condition."

"This occurrence," said Mr. Marsdale, drawing his chair closer, "has, in all probability, separated you from your friends," and occasioned them considerable uneasiness."

"Not exactly so," was the reply. "My home is one day here, and one day there, and my friends are fully sensible of the kind care taken of me; so that they are under no uneasiness on my account. I was sojourning for a time in the vicinity, when chance led me towards the spot where my humble services were happily put in requisition."

"Still," continued Mr. Marsdale, with some embarrassment, "your long confinement may have put you to some inconvenience in a pecuniary point of view. I hope you will not refuse this little token of my esteem and gratitude;" on saying which, he placed a heavy purse before him.

"Pardon me, honoured sir," said the sick man, gently moving the proffered gift from him; "my necessities do not exceed the extent of my own resources. I have already been amply repaid for my exertions by witnessing their fortunate results. Do not lessen the satisfaction I feel by offering me any lower reward. On the contrary, the unwearied attentions of your eldest son demand every expression of thanks on my part."

Mr. Marsdale, fearing he might offend more than please by persisting

in his offer, withdrew the purse, and, perceiving the good dame busy in her avocations as nurse, desired Alice to put the same into her hands, as a recompense for her care and attention.

Mr. Marsdale then proceeded to converse upon indifferent subjects till he considered it expedient to take his departure. On rising to do so, he took the disabled man by the hand, expressing his sincere wishes for his speedy recovery; and at the same time he bid him bear in mind, that should he ever find himself in a situation to need the assistance of a friend, he might rely on the services of him who could *never think he had done enough to mark his deep and lasting gratitude.*

This earnest request was uttered with so much feeling, that it was impossible not to credit its sincerity, and it was accordingly received with deep-felt acknowledgments.

"I never should have imagined," said Alice, when they had left the invalid's abode, "that that subdued, pallid visage belonged to the bold, adventurous man who ran such imminent risks to save a stranger."

"You should have recollected," replied Mr. Marsdale, "that several weeks of confinement and suffering are sufficient to prostrate the energies of the most stalwart frame, and that this has been the case in the present instance, it is easy to see. We must trust, however, that as the worst is over, he will soon regain that strength of body and nerve, of which we have had so noble a proof." And saying this he withdrew.

"Lend me your assistance, friend," said a young man, dismounting from his horse on the road side. "My stirrup is out of order, and I need more ingenuity than I possess, to make it do its duty, though but a few miles further."

"My services are at your command," was the reply of an elderly man, to whom the foregoing request was addressed, and who without loss of time set about adjusting the defect complained of.

Gerald Marsdale, for such the rider proved to be, finding more intelligence in his willing assistant than usually belonged to his class, entered into conversation with him. "Anything stirring in these parts?" inquired he; "an absence of a few weeks makes me a stranger to what may have occurred since I left."

"Nothing of a cheering character—quite the contrary," he replied.

"Ah! how so?" rejoined Gerald. "Have any unforeseen troubles visited you or yours?"

"I allude to no misfortunes of my own," replied the old man, "but to those which have befallen a good and kind master."

"To a good and kind master?" repeated Gerald, "and who may that be?"

"The same who at no distant period was lord of all the lands the eye commands from this high spot; but now, from circumstances of which I know but little, is proprietor only of yonder narrow tract near the sea."

"You do not mean Sir Algernon Trevillers?"

"I do," said the old man forcibly. "That good gentleman has within

the last ten days sustained a blow which has fallen heavily upon his house and fortune. Suspected of non-conformity to the state religion, he was summoned before the justices of the peace, assembled at quarter sessions, and, after a lengthy examination, he was convicted as a *recusant*, and loaded with many ruinous and grievous penalties."

"And who were the promoters of this affair?" said Gerald, as he slowly walked on, leading his horse by the bridle.

"The new man of these parts," was the reply. "The wealthy master of Tregona."

"The master of Tregona!—Mr. Marsdale!" exclaimed Gerald, in the utmost astonishment. "It surely was not he?"

"Yes," answered the old man, firmly; "it is to him and his son that my poor master is indebted for this cruel prosecution."

"And who were the witnesses brought forward?" said Gerald, after a short pause.

"There were several; amongst whom was Mr. Treverbyn, the minister of the parish."

Gerald lent an anxious ear to learn how his friend had acted under circumstances which he felt sure were distasteful to his natural feelings.

"Mr. Treverbyn," resumed the speaker, "showed a kindlier disposition towards the accused than I fear I should have given him credit for. And though he could not do otherwise than state that he had never seen Sir Algernon Trevillers, or any of his family, at the parish church on Sundays since their arrival at the Priory, he did so with evident reluctance."

"Quite like him," said Gerald, thoughtfully. "And how did it end, my good man?"

"It ended by my dear master, Sir Algernon, being saddled with the various penalties framed by parliament to crush recusancy."

"Wert thou present?" inquired Gerald.

"Yes, I was; and never shall I forget the withering glance Sir Algernon threw upon Mr. Humphry Marsdale, when that young man, elated with the turn the prosecution had taken, suggested that the person of the accused should be searched, in order to ascertain whether any paper or document found upon him might betray a connection with certain recent plots against the state. The unexpected production also of a *Rosary*,* found on his domain, was nigh bringing down upon him a *Præmunire*; but happily they were not able to trace the ownership to the accused."

"A '*Rosary*!'" said Gerald, abstractedly; "where was it discovered?"

"It had been picked up on the pathway near the Priory gate, and I suppose, to forward the ends of justice, delivered over to Mr. Sandford."

"Was the name of him who did so made known in court?"

"It was," replied the old man. "Mr. Marsdale's eldest son was said to have been that person; a circumstance which made my master look up

* "If any person bring into this realm any Agnus-Dei, crosses, pictures, beads, or such like superstitious things, etc. . . both the bringer and receiver shall incur a *Præmunire*."—(13th of Queen Elizabeth.)

with an air of surprise which I did not understand ; as it was no more than I should have expected from any member of that family."

The feelings of Gerald, on hearing the above incident, were considerably hurt. True it was, that he himself was the person who had picked up the "*Rosary*," and true it was that it was he had given it over to Mr. Justice Sandford; but in so doing he was directed by motives very different from those attributed to him. The circumstance took place as follows: On his leaving Tregona, a few weeks previously, he had occasion to pass near the residence of Sir. Algernon Trevillers, when his eye fell upon a string of crystal beads lying on the foot-path, and, supposing them to belong to some inmate of the Priory, he felt inclined to restore them himself to the owner; but being at the moment much pressed for time, and, seeing Mr. Sandford approaching, he placed the beads in his charge, requesting him to perform the charitable office for him, little dreaming that so trifling an incident might have proved so disastrous to Sir Algernon and his family. Had he entertained the slightest idea that the little object that had fallen in his way was anything more than an ornament for the person, he would not have allowed it to escape his custody.

Gerald and his companion had now reached a spot where the road branched off into different paths, the latter, making towards the one down which his course lay, made his respectful obeisance, and withdrew.

Left to himself, Gerald pondered over what he had heard, with mixed feelings of surprise and regret. As far as it concerned his brother, he was conscious he ought not to be astonished at any transaction emanating from so unforgiving a disposition. But that his father, his kind and benevolent father, should have permitted himself to be persuaded to take a leading part in this cruel business was a matter of deep sorrow to him. He was aware of the suspicions beginning to be generally entertained of Sir Algernon's non-conformity to the new faith. His complete seclusion and absence on every occasion from public business—his non-appearance at church strengthened these rumours. Still, such was the general urbanity of his deportment, and his unbounded liberality to the poor, that no one had hitherto felt willing to come forward and prosecute an inoffensive gentleman for disregarding laws, which, at the time of our narrative, were carried out with more severity than was thought necessary by many. Gerald felt no surprise that Sir Algernon had proved to be, what he had long suspected, an adherent of the old creed; he had frequently thought such might be the case; but to his father he had never alluded to the subject; and, knowing well how little friendly feeling there existed between the parties since the sale of the estate, he was desirous of not prolonging the same, by referring to what he knew would inevitably do so. He little thought, whilst he was keeping, as he had imagined, the supposed religious opinions of Sir Algernon from his father's knowledge, that the latter should be privately making arrangements to indict him for the same, and that he alone had been kept in ignorance of such intentions; and, although his absence from home might in some degree account for his knowing nothing

of the matter, he could not avoid thinking that the business had been purposely withheld from him, and he felt hurt at the idea.

Another circumstance connected with the affair tended to increase his annoyance, and this in a quarter he least desired. What would Sir Algernon's daughter think of him after his assurances of future amity and good will? What would she think of his saying that no motive beyond the ordinary duties of a magistrate had drawn his father to the quarter sessions? What deduction could she come to with respect to the discovered "Rosary?" Would she not consider him a foul hypocrite, and one whose word could not be relied on?

With these and such like unpalatable reflections, did Gerald Marsdale wend his slow and wearisome way towards the manor of Tregona.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAMILY SYMPATHIES.

THE detached building appertaining to the once splendid Priory of St. Andrew's, which had been appropriated by Sir Algernon Trevillers as a residence for himself and family, though denuded of almost every comfort, and scarcely proof against the inclemency of the weather, was, however, willingly endured, as being only a temporary shelter which their return to the Continent would soon render unnecessary. There, in the large apartment called the "Guest-room," Sir Algernon, surrounded by his family, loved to talk of the past, and dwell upon that ever-engrossing subject, the *Change of the Times*—a change which affected him in so many ways; keeping him aloof from those whose friendships he would gladly have cultivated, and, casting a cloud over his head, as one whose doings, whatsoever they might be, were of a suspicious character. Under such circumstances, his return to his native land had become more a matter of annoyance to him than one of satisfaction. It was, however, necessary that he should settle his entangled affairs, and when once that was accomplished, he was resolved to follow the example of his father, and expatriate himself for the rest of his days to a foreign clime.

The season was cold and dreary. The wind shook the loosened casements, and old Joseph was summoned to light up the long-neglected hearth with blazing faggots, round which drew together the inmates of the dwelling.

One seat, which had for several weeks remained vacant, was once more occupied: and though the occupier was much changed in appearance since last seen there, an expression of satisfaction beamed in his mild and pallid countenance, indicating the comfort he felt in finding himself again amidst those most dear to him.

But a few days had elapsed since the conclusion of the sessions, and the minds of those assembled were naturally bent upon the hardships the law had imposed.

"Where will it end?" said Sir Algernon, throwing himself into a chair, despondingly.

"End?" exclaimed his brother, the Reverend Francis Trevillers, "it will end, I trust, in the only way it should do, that of resignation to the will of Him who wills or permits, for his own wise and inscrutable ends, all things: the magistrates of the district have done no more than carry out the laws of the land. With what feelings they have done so, whether through conscientious motives, or those of a less worthy character, it is not our province to decide. We have only to view these proceedings as charitably as we can, and endeavour to submit ourselves to their decrees, hard and cruel as they seem, in remembrance of the revered cause which has called them forth."

"Oh, that I had your patience, good brother: it would bear me through many vexatious trials. I fear I have much to learn before I attain that humble mind which submits so willingly to the woes of this chequered life. I will read the different enactments which are to be put in force against me, and then you will be able to judge of the amount of endurance necessary to encounter such oppressions."

On saying which Sir Algernon selected some papers that were scattered on a table close by, and read as follows:

"Whereas, every person above sixteen years of age, who shall not repair to some church, chapel, or usual place of common prayer, being convicted thereof before the judge of assize, or justices of the peace, in their quarter sessions, shall forfeit twenty pounds a month: * one-third to the king, one-third to the maintenance of the poor of the parish, and one-third to him who shall sue in any court of record. If not paid in three months after judgment, he shall be imprisoned 'till he pay, or conform himself to go to church."—(Stat. 23 Elizabeth, cap. 1.)

"Now," resumed Sir Algernon, "by what means can I discharge this monthly fine? The produce of my remaining land is barely sufficient to cover the many claims upon it without this additional impost."

"It is, indeed, a heavy fine," said the Rev. Francis Trevillers, "but still we must do all we can to meet it. I have but little to offer towards its liquidation; but that little, whatever it may be, is at your service, dear brother."

"Take," exclaimed Urcella, scarcely waiting 'till the last speaker had concluded, "take, dear father, my treasured string of pearls, the gift of the good Knight of Malta. It will pay the forfeit twice or thrice, and render me happy beyond measure, to think I have been, though for the first time in my life, able to render you some small service."

"And my old casket of jewels," added Mistress Trevillers, "is ever, as you know well, at your command."

"I thank you both with all my heart," replied Sir Algernon, touched

* See Burn's Justice, 22nd edition, published in 1814.

by their ready and affectionate generosity, "I feel such kindness deeply, but I will not take advantage of it, by seeing you part with the few valuable articles you possess. As for you, brother," continued Sir Algernon, turning towards the Rev. Father, "I trust you are already well assured of the gratitude I owe you for more than one noble act of disinterestedness."

"Say nothing more," replied his brother, "but let us know the details of the other penalties imposed upon you."

"Well," continued Sir Algernon, "the next enactment places an embargo on my movements, and runs as follows."

"Every person above sixteen years of age, being a Popish Recusant, and having any certain place of abode, who being convicted for not repairing to some church or chapel, or usual place of common prayer, to hear Divine Service there, but forbearing the same, contrary to law, shall within forty days after conviction repair to his usual dwelling and shall not remove, above five miles from thence, unless he be licensed as hereinafter directed on pain of forfeiting his goods, also to the Crown his lands during life, unless they be customary or copyhold, and then to the Lord of the Manor." [The 35th of Queen Elizabeth, ch. 1., s. 5. 11.]

"By this statute," continued Sir Algernon Trevillers, "I must in future confine myself within the miserable limits of five miles round my house; and should I pass these limits, I forfeit all my goods, etc.....!! And to whom am I indebted for this unreasonable restriction? To him, alas! who, to indulge the wild, vindictive whims of a hot-headed son, has gone out of his ordinary passive way to indict me for no other offence than the remaining faithful to the old creed of my country, and by which cruel indictment he has sown the seeds of future desolation to me and mine."

"Nay, brother," rejoined the Rev. Father, rising from his seat, with evident uneasiness at the strong and excited manner in which Sir Algernon uttered the last few words. "Let us not throw away this occasion of marking our readiness to bear these evils for the sake of *Him* who bore so much for us. We have only to take an insight into the several galls of the country, and there behold men pent up in great misery for conscience sake, to make these our annoyances light indeed."

"It is the knowledge of the existence of such suffering men that makes me dwell with so much apprehension upon the results of my conviction. Not on my account, God knows, but on *thine*, dear brother."

"Think not of me," said the Rev. Father; "my path lies straight before me, and follow it I must, let the consequences be what they may. I will, however, pledge my word to shun all unnecessary risks whatsoever, and to use the utmost caution in my minutest proceedings. I trust, therefore, I have little to fear. Our few dependents are faithful and trustworthy, and my assumed character of family-steward will lull all suspicion respecting my person. Let us then try and be glad that matters are no worse, and more than that, let us be grateful for what we still enjoy. What say you, dear sister?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Mistress Anne Trevillers, endeavouring to assume a smiling countenance, notwithstanding the misgivings which involuntarily rushed to her mind, and brought tears to her eyes. "We will do our best to feel satisfied with our present condition."

"Let us drop the subject altogether," said Sir Algernon. "It signifies little to be dwelling upon matters which only pain the mind instead of fortifying it. Our sojourn in this desolate place will not, I think, be long. As soon as my friend Davis shall have wound up my affairs to our mutual satisfaction, we will take leave of St. Andrew's Priory for the Continent." A willing assent was given to this announcement by two of the hearers, the third remaining silent. Of this Sir Algernon took no notice, but desired Urcella to reach him down from an oaken shelf the splendid book of the Gospels which her uncle had brought from his college beyond the seas. After examining its improved type, he dwelt upon the labour which would have been spared the monks of St. Andrew's, and other monasteries, had the ingenious Faust favoured the world with his presence some centuries sooner; for to whom," continued Sir Algernon, "were our forefathers indebted for a sight of the holy Scriptures, before the discovery of the art of printing? to no other than to those calumniated monks who, retired within their peaceful cells, passed a portion of each day in transcribing manuscripts and taking copies of the Bible, thus affording, by their manual labour with the pen, a blessing which could not otherwise have been obtained.*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INN.

On the margin of an extensive moor stood a solitary inn, and, though but indifferent accommodation could be expected in so isolated a place, still its existence had often proved welcome to those who, worn out with the toils of a rough day's journey, sought shelter and repose.

The road near which it stood was not much frequented, consequently it was rare that any bustle or excitement prevailed at the little hostelry. An exception, however, to this usual quiet routine was perceptible one evening.

The glimmering light that never failed to throw its tiny beams through the chequered panes of the host's kitchen-window, seemed on this night to be multiplied, and darting an infinity of rays from every casement of the building. The watch-dog was running to and fro, in a state of unusual agitation, and other domestic movements gave signs of the arrival of strangers. Such was in truth the case. Two travellers, proceeding in

* In the reign of Edward I., it is on record that a fairly *written* copy of the whole Scriptures was worth three hundred pounds, a sum worth infinitely more in those days than at present.

the same direction, though totally unconnected with one another, had that night knocked for admittance at the portal of the little inn.

The good master of the house, assisted by his uncouth, but willing daughter, made every exertion to afford accommodation to the newly arrived. The best and trimmest things the place afforded were put into requisition, and, after some little delay, fires and refreshments saw the two travellers settled for the night in their separate apartments. He that arrived first was a man somewhat advanced in years, but hale and active. He retired early to rest, requesting only to be awakened before day-light, that he might proceed on his journey in the morning. The other traveller was young, and of a comely form and countenance. His habiliments were of a costly character, but somewhat travel-stained and worn. A look of impatience was observable in his demeanour, whilst his blood-shot eyes betrayed a love of nightly orgies.

Alone in his room, he sat stretched out before the fire, fixing his gaze upon the dull embers as if he were tracing out their fanciful forms: but he saw nothing—his absent mind was running over past losses at the gaming-table—chances—miscalculations—loaded dice—and such like unsatisfactory reminiscences, till, starting up, as if some sudden impulse summoned him from his seat, he approached the window, and, throwing it open, looked out at the impenetrable darkness. The night air was cold, and the breeze blew his auburn locks across his face, but he heeded it not; it appeared to refresh him, and he remained some minutes in the same position: when, returning mechanically to his former seat, he resumed his musings. At length, the inward pourings of his mind seemed to become too strong for him, and, again rising, he struck his forehead, exclaiming, in bitter accents of self-reproach: "What matters it where I go; or what becomes of me! ruined! penniless!—the victim of villains deeper than myself—no friends—no one to care for me. One more appeal will I make, but it shall be the last; if that fail, by Heaven! there is but one alternative." Startled at this moment by the unexpected entrance of the anxious host, he flung his cloak upon a pair of pistols lying on the table.

"Bring more wood, and then leave me alone," said the young man, impatiently.

The order was obeyed: and, whilst the old man was piling up the unwieldy logs in the chimney corner, the stranger made inquiry whether any one was staying at the inn besides himself?

"One person only," was the reply; and him we shall soon lose, as he takes his departure at day-break."

"Ah!" said the young man, thoughtfully, "takes his departure at day-break—travels he alone?" (a new and daring scheme flashing across his troubled mind.)

"Yes, he does," said the old host, "and I could not help expressing my surprise at his doing so, taking him to be a man of quality; but he said he had sent on his attendant as unnecessary, expecting to reach his home on the morrow. I also took the liberty to observe that the roads were not safe after dark, that bad men were about, and that he might be

robbed ; but he smiled at my fears, saying, that a stout heart, and a strong arm had done him service more than once."

"Young as well as strong, no doubt," rejoined the stranger, with seeming indifference.

"Young he is not. I would wager my holiday beaver that he has seen more summers than I have, but toil and spare living has not rendered him meagre as it has done me."

"Travels unarmed, did you say?"

"So I should imagine," replied the host, "from his referring to his muscular strength, in case of need."

"And leaves by day-break?" continued the young man, carelessly throwing a log on the fire. "Which way is he bound?"

"He said something of taking the upper road across the moor ; but if he starts at the early hour he proposes, he may have some difficulty in keeping the right track, as there are no embankments to mark the way, a dead level spreads far and near."

"Leave me now," said the young man, "and have a care that my horse be duly attended to, for I shall also require it by times, and it will have many miles to go during the course of the day."

"Have no fear," replied the old man, as he closed the door, "I will see to it myself."

The young man being now again left alone, was soon absorbed in the guilty project that had rushed across his mind. He sat motionless for several seconds, his eyes steadily fixed on the floor ; then, suddenly rising up, he paced the room to and fro in a state of great perturbation, whilst his folded arms and compressed lips gave expression to the struggles that were contending for the mastery in his troubled breast. Should he, or should he not, plunge into the desperate deed!! What, if he failed?—but why should he fail?—he had other helps besides those of youth and activity to rely on, and his eyes glanced towards the table on which lay his pistols. "But," continued he, muttering to himself, "who would have thought that I could have brought myself to this! I, who was tutored to every virtue, to every honorable feeling, now to become a villain of the deepest dye! What may this hand be guilty of before it sees again the light of day! My attempt is a desperate one, but the die is cast, and on will I go, though I pay the forfeit of my life for the experiment. So here is success to the undertaking!" Upon saying which he filled a flagon to the brim, and drank off its contents, the stimulating quality of the draught corresponding with the nature of the toast ; and having repeated the same more than once, he sank, overpowered with the fatigues of body and mind, into a deep sleep ; and here, with his weary head lying on the table, we will leave him to his temporary repose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POETRY OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

In treating of Mr. Smith's poetry, we shall confine our observations to his newest composition, "Edwin, of Deira," as that work is admitted to be the greatest effort of his powers—

"As built

With second thought, reforming what was old;

For what poet, 'after better, worse would build?'"

It is nevertheless a poem which, that the author was competent to undertake, we shall neither affirm nor deny. He does not call it epic, neither ought the critic. When a plain, poetic narrative is ushered into criticism, with the pretentious title of "Epic Poem," the author is gibed, and all the public ear "rankly abused." Love in a palace, before a vale of primroses, and under skies of marigold, notwithstanding some seasoning of adventure, contains little of the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey." The genius of the author inclines rather to the pastoral, and the amorous, and the connubial. It is, therefore, questionable as to whether he was judicious in selecting a theme from one of those stirring periods of the world whence great bards drew rich materials for poetic song—a period when men did not sit down to think profoundly, and rise up to do nothing; but when they were always up and doing, without ever thinking at all. The scene is laid in England, amid the Saxons of the Heptarchy, early in the seventh century. The kingdom of Deira comprised the whole of North Britain, from the Forth to the Humber, and from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea, and included the present counties of York, Lancashire, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland. The death of the famous Ælla, when his son, Edwin, was but three years' old, left to the turbulent Ethelbert, or Edelfrid, the possession of this powerful kingdom. From that day the utter extinction of the unhappy Edwin, the *Prince Imperial* of a former reign, was "an aim and an attainment." To afford shelter to Edwin was to secure the wrath of Ethelbert. The fear of his name armed the obdurate breast of Saxon and Briton, Pagan and Christian, with stubborn resistance to Edwin, "as with triple steel." It was the flight of David up the Mountain of Olives, with scarce a friend to console, but with many a Semei to play the reviler and to cast the stone. At length Redwald, the King of East Anglia, remembering the friendship which had formerly subsisted between him and the father of the young prince, espoused the cause of the latter, and here begins the poem.

Mr. Smith is polished without learning, and consistent without appropriate imagery. Though feeble in conception, and devoid of *characterization*, his heroes and incidents frequently interest us; and, though often infelicitous in illustration, his poetry rejoices in a flowing and ornate rhetoric. His style differs from that of Mr. Tennyson only as two sisters. Like the latter, he is a great artificer of words; but, with greater warmth, he wants the precision and philosophical energy of his master, and sometimes

when he fires himself, youthful indiscretion begins to assume its primitive sway, and he is again in danger of being spasmodic. At these unlucky moments a king has "a mighty thirst to be alone"—a child becomes "a helpless thing, *omnipotently* weak,"—tears break on a man's cheek "*stormily crimson*," as the light that burns "upon the bellied, wry-necked, thunder-cloud,"—and the soul is transformed into "a broad-disked flower at gaze on battle's sun." Oliver Goldsmith once said that Macpherson, by the mere force of style, had written down the greatest poet of antiquity. Mr. Smith sees something in this. He seems to be that kind of poet who rests his great achievement on the triumph over the difficulties of poetic diction, but who has not yet completed his studies. He is a colourist in heart and soul, and cares less about what he has to say than about the manner in which he intends to express it. It is rather remarkable, considering the impatience of readers of the present day, that many of our recent poets, whilst they attempt to distil a delicious essence from all the flowers of rhetoric, often admit an admixture of the sediment, or lees, into the decoction. They grind the chaff and straw with the golden grain to produce what they deem a more natural kind of food. They are of opinion that metal ore must be more durable which contains an admixture of the dross. Mr. Smith must be declared by the critical physician, as suffering from this "last infirmity of noble minds." Although burning to soar like the "bird of Jove," and look the meridian sun straight in the face, still he is ever mindful of "the art of sinking," to which he has dexterously accommodated "the steerage of his wings." He is seemingly afraid of being too sublime, and delights in an undulatory movement, between poetry and prose, as if to suit all kinds of readers. But the *die* is cast for him—he is a *modernist*. He holds out for progress, and commits his fame to the caprice of the age. He does not despond because the Laureate, with a deep learning, a trained intellect, and a scorching style, is already in possession of the field; it is, nevertheless, unfortunate for him that he can scarcely move without knocking his head against Mr. Tennyson in the dark. But he is a *modernist*, and is ever true to his profession. He is a child of nature, that is, of such as "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," including the vegetable kingdom. He is pastoral and homely in his speculations. His hero bows down in grief, not like some mighty oak, "loaded with stormy blasts," or a stately tower undermined, but like "the bulrush when the stream runs swift with rain."

The same hero, in gorgeous apparel, is not "like the autumnal star when it rises in all its beauty from the waters of the ocean," nor even like the sun or rising morn, but "like some gay kingfisher." His hunters, "close like a clump of primroses," and part "like pearls upon a string." He is a gentle spirit, who loves a bask in the noontide sun, "disporting there like any other fly," an intellectual reveller who, with a gushing heart, roams amid woods and meadows, wild flowers, birds, and waterfalls, and "sings his fill." Like all men of genius, Mr. Smith often catches a train of thought which harmonizes with his own peculiar style and manner, and in that happy run he passes many sentiments and images founded on a close observance of nature and human life, which are to our mind exceedingly

refreshing, on account of their rare kind of beauty. The uneasiness and uncertainty often experienced after a sudden deliverance from a great calamity are thus pictured in one of his rural similies :—

“For each heart,
Like some frail bough from which an evil bird
Had fled on dusky wings at step and shout,
Was trembling even yet.”

And that April smile, ever “suddening through pleasure’s gleam,” the twilight of remembered joys and disappointed hopes, is thus feelingly described :—

“And his smile
Put all in memory of those days in spring,
With sunshine covered, but whose sunniness
Fortells an earlier coming on of tears
Than even gloom itself.”

The author justly regards love as a real blessing, and dwells with much complacency on the various stages of its development, for many excellent lessons in which we must refer the susceptible reader to the work itself.

In his mode of treating his subject, Mr. Smith betrays no inordinate ambition. All epic pomp in matter, manner, and style, is regarded with a pastoral indifference. In this respect he is a staunch *modernist*. No hero addresses another in the *Ton d'Apameibomenos* style; a king in accosting his seven sons uses no more courtly term than the plain vernacular “lads.” The author wishes to appear innocent of all profound research in the sayings and doings of the early Saxons, and emphatically eschews all historical and topographical allusions whether as aids to variety and harmony of colour, or as useful accessories in the background of his picture to “make it racy of the soil,” by which the reader might more easily recognise the figures of the subject and the scene. No once-famous Britnolda is recalled into life from his resting-place, Ælla, Ida, Ceawlin are let sleep, the names of Hengist and Horsa are no longer watchwords with the inheritors of their thrones. There is no acknowledgment of the vanquished Briton in pity or contempt, no trace of the deperated Romans. The poet has advertised for a hero, on whom might rest some elegant apotheosis, some beautiful similies, some common-place aphorisms, some indiscreet metaphors; and Edwin of Deira is chosen in preference to any one of the “Seven Champions of Christendom,” simply, because he happens to be the first applicant. There is, therefore, no studied dramatic effect, no manoeuvring for exciting situations, no striking contrasts in character, scenery, or incident, no violent emotion, nor breathless suspense, no straining of the possible or the probable. The dramatic effect of the opening scene is intentionally marred by having it placed too far from the introductory lines, and by its being preceded by some minor adventures, and the prating of a garrulous page. The passage we allude to, one of the finest in the poem, describes the sudden appearance of Edwin by night, at the court of King Redwald, after the loss of a great battle with Ethelbert. It exhibits much of the energy of

Mr. Smith's poetry ; the imagery, being, for the most part, well chosen, and all the circumstances of description elegantly expressed. If we consider Edwin's speech on the occasion, too made up and artificial for a man in distress, and rather resembling what might be supposed to have been composed on him by some poet, we must remember that our orator was schooled in that way-worn adversity which procures a man time and talent to be eloquent on the subject of his own wrongs. Being admitted into the great hall where the feast is set, Edwin is met by the smoky glare and gloom of "guttering torches," the snarling of dogs, upstarting from their masters' stools, and the stare of a hundred bearded faces burning with mead, and from the dais, the eye of the great King of East Anglia himself, who sat entertaining his guests in this rude but picturesque fashion. Upon being asked his business, Prince Edwin thus begins :—

"One who has brothered with the ghostly bats,
That skim the twilight on their leathern wings,
And with the rooks that caw in airy towns ;
One intimate with misery : who has known
The fiend that in the hind's pinched entrail sits,
Devising treason and the death of kings—
Famine, the evil visaged that once faced,
There is no terror left to scare a man,
Though my associates are the horrible shapes
That press on dying eyes in wildernesses,
Though they must stare unclosed ; this hand I stretch
Is native to the sceptre, knows its touch
Familiarly as thine, though hunted like
Some noisome beast, that when it steals abroad
The cry spreads, and the village rises up,
With sticks and stones to kill it : I have seen,
When I but oped my mouth, men look as if
It thundered in the air ? As from a crag
That rises sheer from out the fresh-blown surge,
Up springs a smoke of sea-fowl, puff on puff,
Until the air is dark with countless wings,
And deaf with plumy clangour. From the feast
Broke laughter. When it ceased, the smiling king
With the intruder played. ' Whence comest thou ?
What king art thou ? Where doth thy kingdom lie ?
In earth or air ? And if indeed a king,
Though ne'er stood king in such unkingly plight,
Why hast thou been so strangely companied
By midnight and the owls ? ' Then Edwin cried—
' O, list fell hunger and the mountain wind
To the loud bruit of fed prosperity,
That never can be neighboured with distress !
No height so high but you can fall from it.
Earth counts ten graves for every living man—
A single scroll contains our victories ;
But 'tis a dreary volume that the names
Of our defeats o'erflow. I was a king.'"

The conclusion of Edwin's speech leads to the discovery that he is the son of Egbert, or Ailla, who had been the friend and associate of Red-

wald; and accordingly the prince is received with acclamation, and seated at the right hand of Redwald, amid his seven sons, there to taste the "blessed mead,"

"That climbs, in heated reveller, to the brain,
And sits there, singing songs;"

while the minstrels all the time are chanting of—

"Kings who walked
In the gray dawn and morning like of time;"

and there also partakes of a repast, which, although somewhat too pompously garnished in the description, is very poetical, and of delicious flavour. Do we not recognise in this grotesque, but interesting scene, without, however, the accusation of plagerism, something of Milton's "Comus"—something of Keat's "Endymion," combined with the silky finish of Tennyson in his lucky moments? while, at the same time, it recalls the hospitable hall of the good Cedric, the Saxon, which the genius of Scott unlocked to the disinherited Ivanhoe, to afford him that enviable interview with the dainty-cheeked Rowena. The next day Edwin catches a glimpse of Bertha, the light of the palace, who arose—

"With the dawn, and like another dawn,
But fairer;"

which is an inferior copy of the old ballad line, which we quote from memory :

"Up rose the sun, and up rose Emilie;"

or Milton's "Raphael," who seemed

"Another morn risen on mid-noon;"

which is an improvement on some Italian poet whom we cannot at present recall. The *debut* of the unconscious beauty is described in a series of lines which it would be blunt discourtesy to omit:—

"In at the door a moment peeped a girl,
Fair as a rose-tree growing thwart a gap
Of ruin, seen against the blue when one
Is dipped in dungeon-gloom. And Redwald called,
And at the call she through the chamber came,
And laid a golden head and blushing cheek
Against his breast. He clasped his withered hands
Fondly upon her head, and bent it back,
As one might bend a downward-looking flower
To make its perfect beauty visible,
Then kissed her mouth and cheek."

A dull, common-place, and elaborate diplomatic interview which now ensues between Edwin and the king had better been omitted. It is said

to have been to Edwin "a painful interview;" it happens to be the very same to the reader. The argument floats for some time on the dangerous tide of philosophy, and finally runs aground on the most barren simile we have ever witnessed; for, when Edwin brings the painful interview to an end, he is compared to a man

"That brings a painful interview to end;"

and some time after, by a similar inspiration, when he hears good news, he is said to be

"Like one who has already heard *the news*."

This strange mode of comparison, which would seem intended to prove that there is nothing so like the thing itself, and that, after all, there is nothing so *natural as nature*, is only paralleled by the flat advice which Redwald in another part of the story gives his intended son-in-law:—

"Be wise, be wise, yet be not overwise,
Plot like an old man, execute like youth."

The following advice of a certain worthy "parish doctör," with the addition of good humour, contains as good counsel:—

"Arrah, Paddy, says he, you're a comical elf;
But be a good boy, and take care of yourself"

In the meantime, Regnor, the king's son, and Edwin, between whom an indissoluble friendship ensues, returning from a stag-hunt, discover that the king has been tampered with, that Ethelbert's intrigues have prevailed at court, and that unhappy Edwin can only save his life by flight. The scene which follows is an admirable instance of Mr. Smith's improved style, and has been very artistically managed. The unhappy prince, wrapping himself in his cloak, sat on a stone, a bow-shot from the palace-gate, brooding over the multitude of his misfortunes, till, "in the dreary middle of the night, the late moon rose," and already

"He felt upon him breathe on icy wind,
And, with an unknown terror, every hair
From heel to scalp arise; then looking up
He saw, in that lone place, a dark-robed man
Stand like a pillar in the setting moon;
And at the sight Prince Edwin's heart stood still.

'What man art thou that sitt'st on the cold stone:
When every bird, its head beneath its wing,
Is sound asleep upon the forest bough?'

'It matters little where I sleep o' night.'

'I know thy name, and why thou sittest here;
I saw thee sleeping on the naked ground,
With but a rainy sky for coverlet,

I know thy story and the things thou fear'st ;
 What wouldst thou give if I turned Redwald's heart,
 And made him draw the sword in thy defence ?

' I have not much, but I would give thee all.'

' What, if I clothe thy limbs with mightiness ?
 What, if in few days, when thou tak'st the field,
 Beneath thine ancient banner wide displayed,
 I give thee spoil and captives ? If I give
 Her soft voice to thine ear, her lips to thine,
 Her white arms to thy neck ?

' O, mock not so
 My sharp distress ! for any good I'll be
 Most assuredly grateful.'

' If I build
 Thy throne secure against the blows of time,
 If I send *teachers that will teach thee more*
 Of the dark world that lies beyond the grave
 Than if thy father's ghost did speak to thee ?

" Here he laid his hand on Edwin's head,
 When next this sign upon thy body comes,
 The promise thou hast given me, remember."

" And lo ! before the prince could utter word,
 The moon had fallen and the man had gone."

We believe the above passage, although containing much prose, to be the highest effort of Mr. Smith's muse ; considered in an artistic view, it is very poetical ; for it is by the second appearance of the apparition, reminding Edwin of his promise, that the latter is converted to Christianity long after his restoration to the kingdom of Deira, and thus, the union of two different subjects is effected in the one poem.

Morning comes and with it the happy intelligence of the utter failure of Ethelbert's intrigue at the court of King Redwald. His bribes and threats are equally rejected, and the nobler part is chosen at the instigation of "a chitlings tears."

" A lily thrown into the trembling scale,
 The heavier only by some dewy drops."

In short, Edwin owes his deliverance to the irresistible persuasions of his incomparable Bertha ; Redwald, now confesses the ungenerous councils which cowardice and Mammon had been devising within his breast, and in memory of the friendship which had formerly subsisted between him and Edwin's father, he forthwith institutes a Glanco-diamedian exchange, not in the proportion of nine to nine hundred oxen, as that which took place on the Trojan plain, but in the incalculable disproportion of nothing to a kingdom. He invites him to take his sons, his towns, his horses, arms, and goodly men, and to clothe himself in his kingdoms strength. But love

all-pervading, all-subduing, is the great motive of these strange conclusions. And now Edwin encouraged by the promises of the apparition, which are already partly fulfilled, and sure of recovering his kingdom, boldly demands of Redwald the idol of his soul to share it with him; The old king consents, and rejoices in the hope of a regal posterity; but before this blissful consummation can take place, we have the "lords of battle" with the caparisoned steed, the plumed helmet, and the streaming banner put in motion, to restore Edwin to his throne. The description of the army going out to battle is truly poetical:

"Then, as the army moved
Onward, like thunder's corrugated gloom,
Rolling o'er desert hills, *with fire reserved*
For other lands, the wistful hearts and eyes
Of those within the silent palace left
Hang on its dusty rear."

In the battle which is described by a messenger, Reyne falls, and his death and obsequies, which are feelingly described, seem, with great art to sustain the interest of the poem at a critical point. In the meantime Edwin sets out for his kingdom of Deira, and his reception there gives rise to a scene, which, naturally falling in like the passage last quoted, with the peculiar bent of Mr. Smith's intellect and mode of expression, rises to that level of poetic elevation which is worthy of any poet. When an author discourses those emotions which harmonise most strongly with the workings of his own soul, he cannot fail to write with all the power and pathos of genuine inspiration. There is no style, even a bad one, for which there cannot be found in nature or imagination, a scene or train of thought so naturally analogous, that the combination, like the junction of the sun and moon, is sure to raise the tidal wave of poetry far above the ordinary level, and make even meretricious eloquence disarm criticism for a while, and seem to wear the chastest ornaments of a classic model. We do not mean to charge Mr. Smith with many grave defects of style; but the reader, after having read the following lines, as well the beautiful passage above quoted, cannot fail to observe that the poet's evil genius, which is ever leading him by the false glitter of imagery and inflated expressions, up to the "bellied, wry-necked thunder-clouds" of bombast, has inadvertently placed him upon the top of Parnassus. It has, of late, become fashionable to borrow similes from sculpture and architecture; but we have seen few of such to equal the subjoined passage, in which the mother of Edwin comes forth to meet him, from a "grief that brooked no fellowship,"

"With aspect unsubdued by woe—nay, raised
Like something smit by heaven's fire, and more
Majestic in its ruin than its prime."

Whilst the people fall back in simple reverence,—

"Tall she stood,
Like some old Druid pillar by the sea,
Whose date no legend knows, with all its strength

Eaten by foam-flakes, and the arrowdy salts
Blown blighting from the east, and wildly gazed
Upon the blackened ruins of her home."

The resuscitation of Edwin's kingdom and the "hauling home" of the bride, "with a score of lusty knights," through the wild hills and woods, in the very depth of pleasant May, when every hedge was milky white, to place her on a throne, amid the blessings and acclamations of a people, contain some good poetry; but are followed by a paradise of love, an abortive attempt at assassination, and a most wonderful conversion to Christianity, into none of which things we consider it necessary to enter, and would wish that the conversion to Christianity had long since been interwoven with the subject, and that the poem had concluded with the establishment of Edwin in his kingdom of Deira. We here recognise a complete poetic action containing some love romance, a good instance of youthful friendship, some attempt at portraiture of character, and a machine or supernatural agent, all of which have their proper weight in the working out of the *denouement*. But the poet should have concluded here. By doing so he would have timely cut short the mawkish sentimentality of two lovers whose endless babbling of "soft nothings" and endearing absurdities, even matrimony itself is not able to cure. He would also have spared us the infliction of several nursery rhymes incidental to the fondling and cradling of young Regnor, for which business, by the way, the poet, (we know not whether he is a married man or not,) seems to entertain a stern partiality. There is always great beauty in saying precisely as much as is necessary and no more. There are few occasions on which verbosity is not tiresome and *out of place*. We feel that even the stupid little judge had sound sense on his side when he cut short the imperturbable witness Sam Weller in the redundant illustrations of his feelings, by interposing, "You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, sir, it's not evidence."

We admire the man who levels his adversary by a single blow, and the author who conveys to us the pith of his argument by a few powerful strokes of the pen. Unnecessary appendages are religiously avoided by experienced masters in poetry and the arts. The trained intellect loves to display the force of its conception in one bold and perfectly harmonized development. He is a trifling painter who, when he can attain his end by breadth of light, variegates his canvass by a diversity of lights and shades. He would be a mean architect who would divide the dome of St. Peter's into a number of ornamented cupolas. To the inexperienced, the irregular, the many-sided, the richly-ornamented, looks magnificent: the colossal seems diminished by its proportions. "Enter, its grandeur overwhelms thee not." But as long as mankind acknowledge a strong appreciation of the laws of harmony, the æsthetic rules of the ancients must remain in high repute. A poetic action must have a cause, a resistance, and an effect. A poem must be one and not two. Something must be proposed to the imagination, and all minor details and accessories must be rendered subordinate to one great design. When men propose to

execute anything which is necessary or important, they proceed on the supposition that they are logical reasoners ; the reasonable is the natural. Such is the law of a picture, a poem, a garden, a building, a game, a pleasure tour, a campaign, and is perfectly natural in contradistinction to every-day life, which is disorderly and unnatural.

"Order is heaven's first law." Unity of action, or the strict adaptation of means to an end as the sure system of all occasions which do not conduce thereto, seems to be the culminating point of every noble act which interests the human mind. It is perceptible in nature throughout all her completions. To man constituted as he is, it is a great beauty and a great necessity. It is equally important to the builder of a house and of a kingdom, to a sculptor, an architect, a leader of armies, or a maker of speeches, a painter, a writer, a poet. It is the *ultima thule* of every comprehensive genius, who navigates the ocean of life for interest or glory. Even the self-taught Shakspeare, amid the exuberance of his own wit and the crowded circumstances of the romantic drama, was deterred, by the force of his understanding and common sense, from introducing unnecessary scenes into his multifarious composition. But this beautiful principle may be taken in a more complete signification, so as to afford the poet an opportunity of laying hold on some external but adjacent circumstance of great dignity, which, with all the interest of imperishable charms, he may, by a cunning art, inseparably unite with the main action of his poem. By such a happy connect, the poet brings to the hero whom he wishes to glorify, a dowry of inexhaustible wealth, which the waste of ages cannot consume. Thus, Virgil has so completely identified the fortune of Rome with that of his hero, that we can never read the *Æneid* without feeling strongly interested in the destiny of the noblest and mightiest power the world ever saw. He has thrown into the balance, as a counterpoise to the neglect or indifference of all times to come, the weight of an empire, "to which the gods had assigned no limits." In the minds of his countrymen, this epic stroke of art must have placed Virgil beyond all praise. It lent to his exquisite picture a background of awful depth and magnificence, and established its claim on the human mind as "a thing of beauty," which is "a joy for ever." Homer rests the fate of Troy on the life of Hector so satisfactorily, that when that hero falls we feel that Ilium is no more, and an Asiatic empire is drawn at the chariot of Achilles in his wrath, which is the subject. Milton has beautifully interwoven—the redemption with the fall of man. It would be unfair to test Mr. Smith's poem by the examples of the great epic models which we have mentioned, particularly as the poem in question was not intended to be anything more than a simple narrative; neither is it necessary that the fate of empires and worlds should be added to point the interest of a poetic performance.

But, as history informs us that Edwin's wife had embraced Christianity before her marriage, a struggle of conscience might have been hot at work in Edwin's breast early in the poem, through the influence of Bertha and the apparition. In the dull passage of the woods, on his way home, the finishing of Edwin's conversion by the mere appearance of the apparition, might

have been effected. Caifi, who set out to meet him with his Heathen priests, might have been enrolled at the same time under the banner of the cross, and thus freedom and Christianity might have entered at the one moment into the kingdom of Deira. Perhaps, to expect this would be to require too much from Mr. Smith. A comprehensive view of the subject, combined with a rich poetic fancy in the working out of details, is a perfection which few can reach. One writer produces a plot which all the wits of Attica cannot fault, but which the world would feel it an infliction to peruse. Another luxuriates in the golden current of a copious fancy, but wanting the master spirit, he loses the method of his thoughts.

The former is a dull schoolman, who knows the way to greatness, but has not the soul to reach it; the latter, an erratic genius, who conveys to us a confused idea of something illustrious. With neither of these do we class the author of "Edwin of Deira." He has a peculiar method in his poetry. His poem contains two subjects, but they are closely and curiously connected. The model which he has imitated, whether consciously or not, belongs to a different art, but it is a sublime one. Raphael, in his picture of the Transfiguration, represents the Saviour suspended in the air between Moses and Elias, in an admirable pyramidal form, with the apostles cowering on the mountain top beneath the insufferable light. But this was too purely abstracted, and wanted the human element to reflect fear and admiration on the beholder; so he depicts an excited multitude surrounding the base of the mountain. But here are two subjects equally in the foreground, and how are they to be joined? Raphael places an old man amongst the awe-struck multitude, who holds a maniac boy in his arms, and pointing to the Transfiguration above, seems to cry out: *Behold the living fountain of grace, thence comes his cure.* This is truly sublime. It powerfully reflects on the soul that agitation which is inseparable from the thought of beholding any of the wonders of the world above. And although it may be questioned as to whether the multitude, in their amazement at the sight of the Transfiguration, would have noticed the old man and the maniac boy at all still, the mind feels the full triumph of art, and delights in contemplating the immense dramatic interest which each of the two subjects, thus joined, reflects on the other. Now, it is precisely this which the author of "Edwin, of Deira" has done: for the spiritual being which appeared to Edwin, when bowed down with grief before the palace of Redwald, promising him victory, and, at a future time, the knowledge of the dark world beyond the grave; the same now appears, near the close of the poem, when the subject of Christianity is agitated, to remind Edwin of his promise, and to command him to receive Paulinus, with the religion of the cross. Whether this stroke of art has been used by any writer of fiction, we cannot remember, so we congratulate Mr. Smith on its ingenious application, or, perhaps, discovery. We confess, however, that its effect is not so happy in the poem as in the picture: for, in the latter, the two subjects can be viewed at a glance, whilst in the former, although artistically united, they must be read in detail, and the unity of action is not so naturally and poetically obtained as it would have been by the more simple method which

we have pointed out. With these remarks, we take leave of "Edwin, of Deira," a poem which is faulty on principle, but whose defects, if weighed against its beauty by an admirer of the kind of poetry to which it belongs, would, in the impartial exercise of sound judgment, upward fly and "kick the beam."

L.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

WEEDS, outcast children, fondlings of the year,
 Delicate lovelinesses of the earth;
 Guests of the east, and west, and south, and north,
 For every wind of heaven doth bring ye forth,
 Purple, or white, or sere;
 Wee winkers by the swallow-troubled pool,
 Faint stars that twinkle deep in river sedge;
 Or where the granite lifts his forehead cool,
 Seamed round with crack and ledge;
 Moist dwellers upon barren shores,
 Where tawn tides palpitate to rocking oars;
 On iron beaches, where the long surge roars
 Pitiless tumult, and the ships go down,
 With bright masts slanted in destroying storms.
 Wherever Spring hath dropped her budding crown,
 On shore, or hill, or lea;
 There glimmer forth innumerable rare forms,
 Sweet spirits, there are ye!
 Too many reeds have dittied to the rose,
 Too many carols to the lily flung;
 And ye are still unsung!
 Oh! sick of pleasaunces and solemn urns,
 Of yew-gloomed gardens, terraces, and paths,
 Slid betwixt shadows of unhealthy palm;
 Come, where the primrose flames along the burns,
 Where celandine blows dank in meadow baths,
 And coltsfoot twinkles in the nut-woods calm,
 Till holy reverence grows,
 Into a perfect passion; and my soul,
 Delivered up to beauty, shall evoke
 An echo from the oak,
 A silver whisper from the lime tree's bole.

O wizard January, who dost clap
 Thine ice palms through the wakening of the year;
 While yet the Christmas cheer,
 Doth struggle up the chimney stacks, mayhap,
 And the broad hearth's ablaze.
 Season of hurried days,
 When the sun flies in fearful counterfeits
 Through narrow skies,
 And the sad robin in the hedgerow sits!
 There's blue in thy wild eyes,
 There's promise in thy ways;
 The day doth strike thy mail with golden flits,

Wild honeysuckles riot in thy face,
The pimpernel hath snatched a glossy grace
Out of thy rain-cloud.

Wizard, hark!

There cheeps a faint bird in the morning dark,
About the red deadnettle, from whose bells
He plucks the brave seeds which thy snows have sown.
Lo! in a nook thine early weeds have blown,
Red-lipped archangels, puffed with southern wind;
Wild snowdrops, white as dead nuns in their cells;
Earth-creeping chickweed, which the wren doth find,
In dripping places; lo!
There beats a primrose gust about the snow!

There blows a rainy odour round the world,
And, underneath an arch of clouds up-furled,
Great February comes.

In shattered chasms, crack the morning mists,
From splintered crags, that lap their broken lists,
The pale stars sink into ambrosial glooms.
And, maned with lightning, the cold charioteer
Leaps from the sleet rack—a gray cataract;
Low lilies glimmer in the weedy mere,
And daisies whiten all the upland tract.

Now, deep in lonely dells,
Where throistles carol, and the hazel tree,
Is fronded with the brightness of the snow,
Sweet spirits, there are ye.

O Maid of February, thy virgin cheek,
Is tinted diverse with golden spot and streak,
And rich autumnal glow!

What banquet hast thou seen that thou shouldst bring,
Stains of the cleft-hived honey glimmering,
Along thy zone?

Nor is the month thine own;

There's Chaucer's daisy blinking in the byre,
Pink-fringed eyelids that encirque within,
A yellow eye, turned full upon the sun;
Nor dazzled by his fire.

Thy crimson lashes close,
Heart ministress, for wakes abroad the din
Of torrent vapours; and the storms begin,
And I shall crouch in quarry lands, where grows
Sad danewort flushed with milky juice,
Blood-veined docks that straggle loose,
Wild hellebore that shunneth light,
And sitteth half in day and night;
A while, the casements by the high arched bridge,
Blinded with lightning, glitter o'er the ridge!

'Twas midnight; overhead the vane
To earth's four corners blindly turned,
And backward blown, by tempests spurned,
Shook half at rest in driving rain.
The glass was dusked with beating leaves;
Flew here and there a panting bird;
But, in a hollow pause, I heard
A sparrow's chirp below the eaves.

Then struggled past the lattices, the larch.
 'Twas March! 'twas March!
 And at the day-break going forth,
 While yet the curling fog was rolled,
 A fathom deep across the wold,
 I felt that change had paced the earth.
 And thou wert there, tall coltsfoot, and did pass,
 Through prisms of purple flowers and wedded stems,
 A violet shadow on the long sword grass,
 Dropping the frore dew from their royal brims.
 And close beside thee, rooted in gray stone,
 Flourished the red-leaved mezereon;
 Spurge olive, at whose fragrant breath,
 Sad eyes have kindled on the bed of death,
 And weary brains have dreamed of twilight fields;
 And thou, for thou dost bless earth's poverty,
 And light roadsides with winking firmaments
 Of traveller stars, bright dandelion, for thee
 My heart leaped welcome; the rich-banded bee
 To the rose willow by the brooklet clung,
 And diving coreward, shook its silver tents,
 Until the fairy chimes clashed low and rung.
 Alas! no language of the coarse earth yields,
 Sweet panegyric words wherein to set
 The tender glory that doth bind thy brows,
 World-worshipped violet!
 Gray memories do build a queenly house
 For thee on brain-heights inaccessible,
 Where, linked with unutterable delights,
 Eternal thou dost dwell.

And April came, and hid the world in showers,
 Trifler with sunny hours;
 And, in the imprints of her nimble feet,
 Where sparkled still the sleet;
 Weeds, that did shoot a ray
 Into the throbbing heart of May,
 Budded. Along the margins of the morn
 White champion danced to life. Herb Robert blew
 Wood-sorrel trickled in the darkening heath.
 Over the woods, the breath of flowering thorn
 Came with the dark wind, like incarnate faith,
 Anemones trooped white in grass and dew.
 From lonely grange and garden girth
 Leaped the bright wall-flowers; low on earth
 The little speedwell darling gem
 Clustered her jewelled diadem;
 And far away, where bitterns boomed harsh,
 Flamed the wild marigold in swamp and marsh.

O May, in many carols sanctified!
 Month, when in the crumbling seashore ridge,
 The pansy of the brine shines amber-eyed
 The sea-pink feels the lapses of the tide—
 The sea-grape clusters on the breaker's edge.
 Thou hast thy darlings too,
 Gold-freckt and brodered blue.
 Larks sing for thee, and linnets with the du-l,
 Puff emerald throats amid the briars musk,

Where thou dost pass, thy silvery shoulders white
 As is a moony cloud, and glimmering bright
 Through wavering, dripping, shining veils of dew.
 And then thou diest, O Dryadess forlorn,
 Heaped with tender flowers in deepest wood
 Thy cold brow stained with strawberry blood
 And chapletted with corn.
 Thou diest ; and, too soon.
 Printing her hot feet in the upland broom,
 And vested with orchard gloom,
 The wild world prays to June.

Fade and succeed, O wingèd months and days !
 Let the frost blacken and the sunshine blaze,
 Gable and casement, roof and lucid pane,
 Our sweetest songs remain
 For the Samaritan weeds that bubble forth
 Wherever heaven stoops over earth.
 East or west, or south or north,
 God's palmers—guests of sun and rain !

Then be it unto them,
 The burthen of this hymn shall rise and rise,
 Rich as the smoke of flowers in sacrifice—
 Burnt myrrh, and marigold, and violets dim !
 And let the song rise higher,
 And blanched arms uplift the cymb and lyre,
 And ever 'mid the pauses of the choir
 With rods of cedar stir the fragrant fire
 Till faints the lily on the green mere's rim,
 And daisies, at the cry, shall redden and expire !

E. F.

QUEEN ENOR'S WEDDING.

AN IRISH FAIRY TALE.

THROUGH an atmosphere as ghastly blue, as the smoke of lighted sulphur, the flames of a furnace, stifled with blazing fuel, shot out, right and left, on twelve score of fairy artificers, in the great gold mine of Anard. The cavern was roofed with living rock, creased and furrowed from end to end, like the wrinkled forehead of the giant Sblhm, when the thunder is on the hills, and the lightning is licking the soles of his iron boots. Huge columns of brown sandstone, each a dozen yards in girth, rose from the floor, and buried their tops in the continually shifting darkness over head. On every side, the mouths of little galleries, pierced in the surrounding space, looked down, like great black, and crimson, and orange eye-balls; on the work of the craftsmen; now appearing to wink with delight as the flickering furnace breath lighted them up for a moment, now darkening suddenly as the door of the fire-prison was banged to, and anon staring blue, and livid, and fiend-like through the air of the cavern. Before the furnace was a great anvil, a block of solid silver, shaped like a wolf's heart; and around it

stood the pigmy craftsmen, beating the refined gold, from the furnace, into armlets and bracelets, and ear-rings, and charms, and chaplets, for the adornment of Enok, Queen of Fairyland, whose nuptials were to be celebrated with all due pomp at the fall of the sloe-leaf. Hot and bright blazed the fire, nimbly went the little hammers, and swiftly the jewels dropped, one by one, into baskets of twisted wicker-work, scattered up and down the floor. When a finishing blow was given to a jewel, the pigmies would throw back their heads until their poles touched the ground, with a loud shout of "ho, ho, ho!" which the cavern took up in turn, and shouted "ho, ho!" the mouths of the galleries all round contenting themselves with a single "ho!" at which the pigmies would erect their heads, and laugh, as if they meant to say—"Very good for you, ladies and gentlemen, very good!" The tallest of the herd were not above two spans in height; and their heads were so large, and out of all proportion to the bulk of their bodies, that when they walked they threatened to topple over. Curiously, too, their legs were exceedingly bandy and knock-kneed, and scarcely thicker than a walking-stick at the calf. They flung their arms about from side to side with a certain awkwardness which was caused by their extreme length, for it was possible for the pigmies to touch the earth with their finger-tops without bending a joint. Neither were their faces well favoured; some had their eyes set skew-wise in their foreheads; the teeth of some projected an inch long below the lip, whilst, in every instance, so large and deformed were their ears, that they clashed like a pair of clappers when the owners happened to cough or sneeze. When a fit of coughing took one, it proved contagious to all around, and the slapping and rapping of ears grew terrific for minutes, whilst every hand was pressed to its owner's chest, and every head thrown forward in the agony of asthma, and every tongue showered curses on the roaring furnace. As for dress, they wore red jerkins, leather breeches, and leathern aprons, and every man had his long hair rolled up into a ball and fastened on the tip of his head with a cluster of silver hair-pins. Though very ugly, they looked very comical and good-humoured; especially when they waddled about the cavern, rocking from side to side, helping themselves on with their finger-tips, and cackling with laughter when an unlucky step set one sprawling on his back.

It was easy to distinguish the master-craftsman from the crowd by the extraordinary size of his nose, which was much longer than his face from chin to scalp, and the two plaques of fine gold that bobbed from the tips of his ears. He had an ugly habit of winking continually with his left eye whilst the right remained stationary, and of taking snuff in thimbleful from a green box slung around his neck. Walking up and down between the steaming groups, his hands thrust under his leathern apron, his head thrown back, his hair-pins shining, and his toes turned out, he issued his orders from time to time in a sharp, thready voice, accompanied by a vigorous stamping of his right foot. When the humour seized him, he would kick the craftsmen for the sake of pure enjoyment, or pull their long ears until they squeaked from the torture; and, even in his best

moods, it was nothing uncommon to see him catch two of them by the top-knots and knock their heads together, by way of pleasant exercise. Indeed, he was much feared by the whole community, excepting Brake, the fireman, who was stout on his legs and strong in his arms, and whose flesh was so baked and hardened from constant exposure to the fierce heat of the furnace that a blow from his fist would rip up a rabbit or stun a cat. Blum, the master, and Brake, the fireman, did not love one another, and wisely shunned all intercourse, knowing in their hearts that it would lead to buffets and curses.

Between the heating of hammers and the groans of the furnace, a dull, heavy sound, slowly and regularly repeated, startled the workmen. Instantly each pair of ears shot up, and all eyes were turned to the roof of the cavern, whence came the alarm. Blum thrust a thimbleful of snuff up his nose, which he instantly dusted with his leathern apron, and, putting a finger to his lips, commanded silence.

"Ha!" he whispered, "there goes Hugh Brady again—nothing will do the fellow but our gold. Night and day he's digging in Redmonstown rath, and no one has the courage to send a blast that would stop him. Silence!"

But scarcely had the master-craftsman given his last order when the snuff took effect, and he sneezed vehemently and long. One by one the pigmies followed his example, and the whole cavern resounded with the uproar of exploding noses. Blum, foaming with anger, did not forget to kick and box the offenders, who fled before him in every direction, shrieking and howling in their terror. Blinded by fury, he laid about him indiscriminately, and at last dealt a kick on the fireman, who felled him with a terrific blow on the ear. Gathering himself up deliberately, he thrust his hands under his apron, and, with a show of calmness that astonished every one, seated himself on the silver anvil. Crossing his legs under him, he dipped his hand a second time in the green box, yawned sleepily, and looked around.

"I think we've done enough for this day," he said; "come, let us enjoy ourselves."

A loud "bravo!" from the pigmies was his reply. Even Brake could not resist the fascination which the master's display of good temper diffused amongst his associates, and, stepping up to him, he exclaimed—"I'm sorry for it—I am." Brake took his hand in silence and shook it.

"Never mind," he said, "'a rolling stone gathers no moss;' 'tis a good goat that doesn't eat his own tether;' 'a cut ear is better than deafness.' Sit down; for, by all the trout in the Anner, I'm bent on being jolly."

His invitation was eagerly accepted by the craftsmen, who squatted around the anvil, lit their pipes, and were just beginning to enjoy themselves, when the sound from the roof was heard again—this time with more precision and distinctness.

"May the sky fall upon you and crack your back, Hugh Brady!"

exclaimed Blum, taking the pipe from his mouth, and puffing a column of smoke through his nostrils.

The pigmies laid down their pipes for a moment, and deliberately said, "Amen."

Again the thumping on the roof was resumed with greater vehemence.

"The curse of the crows light on you!" continued Blum. "There's a fellow with whom the world has gone well, and yet won't be contented without getting that which doesn't belong to him. Do you hear him? He has a handsome wife and two beautiful children, but that does not satisfy him. 'He may go farther and speed worse;' 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!'"

"We have done him no harm," said Brake. "Even Queen Enor desired us to guard his fields, and keep the blight from his corn and the plague from his cattle."

"She will be married this day week," said Blum, abstractedly; "and if Lynn, the king of the northern fairies, travelled to the moon he would come back without meeting a fairer wife than she is."

"Where is it to take place?" asked a diminutive creature who sat with his back to the anvil."

"On the banks of the Anner," replied Brake. "We'll have a great meeting; and the chief dish is to be spatchcocked skylark."

The pigmies, one and all, smacked their lips at this announcement, and puffed their pipes with an evidently new relish; at the same moment, the point of a pick was seen to penetrate the roof, and scarce had they withdrawn when a vast fragment of rock, followed by Hugh Brady, tumbled into the cavern.

Stunned by the force and suddenness of his descent, the unlucky gold-seeker lay dead to all appearance, face uppermost, whilst the pigmies danced around him exultingly, clapping their hands and giving utterance to cries of "We have him, we have him." A few amused themselves by tugging at his beard and pinching his nose, whilst others dived into his pockets and unearthed their treasures, consisting of a short pipe, some rustic ballads, a piece of flint, and a handful of copper coins. These were claimed by Blum, to whom they were surrendered without hesitation; and then the whole community sat down in solemn council to deliberate on the form of punishment to which the wretched Hugh should be condemned. The discussion was long and stormy. Blum proposed that he should be slowly roasted on the bars of the furnace, and this course was supported by the more malicious imps of the community; but Brake protested against this severe measure, and suggested that a hump should be placed upon Hugh's back, in which condition he should be restored to the world.

"Will you throw dice for him?" asked Blum, whose temper was rising to a pitch that threatened serious results. "The lucky man shall have the wretch to do as he likes with him. Do you consent?"

Brake, who considered the proposition reasonable, accepted it; and the two gamblers having perched themselves upon Hugh's chest, began the

game. For a table they procured a flat potlid, and on this the tiny silver dice rattled for some minutes. Blum threw first, and turned up seven.

"We throw for fifty," cried Brake, lifting the box and shaking it over his head. "There's twelve at the first offer."

"'Tis a long lane that has no turning," replied Blum, somewhat peevishly. Down went the dice again; he turned nine.

"Sixteen already," exclaimed Brake, "there's my best leg foremost. By all the spots on the moon, 'tis another twelve."

"Sixteen—twenty-four," shouted the craftsmen, who pressed round the gamblers, watching the progress of the game with the greediest interest.

Blum took the dice with an air of lofty indignation, and because he fancied that the length of his nose was detrimental to his success, bestowed a hearty box on the extremity of that organ, with the result of which he appeared anything but pleased. At the same time, Hugh made a feeble movement, for which he was punished by the luckless gambler with a vigorous thrust in the eye. "Now," said Blum, giving the dice a prodigious shake, and glancing sternly at his antagonist, "I'll eat my nose if this don't turn up something. Twelve! as I'm a craftsman—twelve!"

"Twenty-eight—twenty-four," was the cry from all sides, as Brake took his turn; again he threw twelve; and Blum handled the box amid cries of "Thirty-six—twenty-eight." He threw five; his antagonist was less lucky as he turned up but two. In the next trial Blum threw twelve, and Brake three; and with the next the Master Craftsmen was winner by six.

"Come, my man," he said, addressing Hugh, as he and Brake descended from his chest, "we're only going to roast you for your trouble. Come, be alive; whilst there's a faggot left you shant want fuel."

Hugh opened his eyes, painfully and slowly, and, for the first time, became conscious of his situation. The cave, the fires, the figures around, astonished him; nor were the words of Blum, even when repeated, wholly intelligible to his distracted mind. He raised himself with terrible difficulty on his elbow, and gazed in the faces of the craftsmen, who returned his bewildered looks with grinnings, leers, and expressions of mock-sympathy. He attempted to rise to his feet, but discovered, to his horror, that they were fast bound. His heart failed him as he slowly realised the awfulness of his position, and the hopelessness of escape. "Where am I?" he asked, at last, in a voice tremulous from the very intensity of terror.

"Oh, with friends who have been listening and waiting for you ever so long," said a deformed imp, applying his hand to his nose, in illustration of the figure known as the Chinese puzzle.

"Hugh groaned, and threw himself back on the floor. "I'm done for ever!" he said, in a sort of soliloquy, which did not escape the vigilant ears of Blum, who laughed with a diabolical shrillness, which was instantly imitated by his crew.

"Now, boys," he said, "rake out the lower bars, and make a bed of nice white ashes for this enterprising gentleman."

"Mercy—I implore of you to spare me," shrieked Hugh. "What have I done?"

"That," returned the chief craftsman, taking a pinch with a sort of critical nicety, "is a question which you yourself shall answer. *Pray*, what brought you here?"

"Hugh could not answer. He only shook his head, and closed his eyes despairingly.

"Why did you dig up our rath, and desecrate the glorious work of our friends the Danes. Eh?"

"Eh?" cried sixty voices in echo.

Again Hugh shook his head; he endeavoured to offer some defence, but the words died on his lips, strangled in their birth. The master craftsman gave the final signal, and Hugh felt himself moving slowly, but with awful directness, to the bed of white ashes collected in front of the furnace. In the agony of the moment he lost all consciousness, his brain reeled, and, when the first hot blast of the fire beat upon his face, he was insensible to all danger. They had dragged him, with their united strength, across half the floor, when the sound of a horn penetrated the cavern, the lower side of which seemed to dissolve, and melt into the earth. Through the open space, thus formed, appeared a multitude of people, mostly habited in green, playing upon flutes and harps, dancing and singing as they came along; and in their midst rode Queen Enor, on a white goat, with crimson horns, and caparisoned in cloth of gold, from which hung a number of silver bells. The queen was exceedingly beautiful; moon never looked upon a fairer spirit; sun never sent a sweeter fairy tripping on the heels of night. She was attired in a long gray habit, whose ample folds swept the grass; on her head was a tiny crown, hewn out of a single brilliant; in her hand she carried a branch of ivy with which she fondled her goat, from time to time. On her right hand rode the royal bridegroom, Lynn, on a speckled horse: he was superbly clothed in a coat of silver chain-mail, greaves of elastic gold, and a marvellous helmet, from which sprang a mass of snow-white plumage. His surcoat was a miracle of gorgeous embroidery, attributed to the dainty needle, and still daintier fingers of the bride.

The royal pair having reached the mouth of the cavern, dismounted and entered. Amid the cries of congratulation which resounded from her people, the queen approached the prostrate form of Hugh, and turning to the chief craftsman, asked:

"Whom have we here—what wretched man is this?"

"One condemned to the fire, most gracious lady, for violating the sanctity of our raths and coveting our treasures," answered Blum.

"Away!" exclaimed Enor, waving her little hand in magnificent scorn. "No blood shall sully our nuptials."

Lynn interposed. "But, darling, we must guard our privileges, which have become too few, indeed. To death it were awful to condemn this rash man; let us devise some punishment which shall amuse us, and be not fatal to him. Let those sweet days be rich in charms; let love lean to laughter. We will be merciful, but still gay. Do you refuse me?"

She took his hand between hers, looked half-chidingly in his face, and said : " O Lynn, I could not." Then, smiling, she waved her scarf above Hugh, who awoke to find his fetters gone—his terrors half dissipated. He threw himself before the queen, and implored her to save him.

Lynn could not help laughing on beholding the half-ludicrous plight of Hugh. " You are pardoned," he said ; " the queen has saved you."

" O thanks—a million thanks !" exclaimed Hugh, as he sprang to his feet and prepared to quit the place.

" Stay," cried Enor ; " for three days you shall minister, in whatever shape it pleases us, to our mirth. Harm shall not befall you ; and when the time of our delight shall have passed away, you shall see your house once more."

" Will your majesty graciously send a message to that effect to my wife ?" asked Hugh, tugging at the border of the king's surcoat.

A peal of silvery laughter, mixed with the guttural cacklings of the craftsmen, greeted the request. Even Enor herself could not help smiling, and tossed her pretty head from suppressed merriment.

" She is a good wife," observed Lynn, with a sly side-long glance at the queen, " who can await her husband for a season, and wish not to wed with another."

Enor blushed to the temples, whilst Hugh answered : " That is what I dread. I have been married three years ; and there's one Ned Nealon, an old sweetheart of my wife, concerning whom I am anything but comfortable."

" But your wife loves you," suggested Enor, tapping her foot with the ivy. " Is it not written :—

" When thou art near, in sooth, I love thee much,
Nor look behind, nor guess at the Before ;
But, husband, when thou'rt very far from me,
In sooth, in very sooth, I love thee more !"

" That's a fine ballad, my lady," replied Hugh ; " but I dread the truth of it. Night and silence, give the woman fair play."

He said this with such wild vehemence, that the company could not contain themselves, but gave vent to their mirth in a shout of laughter, at which the very stars seemed to tingle. The craftsmen tumbled about in the grass, throwing up their heels ; the ladies clapped their hands and hid their faces ; and even Blum and Brake, enemies immemorial, were seen rolling along the sward, locked in each other's embraces.

" Ah, Lynn," Enor said, looking at the king, and pointing with her finger to Hugh Brady, " there is an example for you ! In all our realms there dwells not so constant a mate as he !"

" Now, the wasp sting you for that pretty calumny," rejoined Lynn. " What will you wager that, of the two, the woman prove the falser ?"

" This ;" and Enor held up a triple string of pink pearls. " With this jewel I can charm the winds, and suck the spice-breeze from the remotest East. Where is your gage ?"

"You shall see;" and, as the king spoke, he drew from his bosom a piece of emerald-coloured ribbon. "You smile at the littleness of my gage, but with it I can bridge an ocean, and throw a pathway over the deepest marsh that ever breathed fog."

"A wager! a wager!" cried the people.

"Come, we will dance in the moon of June," cried the queen, as she was assisted to her saddle by the king. "Already she begins to rise above the woods."

"Shine on for ever!" exclaimed the king, raising his hands towards the unclouded orb. "Fill those cold horns with delight, and let the skies rain happiness on her and me;" and, bending to the queen, he kissed her cheek, which suddenly glowed like a ruby.

The long train, preceded by the craftsmen, wrestling with each other on the grass and wild flowers of the meadow, passed across the open country, pausing when they came to the sloping banks of the Anner, at a little distance from the spot where it empties its crystal urns into the Suir. The blue purity of the heavens, the glory of the moon, the faint lights of innumerable stars, and the pendant branches of the limes and alders stretching over the river, lay in one reflected mass on the lucid surface of the water. Midways between both banks was a little island—the half-way house of the ford—which seemed to sleep in a bath of yellow lilies, and almost to yield to the dreamy undulations of the stream that ran all a-flame around it. Not a solitary sound except the dripping pulses of the mountain mills disturbed the otherwise perfect silence of the night. Even the owl was hushed, and the bat, that beat his airy pilgrimage around the tree-tops, wheeled past as noiselessly as the red beach-leaf when it falls, in the season of autumn, on the rotting grass of the forest. The king unwound the ribbon from his wrist, allowing one end of it to flutter in the air. In the beat of a death-watch, an aerial bridge shot across the water, and the multitude passed over. The little lawn, fringed with shadows by the dwarf alders of the island, was soon filled with tiny dancing forms, that sparkled against the rich underground, like the atoms of mica in the crust of the green granite. Delicate music rose from an invisible orchestra, hidden in the leaves, not the voices of earthly instruments—neither flute nor tabor—but sounds recalling the melodies, low and exquisite, which the wind plays amongst the stems of the ripe wheat in the noontides of August. At last the queen, flinging herself on a mat of honeysuckles, clapped her hands and cried, "A song, a song." A beautiful creature rose at the royal behest, and touching a harp, strung with the fine threads of the star-spider, sang this wild lyric:—

We live i' the wood,
We swim i' the flood,
When the sycamore bud,
Opens and blows out its heart to the moon;
Where the waters lie cold on,
Sands dripping and golden;
In the mellowly midnights of June.
Tira la,
In the star-haunted midnights of June.

We crouch i' the brake,
 We hide by the lake ;
 Where the scented snow-flake
 Bubbles and breaks, like a blossoming peach ;
 Thro' lights and thro' shadows,
 Thro' pastures and meadows,
 We dance down the fields to the beach ;
 Tira la,
 To the silvery weeds on the beach.

We float i' the wind,
 The sun-rise behind ;
 On the bat, bald and blind,
 Cramping our hands in the skirts of the night ;
 Where dim, thro' the glooming,
 The last star is blooming—
 Blooming and fainting in light.
 Tira la.
 Blooming, and fainting, and dying in light.

When the cock crows,
 When the wind blows,
 White blossoms or snows.
 Away and away, through the flood and the fire ;
 Hopping and dancing,
 Our winged feet flee glancing ;
 And our song echoes higher and higher,
 Tira a, tira la !
 Ha, ha, ha !
 Our song in the dark mounts up higher and higher !

Scarcely had the last echo of the singer's voice died away, when the invoked cock crew : the fairies vanished, and Hugh found himself standing in the midst of the lawn, no longer Hugh Brady, but transformed into a mule. His sides ached as if from the effects of a recent cudgelling, and he found, to his horror, on gazing in the clear mirror of the water, that his left ear was lost, and his tail clipped to the stump. It was in vain he strove to convince himself he was dreaming. As he moved with difficulty across the sward, his hoofs left their imprints on the turf, his flanks were lacerated by the briars and thorns. He tried to sit down, that he might reflect at leisure on his wretched condition, but he found that position so uncomfortable, not to say ungraceful, that he quickly gave it up for a standing posture. Moved by some strange impulse, he plunged into the stream, and swam to the opposite bank. Morning was breaking upon the world, the dews sparkled, the birds sang, the fields rejoiced in the new light ; and, whilst enjoying the happiness around him, in a state of mind which drowned the recollection of his misfortune, he was painfully recalled to a sense of his new existence, by a smart rap of a cudgel between the ears, and a voice which exclaimed—

“May the Dickens take you, for a mule. Even clipping that ugly ear of your's won't stop you. Perhaps somebody else will be able to take the mischief out of you yet. Eh?”

Hugh turned round at the well-known voice, with all the quickness

with which his long legs could accommodate him, and beheld his old rival, Ned Nealon. That individual, after looking him steadily in the eyes for a moment, bestowed a second whack of the cudgel on his shoulder; and proceeded to bridle him with a hay-rope.

Hugh's indignation was excessive, his mortification indescribable. The evils of the past and present, painfully confounded, flashed through his brain, with that awful rapidity with which we *think*, under the inspiration of great calamities. He, an independent landholder only yesterday, happy only for the accursed greed that ate him up, to be transformed into the bodily semblance of a mule, driven and beaten at the caprice of one whom he feared and hated. It suddenly occurred to him, that by making signs, such as nodding of the head, or blinking of the eyes, he might succeed in making Nealon understand who he was; and with the impulse of a sick hope, he turned back his head, and blinked at the rival.

"Is it winking at me you are, you born scoundrel?" cried Nealon, dealing him a blow this time on the extremity of the nose. "Take that, and that!" each invitation being accompanied with a fresh buffet. Finally, Nealon jumped upon his back, plunged his hard heels into his sides, and obliged him to canter along the road. They were ascending the hill, in the direction of Clonmel; and Hugh remembered, with an overwhelming sense of misery, that in a few minutes he should be at his own door. As he came up to the house he saw his wife come out to find the hour, as was her custom, by the sun-dial, on the gable. She exchanged greetings with Nealon, who brought his steed to a stand-still, that they might chat at leisure.

"When did you get that thing?" she asked. "Ah, mind the lad, how he looks at me. May I never see another Michaelmas if he doesn't understand every word we're saying."

"I'd believe anything of him, Mrs. Brady—quiet, you beggar."

As he said this, Hugh became suddenly aware that the road, as far as he could see around, was covered with fairies, dressed in the oddest and most picturesque raiment. Amongst them he recognised his friend, Brake, and the master craftsman, Blum, who had thrown their leathern aprons aside, and were now as gay as strawberry leaves. Blum evidently relished the unfortunate Hugh's predicament; he grinned from ear to ear, chattered like a chaffinch, and made a hundred insulting grimaces, which were diligently copied by the craftsmen. Enor and Lynn were not visible; but Hugh believed their presence was indicated by two luminous specks that passed and repassed, from time to time, amongst the people, like moonshine through water. Suddenly a wind, loaded with green larch leaves, blew down the road, and the whole vision disappeared with a tinkling noise. When Hugh recovered from his surprise, he found Nealon and his wife still speaking.

"As there's a fair in Clonmel to-day," said the former, "I may as well take him down—who knows but some one will be unlucky enough to buy him."

"No one will take him for ornament sake, at any rate. Wouldn't it

be a charity to give him a knock on the head, and fatten the hounds with him?"

Oh!" replied Nealon, "he hasn't come to that yet. Put by a thing for seven years, you know, and if you don't want it then, you'll never want it."

With these words he chucked the bridle, and was riding off, when a new dea occurred to him.

"Is there any account of himself yet, Mrs. Brady?" he asked.

"No, then."

"Who knows but he's dead?"

"Dead! He isn't—gone up to some of those wild places digging for money he is. I wish he'd leave them alone, and mind his land."

"Sure, if he doesn't, somebody else will. Eh?"

"Deed, Mr. Nealon, you've a great deal to answer for. Good morning to you."

The streets of Clonmel were crammed with horses, asses, and cattle, as Nealon entered that which forms the great axis of the town. With difficulty he made his way slowly through the almost compact mass of animal life. As he rode along, the appearance of his unfortunate mule gave rise to a hundred laughs, jokes, and witticisms, not a few of which were "pointed" with sharp digs of sticks and knuckles, which Hugh received in the ribs. In the crowd, the latter encountered numbers of his acquaintances, jolly-looking farmers, with their buxom wives, and handsome daughters, all of whom seemed to enjoy themselves with his miserable looks, and thought it capital sport to pull his odd ear. Nealon seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any one else, only protesting against their ill-treatment of the mule, with the gentle remonstrance—"Boys, ah, girls, fair play for the Connaughtman!" This "don't-nail-his-ears-to-the-pump" sort of a request served but to increase the malicious wickedness of the by-standers; and, when Hugh got as far as the Main-guard, not a square inch of his body was free from pain or irritation. He raised his head, and beheld the walls of the public-house opposite to which he stood, whilst a girl fetched Nealon a stoup of porter from the bar, swarming with his supernatural tormentors. Window-sill, parapet, and eave, were alive with the mischievous creatures; and they mopped and mowed, shutting their little fists and shaking them at him. Then a tall man, of corpulent body and flushed face, came to the door, and, addressing Nealon, said:—

"Is it trying to sell that gridiron you are?"

Nealon shook his head in assent, and the man continued—

"I've no objection to turn an honest penny, even if 'twas at pitch-and-toss; and I don't care if I give you half-a-sovereign for him. He'll make glue, anyhow."

How Hugh trembled when he heard these words, and recognised in the corpulent personage an old acquaintance—Tom Clark, the knacker!

"Make it the sovereign, and take him," suggested Nealon.

"Keep him till you're made the same offer again," was the reply.

Nealon hesitated—"Say fifteen—here, say the fifteen."

A peremptory "No!" decided him. He dismounted, received the half-

sovereign, and went into the public-house, whilst Hugh was led round to a yard, strewn over with animal *debris* and the machinery of a knacker's premises. A bare-armed man approached him, having in his hand a long knife, whose bloodied edge told of recent slaughter; and, whilst his head was being covered with a greasy cloth, he heard a tinkling noise in the air, and a chorus of voices singing—

“Zinny zanny, zinny zanny,
Lose many lives, and not lose any.
Zanny zinny, zinny zanny.”

He felt the sharp plunge of the knife in his throat, his legs gave way, and he came to the ground with a shock that made his frame quiver from the spine to the hoofs. A deep sleep quickly overpowered him, and he awoke to find himself transformed into a setter-dog, quietly following Nealon's heels, as the latter, gun in hand, was picking his steps across the fields, in the direction of Two-mile-bridge. Once more the fairies were with him, either seated cross-legged on the grass or squatted on the sharp points of the bulrushes. Again they mocked him, pelting him with little red stones, no bigger than cherries. Once more the infernal incantation assailed his ears—the very grass seemed to whisper “zinny zanny,” as he scampered over it.

Hugh, following his master, and escorted by the fairies, came out at last on the high road, near the bridge. They had passed a farm-house to the left, and were coming down to the water-side, when a huge bull-dog, without log or muzzle, jumped over the fence and gripped the setter by the throat. In vain Nealon tried to beat off the assailant with the stock of his gun, with which he pounded the furious animal vigorously; the latter held his gripe, and for a second time Hugh felt the pains of coming death. There was a loud report, a flash in his eyes, and again the deep, merciful sleep overpowered him. When he recovered, he was hardly surprised to find himself sitting, in the shape of a speckled hen, on the top of some baskets, piled up against the wall of his own kitchen. It was night; a candle was burning on the table, at either side of which sat his wife and Nealon. She appeared much older than when he had last seen her; and over her dark hair was a widow's cap.

“Look here, now, Mrs. Brady,” exclaimed Nealon, laying his open hand, by way of emphasis, on the table, “throw that thing off of your handsome head, and be reasonable towards yourself and others. Woman alive, do you think if he wasn't dead we'd hear nothing of him? What folly 'tis! Come, make up your mind at once, and don't spend the rest of your days making cross faces at a tombstone.”

She put her apron to her eyes, not to conceal “the tears she did not weep,” but to wipe away the hot out-gush which the recollection of her husband evoked. For with all his eccentricities, he was ever kind and indulgent, and she loved him, though her utter want of demonstrativeness, served to make him doubt it.

“There, you're at it again,” said Nealon, in a tone sufficiently sympa-

thetic; "you're at it again. Now, what's the use of crying—sure, if the eyes dropped out of your head, would it make things a bit better?" He took her hand in his, and strove to look in her face, but she averted it from his gaze, and her tears fell anew. Hugh's indignation boiled within him until it threatened to fire his feathers, and in the attempt to say something he crew like a cock.

"I'm greatly in your debt, Mr. Nealon," said Mrs. Brady, huskily, for since Hugh went away, only for you everything in the farm would go to ruin; but I can't think of becoming another's wife whilst there's a chance of his coming back to me; indeed I can't."

"But I'll swear he's dead," exclaimed Nealon, rising and placing his hand on her shoulder; "ay, dead as a holdfast."

Again Hugh wriggled on his perch, and again he crew a fiercer remonstrance.

"Is that a crowing hen you have?" asked Nealon, looking up at the baskets, "get rid of that one if you've luck; you know a crowing hen and a whistling woman are bad things in a house."

"I never heard her crow till to-night," replied Mrs. Brady; "and I don't believe anything God makes is unlucky."

"Well now, to make things straight, say this day month; will you say it out, like a decent woman? Sure, there's a hundred girls in the parish that would have me if I only gave them the wind of the word!"

Although aware of the danger he would run, Hugh could no longer contain himself, and once more his clear, shrill clarion startled the fascinated suitor, and caused him to look up.

"Tis the old boy we have, and not a hen," he exclaimed, seizing a sod of turf and hurling it, with all his might, at the speckled hen. The missile struck Hugh's head, and almost flattened it to the wall. The next moment he was restored to his own shape, and came tumbling down to the floor, to the amazement of his wife and the terror of Nealon.

"Scoundrel!" he shrieked, rising to his feet and confronting the intruder. "Scoundrel! you shan't carry a whole bone away from this house."

"Le-le-let me-me speak; hear me," cried Nealon, as he cowered before the uplifted arm of Hugh, and staggered to the door.

"Ah, I've heard enough of you. Look out!"

Nealon, wisely for himself, obeyed the injunction, for, at the next moment, Hugh's arm was launched at the spot in which he had been standing, with terrific force. His wife, who had scarcely recovered from her surprise, and stood apart, with clenched hands, white lips, rushed to him, caught his arm, and, fixing her eyes on his, exclaimed:

"For the dear sake of heaven, Hugh, do not kill him!"

"You, taking his part," he cried, with appalling bitterness. "You! Aye, you, who were only too glad to become a widow, and couldn't wait a week for your husband's return."

"A week!" exclaimed the two. And the wife continued, "why you've been away three years. Hugh, darling—three long years."

"Three years this June," added Nealon.

"Liars, both," replied Hugh. "Am I the village fool that you dare to impose on me thus?" and, whilst his face grew livid from internal wrath, he sprang at Nealon, who eluded him, and fled the house, followed by Hugh. The latter thought he saw his enemy's figure in the darkness, and, fired with revenge, exerted himself to overtake it. "If he flies straight in this direction," he murmured, "he must jump the Anner." Down the hill went Hugh, and across the lawn. Suddenly the river gleamed right before him, and, with the precipitancy of desire, he plunged into its waters. As he rose to the surface, he was astonished at finding himself within an arm's length of the Fairy Island, whilst a thousand voices exclaimed, "Health to our king and queen, the sloe-leaf has fallen!" Hugh had had more than enough of the enchanted people, and turned to swim for the bank, when Brake suddenly appeared at the water's edge flourishing a torch.

"Welcome," he said, "welcome. We've all been unhappy on your account. Come and see the king."

Hugh felt it would be imprudent to refuse, and, jumping on the island, found himself in the midst of the whole fairy population. Enor and Lynn, both in festival robes, and with crowns upon their heads, sat on thrones under the fine canopy of a sycamore-tree, amid whose branches sparkled innumerable lights. Their hands were joined, for the royal alliance had been celebrated, and they had become joint rulers of the realm of Faery. As Hugh made his way to them, through the dancing groups assembled on the lawn, the king raised his head, and said, good-humouredly—

"Good mortal, you have seen your wife; who shall win the gages—the Queen or I?"

"Quick! oh, be quick!" said Enor, clapping her tiny hands for impatience.

"Alas!" said Hugh, "I returned, and found my wife a widow, consenting to be wooed out of her weeds because her husband had been three days away."

"Three years!" exclaimed the royal pair; "three years!"

Hugh stopped back a pace, and raised his hands in consternation.

"Have I been three years absent, then? Well, my wife is not as bad as I thought, and the queen wins."

At this announcement the people raised a shout, whilst the king bent forward and placed the magic ribbon around Enor's neck.

"Hugh," she said, "return home and be happy. Perfect bliss is denied the world in which you move, but the best pleasures of mortals lie nearest to them. How beautiful looks the moon from this world! yet I have dwelt upon it, and know that there the rain never breeds a flower, and that unceasing barrenness blackens the fairest spot we see from hence. Return, and be contented, and with you take our good wishes. Your wife loves you—your rival you need not fear. Away!"

As she waved her hand the whole company rose into a cloud of dew that drifted across the night. Hugh watched its ascent until it became invisible, and the weird voices, singing

“ We live i' the wood,
 We swim i' the flood,
 Where the sycamore bud
 Opens and blows out its heart to the moon,”

died away in the celestial vastness, and day broke upon the world. He started, and was astonished to find himself sitting in his own house, tenderly watched and cared for by his wife. He caught her hand, and said, huskily,

“ Margaret, do you forgive me?”

“ Hush!” she said, and kissed him. “ Those who love us cannot injure us. Try and sleep.”

BATHS OF ROMANCE AND HISTORY.

THE practice of bathing, so conducive to the health and comfort of man, reaches back to the earliest times in the existence of the human race. In one form or other it has been popular from the most remote ages to the present day among all nations, and, in general, we find that among the ancients the opinion prevailed that purification of the body induced or signified moral purity. In the patriarchal age, the inhabited regions of the earth being destitute of rivers, precluded the possibility of general bathing. We find, however, Abraham ordering water to bathe the feet of the three Divine messengers in the plains of Mamre, and the servant of the same patriarch receiving water for a similar purpose at the house of Laban. Indeed, amongst the many observances enjoined by the Mosiac law, none stands more pre-eminent than the “ purification by water.” When King Solomon erected the Temple at Jerusalem, which is thought to have been contemporary with the Homeric age, he constructed a bath for the special use of the hierarchy, denominated the “ Molten Sea,” which, if we may judge from the description of it in the Book of Chronicles, must have been a really magnificent and commodious structure. In his reign domestic baths, fragrant essences, music, and every other luxury to charm the senses, were to be found in Judæa ; but anterior to this period the people of the Holy Land still used the pools and rivers. When, however, luxury, with the arts, began to make their way among the eastern nations, the enervated part of mankind eschewed natural bathing, and sought refreshment from fatigue and *ennui* in tepid water, while oils and essences were superadded to heighten delight and improve beauty. Apart from the hygeian and pleasurable attractions of bathing, there are not a few note-worthy anecdotes associated with the custom, from baths of such Boccaccian simplicity as that, on her way to which, fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, a princess of the royal house of Pharaoh discovered the future law-giver of Israel nestling in his bulrush berceauette on the banks of the mystic Nile, down to the year 1862, when a bath *a la Turque* is said to be a universal

panacea. Let us, having taken a cursory glance at the manner in which the Greeks and Romans bathed, glance at a few of those baths of romance and history.

Homer, who flourished about five centuries after the birth of Moses, informs us that tepid bathing, with inunctions, had already become general throughout Greece. In the tenth book of the *Odyssey* we have a distinct account of the manner then in use, as described in the preparations made by Circe for the reception and entertainment of Ulysses :

“ Ministrant to their queen, with busy care,
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare,
Nymphs, sprung from fountains or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o’er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glowed against the view,
White linen lay beneath ; another plac’d
The silver stands, with golden flasks grac’d.
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown’d
Fair in the midst with gilded cups around ;
That in the tripod o’er the kindling pile,
The water pours ; the bubbling waters boil.
An ample vase receives the smoking wave,
And in the bath prepared my limbs I lave,
Reviving sweets repair the mind’s decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.”

It was customary among the Greeks to take two baths in succession—first cold and afterwards warm. The habit of plunging into cold water after warm baths was probably adopted by the Greeks from the Romans, after the latter had subjugated their country. Amongst the Greeks, as well as the Romans, bathing was always a preliminary to the hour of meals. The Lacedæmonians, who considered warm water as enervating and effeminate, used two kinds of baths, namely, the cold daily bath and a dry, sudorific bath, in a chamber heated with warm air by means of a stove. It is clear that the Greeks were familiar with the use of the bath, both as a source of health and pleasure, long before it came into general practice among the Romans, although they had no public establishments, expressly devoted to the purpose, of a corresponding magnificence to those of the Romans. In Homer’s time indulgence in the warm bath was considered a mark of effeminacy. Among the Greeks a person was always bathed at birth, marriage, and after death ; whence it was said of the Dardanians, an Illyrian people, that they bathed only thrice in their lives—that is, on the three aforementioned occasions.

It is not, we believe, recorded at what precise period the use of the warm bath was first introduced amongst the Romans. We learn, however, from Seneca that Scipio had one in his villa at Liternum. By the time of Cicero the use of baths, both public and private, of warm water and hot air, had become very general, and appear to have been erected with a considerable degree of luxury, if not splendour. When public baths (*balneæ*) were first instituted they were only used by the commonalty ; but this monopoly was not of long endurance, for we find that in process of time even

the emperors themselves condescended to bathe in public with the meanest of the people. Some of the more dissolute of the Roman emperors were accustomed to take their meals in their baths, a habit severely reprehended by Martial in his epigrams. Caligula is mentioned by Suetonius as having invented a novel luxury in the use of the bath by perfuming the water, whether hot or cold, by an infusion of precious odours, or, as Pliny relates, by anointing the walls with rare unguents. Upon quitting the bath it was usual for the Romans to be anointed with oil, a luxury for which they were indebted to the more refined Greeks.

The "thermæ," (vapour baths) were a very particular class of the Roman baths. They were decorated with the finest objects of art, both in painting and sculpture, covered with precious marbles, and adorned with fountains and umbrageous walks and plantations, like the groves of Academia. Public baths were not instituted at Rome prior to the reign of Augustus, and we are told that they were introduced by Mæcenas, the patron of Virgil. M. Agrippa, however, was the first who afforded these luxuries to his countrymen, by bequeathing to them, as we learn from Dion Cassius and Pliny, the thermæ and gardens which he had erected in the Campus Martius. The Parthenon, now existing at Rome, served originally as a vestibule to these baths. The example set by Agrippa was followed by Nero, Titus, Trajan, Caracalla, Diocletian, and Constantine. Of the thermæ of Caracalla and Diocletian ample remains still exist to attest their former extent and splendour. The magnitude of such buildings may be estimated when we are informed that the baths of Diocletian would accommodate eighteen hundred bathers at one time; and the importance of this luxury to the Romans may be appreciated when we are assured that there were upwards of eight hundred public baths at Rome.

Speaking of the baths of Caracalla, a modern writer says: "St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, is the most exact copy, in modern times, of a part of these baths. The hall itself is a re-production, both in scale and design, of the central hall of Caracalla's baths, but improved in detail and design, having five bays instead of only three. With the two courts at each end, it makes up a suite of apartments very similar to those found in the Roman examples. The whole building, however, is less than one-fourth of the size of the central mass of a Roman bath, and, therefore, gives but little idea of the magnificence of the whole."

The thermæ of Diocletian occupied upwards of one hundred and forty thousand men several years in constructing. Of their vast arches, beautiful and stately pillars, extraordinary amount of foreign marble, curious vaulted roofs, and numbers of spacious apartments, there yet exist sufficient evidences to attest. Some of the Roman baths, as may be seen from several of those discovered at Pompeii, were really sumptuous. The *chefs d'œuvre* of ancient sculpture adorned them, and the researches of modern archæologists have restored many of them to the light of day. In the baths of Caracalla were found the Farnese Hercules, by Glycon the Athenian, the finest and most celebrated statue of Hercules extant; the Flora

in the Farnese collection at Naples ; and the beautiful group of the Diræ, or Furies, who were always represented as standing near the throne of Jupiter, in an attitude expressive of their eagerness to receive and execute his behests. The magnificent group of Laocoon and his sons, was discovered in 1806, in the immediate vicinity of the thermæ of Titus ; that exquisite specimen of Grecian art, the Apollo Belvedere, was found in a bath, as was also a piece of statuary which Thackeray has designated as "unfathomably beautiful"—the Vénus of Milo.

There is a considerable amount of fact and fable blended with the history of the baths of the ancients. Actæon was one of the most dashing and celebrated Nimrods of antiquity. Having, in the ardour of the chase, surprised Diana, and her attendant nymphs, bathing at the fountain of Gargaphia, a valley near Platea, he is fabled to have been metamorphosed into a stag, by the irate goddess, and in that guise to have been torn to pieces by his own hounds. Among the "Townley Marbles," in the British Museum, is a small, but very interesting group of the incantious hunter defending himself from the attack of his dogs. Midas, King of Phrygia, for his hospitality to Silenus, the preceptor of Bacchus, was permitted to select whatever recompense he desired. He had the imprudence to demand of the god, that whatever he touched might be transmuted to gold. The request was conceded, but the ambitious monarch soon perceived the fatal consequences certain to accrue from his aureate power, and begged it to be revoked. As a remedy, he was desired to bathe in the celebrated river Pactolus, in Lydia, the sands of which are said to have been turned into gold by his touch. Poppea, wife of the tyrant Nero, is amongst the most celebrated of the Roman empresses. She possessed great personal charms, and so anxious was she to preserve her beauty and elegance of person, that, it is affirmed, five hundred asses were kept on purpose to afford her milk, in which she used to bathe daily. Previous to her death she was exiled by Nero, but, even in her banishment, she was attended by fifty of these animals for the same purpose, and from their milk she invented a kind of kalydor, or pomatum, to preserve beauty, called "Poppæanum," from her. There is a fine bust of this eccentric empress in the Capitol at Rome. A rather unpleasant contrast to Poppea appears in the empress Fausta, wife of Constantine. Her career was criminal in the highest degree, and she expiated her crimes by being suffocated in a warm bath, by the emperor's directions, about the year 327. Seneca, who was born about six years anterior to the Christian era, was one of the most remarkable preachers of the Pythagorean tenets, which inculcated the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of the soul into different bodies— notions which the Samian philosopher seems to have imbibed among the hierarchy of Egypt, or in the solitary retreats of the Brahmins. Seneca was the preceptor of the emperor Nero, an office which he filled with general satisfaction. In the famous conspiracy of Piso, against the domination of Nero, Seneca's name was mentioned, either malevolently or by accident, as being privy to it, whereupon the emperor ordered him to destroy himself. The philosopher, undismayed, heard the command with stoical calmness, and even with joy, observing, that

such a mandate might have long been expected from a man who had murdered his own mother and assassinated all his friends. He directed his veins to be opened, but, as he bled very slowly, to hasten his death he drank a dose of poison, and ordered himself to be carried into a warm bath, to accelerate the operation of the draught, and make the blood flow more freely. The death of Seneca would be a fine subject for an historical picture. We can fancy the noble old philosopher reclining in his bath, conversing, in his dying moments, as his life-blood ebbed faintly, sensibly and animatedly with his sorrowing circle of friends, while the myrmidons of the imperial assassin waited without, stern, merciless, and inflexible. The finest bust of Seneca is of bronze, and is preserved in the Herculaneum Museum. Archimedes of Syracuse, is the most celebrated of ancient mathematicians, and the only one that contributed anything satisfactory on the theory of mechanics and on hydrostatics. He first established the truth that a body plunged in a fluid loses as much of its weight as is equal to the weight of an equal volume of the fluid it displaces. It was by this law that he determined how much alloy the goldsmith whom King Hiero, of whom Archimedes is said to have been a kinsman, once commissioned to make a crown of pure gold, had fraudulently mixed with the metal. The solution of the problem suggested itself to him as he was entering his bath; and he is reported to have been so overcome with joy as to hasten home without waiting to dress, exclaiming, "Eureka! Eureka!"—"I have found it! I have found it!" Although the "Principle of Archimedes," as it is called, is the most important in the science of hydrostatics, its application extends equally to bodies immersed in air or any other fluid.

About the year 1746, Benjamin Franklin first saw some experiments in electricity very imperfectly performed, but which were quite new to him. He repeated them with much greater success, and very soon after announced, in a letter to a friend, his theory of the identity of lightning and electricity. It is a notable fact, that the Royal Society of England, to whom he submitted his papers on the subject, refused to print them, and they were, consequently, first issued, by Cave, of the "Gentleman's Magazine," in the form of a small pamphlet, in which Franklin suggested the possibility of attracting the lightning from the clouds, by means of a pointed iron rod. There was no place in Philadelphia, where he was at the time residing, sufficiently lofty for the purpose, and he was waiting till a spire should be finished, when it struck him that a common kite might be made available, and, in June, 1752, he had the pleasure of perfectly verifying his conjectures. Franklin was passionately fond of bathing, and not a few of his experimental researches were carried on while he was enjoying that luxury, permitting himself to float philosophically down the stream, assisted by a huge silk kite, by means of which he acquired the practical proof of his theory of the identity of lightning and electricity. If Franklin was not precisely the man indicated by his proud epitaph—"Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis"—he possessed virtues that almost amount to genius. He never surrendered to party what was meant for mankind, and by his example proved his favourite doctrine,

that a man's country should be served for honour, and not for profit. The fact of Franklin's carrying on important scientific experiments while bathing, recalls to our memory an anecdote we have read somewhere of a very distinguished English judge, who was so partial to bathing, that whenever he was required to decide any legal difficulty, he was almost certain to be found engaged at that pastime in a favourite stream; indeed, it was affirmed, that many of his most elaborate opinions were delivered while thus enjoying himself.

The assassination of Marat in his bath, is a memorable episode in French history. Charlotte Corday, the perpetratix of the act, was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary women of modern times. She was born in the year 1768, at St. Saturnin, in the department of Orne. While yet a girl, she displayed singular strength of character, her favourite author being Plutarch. On the outbreak of the French Revolution, she was attracted by the boldness and novelty of its pretensions; but her noble soul was outraged by the terrible crimes which were deemed necessary to its success. It is said that she loved one of the proscribed Girondists, but of this there is no satisfactory evidence. She did not deem assassination a crime when directed against assassins, and secretly determined to go alone to Paris, and there stab the foremost democrat she could find. For a time she doubted whether Robespierre or Marat was the greater monster, but eventually her patriotic rage was concentrated on the latter. At the moment of her arrival Marat was sick; she wrote to him desiring an interview, but her application was not answered. Purchasing a large knife at the Palais Royal, she presented herself at the house of the monster on the following day. His housekeeper was alarmed at her appearance, and, perhaps, touched by the instinct of danger, refused her admission. Not to be baffled, she immediately wrote a note, in which she stated that she had important state secrets to reveal. Marat, who was reclining in a warm bath, determined to see at once the visiter, despite the earnest entreaties of his housekeeper. While conversing on the movements of the Girondists, Marat intimated his intention of guillotining them all. They were his last words. At the moment, Charlotte Corday, drawing her knife, with masculine force stabbed him in the throat, and he expired with a single groan. "Sirs," said she to the guard, as they arrived, and beheld her standing unmoved by her victim, "you long for my death; you ought rather to build an altar in honour of me, for having delivered you from a monster." She was immediately arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, where she boldly avowed and justified her act. She was, of course, condemned to the guillotine, and the sentence was carried into effect on the 17th July, 1793. A few months since an old man named Malfilatre died in France, who, although utterly undistinguished himself, was made remarkable by one peculiar circumstance. When Charlotte Corday started upon her memorable journey to Paris, Malfilatre, then a lad, with his mother, accompanied her to the diligence, and bade her farewell. Before leaving she kissed the boy, and the old man who lately died was ever after an object of interest

amongst his neighbours, as the last human being who had received the embrace of Charlotte Corday.

A rude but effective substitute for the sudatory baths of the Greeks may still be found in many parts of Ireland, especially in the North. In the district of country lying between Derrygonnelly and Lake M'Nilly, which separates the counties of Fermanagh and Leitrim, may be observed studding the foot of each little hill, a small artificial lump of earth, somewhat resembling an ice-house. It is constructed of stone and mortar, brought to a round top, and is sufficiently large for one person to sit on a chair inside, the door being merely of dimensions sufficient to enable a person to enter on their hands and knees. When an invalid considers that the ailment with which he is afflicted is likely to be benefitted by recourse to one of these edifices, it is brought to the proper temperature by placing therein a large turf fire, after the manner of an oven, which is left until it is burned quite down; the door being a flag-stone and air-tight, and the roof of the house being covered with clay to the depth of a foot, prevents the least escape of the heat. When the embers of the fire are removed, the floor is strewn with green rushes, and the patient is escorted to the house by a second person, provided with a pair of blankets. The invalid places himself or herself in a chair, and there remains until a copious perspiration results. They are then removed, wrapped in the blankets, and conveyed home. The peasantry place great faith in the efficacy of these novel sudatories, which, either in a hole in the earth, or in a baking-oven, are also practised among many nations, as the Finns, the natives of Mexico, South America, etc.

We may remark in conclusion, that public establishments for bathing were long unknown in Europe. It was during the Crusades, when the East and West were brought into contact, that Europeans first became acquainted with the baths of the Asiatics, and, as the beneficial results of such institutions were too apparent to be neglected, they speedily acquired popularity. Of the entire surface of the globe, three-fourths are covered by water, the proportion showing the great objects in nature to be served. The importance of water to mankind cannot be overrated. As has been well observed the tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great Temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone, but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust, but its aqueducts and baths remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins, but the Aqua Claudiæ still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the Wilderness, has fallen, but its fountain sparkles in its rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades.

COMEDY—GLIMPSES OF MOLIERE.

In the *genre* Comedy there are many *genus*. Under the great heads of Natural and Artificial, we have the poetic ideal comedy of Shakspeare, the satirical and moral comedy of Moliere, the old Spanish comedy of intrigue, the modern French comedy of scenic effect, and the sentimental comedy of the Germans. The dramatists of some countries have an affinity for, and concentrate their genius on the conceptions of character; others on the construction of the plot; others on the dialogue. Taking the highest examples of each dramatic school, we find that the imagination for character, in its individual form, is an attribute of the English—the delineation of manners and types of classes that of the continental. Contrast Shakspeare with Moliere. In those plays of the great poet—who has been so appropriately christened by the Greek name *Murionous*, or the Myriad-minded,—which pass under the title of comedies, such as *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*,—even *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, his most regular work of this order,—the characters, are either purely ideal, or highly idealized from life—either truthful, generic types of imaginative nature, or creations founded on a slight basis of observation and reality. In those plays in which, as in his serious dramas, the last traces of the vanishing age of feudalism and chivalry, with its passions, observances, gallantries, and graces are concentrated, wit and humour appear merely as delightful accessories to the pictures of life—love, romance, feeling, folly, reflection, tenderness—the object of the writer being to interest and charm, not to satirize. They are of a distinct species, and belong to the comic, infinitely less than to the poetic world of nature. Moliere's comedies, on the other hand, are direct pictures of passing phases of society. Although natural, too, they are wholly prosaic and conventional; satirical in spirit and aim; addressed to the intellect, not the imagination or heart; and even in a few, which seem to have admitted the introduction of other elements, the author, whose sense of moral beauty is everywhere sound and fine, has evinced his total want of the sense of poetic beauty, and his inability to portray imaginative character, even in humour, regarded in its larger sense. Glancing through the works of both writers, we recognise the difference between the comic poet of Society and the comic poet of Nature. The first brings his observation of life, his wit, sense, fancy, and art, to embody, and, by contrast, expose the follies of mankind; but, while laughing at, we never sympathize with his creations. The second, even in his humourist delineations, causes us to sympathize with their incongruities. His wit beams and dazzles without scorching; his ridicule is genial, he laughs kindly at life; his pathos becomes a part of his comedy; his tears arise from and mingle with his laughter. For creations of humour, indeed, properly so called, we must look rather to the pages of the novelist than the dramatist—to Cervantes, Addison, Sterne, Goldsmith, and several existing writers, than to Moliere, or even Shakspeare; for the Falstaff of the latter is still more a comic character

than one of humour, though, with this conception—and viewed in this light, it is one of the most marvellous tests of his genius—he has managed, despite the category of qualities of which it is compounded, to make us in some sort sympathize, by treating it naturally, instead of satirically, and it is the same with *Dogberry* and his other pure comic creations. In *Moliere*, on the contrary, in whom the spirit of pure ridicule dominates, the dry light of his understanding, the *naïve* and caustic flashes of his wit, create laughter only. The Spanish comic drama, which is a reflection of the national character, is ideal in its form and language; but, though it displays inexhaustible fecundity of plot and structure, it is remarkable for the sameness of its personages; the lover, for instance, is invariably a type of chivalry—the mistress of constancy; the parents represent inflexible honour and pride; and while all persons of high stations preserve a stilted and lofty demeanour, the lower orders are made the sole exponents of the wit and gaiety of the piece. As to German comedy, Lessing and Kotzebue may be considered as its representatives. The first was a French genius, nurtured on French literature, and reflecting its peculiarities, critical and philosophical, as well as comic, in his own language. The second was the founder of the sentimental, or so-called weeping comedy. But though his plays manifest an utter want of poetic conception of character, comic or serious, and are as devoid of any merit, purely literary, as those of Scribe, they will long remain masterpieces of dramatic structure and models of stage effect. Never were dramas more unsuited to the study or more adapted to the theatre, and in this respect they offer the strongest contrast to dramatic creations of the imaginative, or poetic order. Characters, we need not add, may be drawn with the greatest skill, and yet not be dramatic; for the art of the dramatist is not displayed in the portrayal of mental states, but in their adaptation to the purposes of the drama. Thus, as the depiction of single passions can never please or be effective, the true dramatist is obliged to invent additional features to give natural homogeneity and human individuality to his characters, and utilize such traits in forwarding the action and interest of the piece. The art of the poet supplies those traits, while that of the dramatist renders them dramatic agents in the development of the story.

Looked at in their *ensemble*, the gallery of *Moliere* contains the most perfect specimen of Conventional Comedy in any literature. His best plays, which are true reflexes of the passing follies and peculiarities of his age, brief abstracts and chronicles of the time, are thus history as well as satire. That France should have produced the greatest works of this description, is not singular; wit still continues the national characteristic of the Gallic Celt, the chief attribute of its representative men, the most popular element in its literature. Add to this also, that the language in its idiom and diction, is *par excellence* that of conversation. *Moliere* was gifted with a dramatic genius of the first order. His nature, for a Frenchman of his age, (that of Boileau,) was large; his knowledge of life extensive; his faculties, especially that of observation, penetrative, vigorous, and profound; of wit and comic fancy, his capacity was varied and exhaustless, while, as a theatrical

artist, he has, perhaps, seldom been surpassed. In no other dramatic writer do we find so many delicious ludicrisms, so many of those comic turns of dialogue, which the French call *felles*, so natural and easy a power of painting and eliciting comic effects of scene and character in so few and unexpected touches; sometimes a line, sometimes a word, falling like a spark on gunpowder, is sufficient to realize his purpose, and explode his reader or audience in laughter. If wit, as we define it, consists in the pleasurable surprise consequent upon the perception of the relations between ideas little akin, or widely different, but arbitrarily opposed—the impression partaking partly of the truth of the reason, and combinative ideality of the fancy, and which, thus formed on a basis of sense, is half rational, half fantastic; Moliere's best scenes, above those of all other comedians, realize the idea of wit in action; but of humour, which has been well defined, wit and love—he has scarcely a trace. To Moliere attaches the merit of having created modern comedy, or that which is a reflex of actual society. Before his time the comic drama of France (with the exception of the *Menteur* of Corneille), was a mere collection of rude farces, modelled on that of the Latins, in which the comic element consisted not in character, but in buffoonery. Of that class of compositions which formed the stock pieces of the itinerant theatre of France—the *farces tabariniques*—it has, indeed, been well remarked, that the pagan laughter they produced, came not from the understanding, as in Moliere, but from the stomach. But, though some of the earlier plays of Moliere were founded on those of the Roman writers—the *Avare*, on the *Ambularia* of Plautus, and the *Fourberies de Scapin*, on the *Phormio* of Terence—the best scenes are original, and their broadest comic effects no longer arise from burlesque extravagance or fescennine wit, but on the invention of scene and dialogue, in conformity with reality and nature. *Le Festin de Pierre*, derived from a Spanish play, was, we may, *en passant*, add, the only remaining work in which Moliere sought for a model in literature; his genius rapidly matured, presently eclectified its materials in the wide circuit of society, and if, as Nodier has remarked, the test of a great writer is that of creating a type, Moliere must be regarded as one of the foremost in literature, for he has, indeed, created a world of types; in whatever direction he turned his camera, forthwith pictures of character and social states took shape—photographs, created by the acid of ridicule, and the sunbeam of wit and understanding. Scanarele, Alceste, Agnes, Celimeni, M. Dimanche, M. Harpagon, M. Jourdan, Nicole-Scapin, Geronte, Chrysale, Trissotin, Martine, Philaminte, Diaforius, Purgon, Fleurant, M. L. Madam Sottenville—all these were distinct types of the community in which he lived, and so radically truthful is each, that all have, since his time, come to be regarded as symbols of classes. His range of satire is only limited by the affectations, follies, and absurdities of conventional life itself.

In *L'Etourdi* he ridicules the absurdities of important triflers, who then fluttered in the fashionable atmosphere of French society; in *Le Precieuses Ridicules*, the absurd euphuistic jargon of the saloons; misassorted alliances of George Dandin; the tricks of domestics in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*;

connubial jealousies in *L'Ecole de Maris*; the silly quarrels of lovers in *Les Depit Amoureux*, the fopperies and affectations of men of fashion in *La Facheux*; pedantic affectation of learning in *Les Femmes Savantes*; the ignorance and dogmatism of the quack practitioners of Paris in *La Malade Imaginaire*; the assumption of aristocratic manners among the *nouveaux riche* in *Les Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, in all of which the chief, and sometimes even the subsidiary personages are generic types of classes. Among his full-length comedies may be mentioned *L'Ecole des Femmes*, *Le Misanthrope*, and *Les Femmes Savantes*, in which last he reached the perfection of his comic style. The *Misanthrope*, however, is, according to French critics, the most correct of his compositions. In this play, in which Moliere represents a character of stern and intractable virtue, surrounded by the vices and follies of the world, and evincing his contempt for all sort of falseness, insincerity, and artifice in sentiments and language of brusque and uncompromising disdain, Moliere, it is said, has intensified in a dramatic form his own character. The whole piece, despite the brilliant flashes of repartee in some of the scenes, as in those between "*Alceste* and the *Coquette*, *Ipstriguan* *Celimene*, the first of whom is satirical from virtue; the second from vice, has somewhat of a sombre air, and breathes rather of the fierce and bitter atmosphere of the world of general satire, than of the laughing world of ordinary comedy. This predominating tendency of looking at life through the scene of ridicule, which is manifested in almost all his plays, appears to have rendered him in a great measure incapable of delineating its more genial phases of passion or character; thus, for instance, he has seldom delineated love. It is only in *Les Depits Amoureux* and *L'Ecole de Femmes*, in which that of courtship and marriage are portrayed, that he has painted the passion with any degree of natural grace and truth, while in all his other plays it is simply introduced to produce effects purely comic. To present evidences of the incessant play of this his supreme faculty, both in the conception of character and scene, we have but to open his volumes. We may, however, add that we cannot discover in any of his plays, repartee so witty and dazzling as in Congreve, or any scene so admirably conceived and dramatically effective as the auction and scene scenes in the *School for Scandal*; nor are any of his farces so intensely broad and exquisitely ludicrous as *Foot's Minor*; though, taken as a whole, his comic world is the most extensive and complete, created by any individual genius.

Moliere wrote before Racine had clarified and given a classical elegance to the French language; but though his diction is sprinkled with obsolete words, and though his negligences displease the taste, and some of his idioms jar upon the exact ear of modern grammarians, his versification is remarkable for its liveliness, animation, and flow, as well as point. In the healthy and genial freshness of his colourless style, its ease, sobriety, and solidity, he is unsurpassed by any succeeding writer. To him, indeed, may be applied the remark which Rivaroli makes on Dante, namely, that he paints with the verb and substantive without the assistance of the adjective. What is called fine writing he strictly avoids, and never follows the dicta of

Mr. Puff as to the means of filling up the gaps of sense by descriptions of the morning, and "all about gilding the eastern horizon." His style, flowing, flexible, and natural, is also very different from that of the modern juvenile school of French comedy, the false brilliancy of whose manner and diction resembles champagne, whose taste and sparkle does not so much depend on the vintage, as the tartaric acid and soda. It is the inseparable incarnation of idea with language, as evidenced in Moliere, which has rendered his, like all other works of individual excellence, untranslatable. Speaking of the inseparability, this vital unison and conformity of thought and style, a French critic well remarks :— "If we take away from Moliere his verse, so lively, animated, and well turned—from Fontaine his French *naïvete*, and perfection of detail—from the phrase of Corneille its vigorous sinew, sustained continuity, and fine exaggerated turns of vigour, which render the old poet half Spanish, half Roman—the Michael Angelo of tragedy—from Racine his chaste, discreet, harmonious, Raphaelistic outlines—from Fenelon, whose spirit, imbued with antiquity, rendered his prose style melodious and serene as the verse of Racine—from Bossuet the magnificent attitude and air of his periods—from Boileau his sombre and grave manner, and admirable colouring, where colour is necessary—from Pascal his creative mathematical style, distinguished so much by appropriations in the diction and logic in the metaphor—in fine, take away from any of those great writers, their style, and each of their works will resemble a translation of Homer by a schoolboy." 'Tis style which gives duration and immortality to the work of the poet—the fine expression at once embellishes and conserves the thought—is at the same time its ornament and armour—is to the idea what the enamel is to the teeth :—design and style—neither of which interferes with spontaneous fancy or nature—form the basis of literary renown. They are the keys of the future—without them writers may attain momentary success, but neither true glory, conquest, or laurels.

To produce illustrations of Moliere's satirical faculty, his power of exhibiting unconscious traits of absurdity in character, etc., etc., would be endless. Let us select a few examples of his comic manner, much of which, we may add, is inseparable from the untranslatable idiomatic turns of the language. Take *L'Amour Medicin*. In the first scene, a citizen, Scanarelle, who has lost his wife, has a daughter Lucinda, who, for some reason he is unable to fathom, has fallen into a settled melancholy. Scanarelle calls his friends together, Messieurs Josse and Gulieme, who happen to be—the one a jeweller, the other a maker of tapestry, and with a neighbour Annetta, entreat them to consider what means can be adopted to restore his daughter to spirits. Monsieur Josse, the first appealed to, offers his unaffected advice as follows :—

"For me, Scanarelle, I am of opinion that your daughter's melancholy arises from your having stinted her in dress and ornaments. I, therefore, my friend, seriously counsel you to procure her without delay, a handsome garniture of diamonds, rubys, and emeralds."

"And I," says M. Gulieme, "if I were in your place, would procure her

pretty suit of tapestry hangings, which, placed in her chamber, could not fail, I am convinced, to refresh her spirits."

"As to me," says Annetta, "I do not stand on ceremony, and so advise you, as quick as possible, to marry her to the first lover who demands her hand."

Whereupon Scanarelle says:—"All your advices are certainly admirable, but I find each a little interested. You, Monsieur Josse, are a jeweller, and you counsel as becomes a man who wishes to make sale of his merchandise; you Gulame, have a piece of tapestry, for which you cannot find a customer: while as to you, Annetta, your lover, they say, has a penchant for my daughter, and you are generously anxious to find her another. So Messieurs and Mesdames, you all counsel a *lu mode*."

In *Le Malade Imaginaire*, Moliere represents an hypochondriac, Argan, the chief delight of whose existence consists in taking medicines. In the first scene he appears seated at a table covered with phials, the contents of which he has taken, and which he fondly classifies, reading off the labels which indicate the immense quantity of carminatives, emollients, sedatives, laxatives, he has consumed, and while dwelling with exquisite gusto on the flowery language of the pharmacopœia, cutting down the bills of his friend M. Fleurant, the apothecary. In thus representing Argan of a saving turn, Moliere adds greatly to the humour of the character; for it would be impossible for him to enjoy the great pleasure of his existence if he were not a strict economist. After getting through a number of bottles, commenting on them with great relish, and reducing the price of each, he comes to—"A cordial and preservative potion, composed of twelve grains of bezoaid, syrups of lemon, and grenade—six livres. I am your servant Monsieur Fleurant, but softly, content yourself with four francs, if you please?" And after summarizing the number of medicines he has taken the last month and the preceding, and finding that the medicine bottles of the last are less by half a dozen than the former—reflects a moment, and says, this accounts for his not being so well this month as the ormer, characteristically adding: "*Je le dirai a Monsieur Purgon, afin qu'il mette ordre à cela.*" As the play proceeds, we find Argan wishes to marry his daughter to a young pedant, a physician, in order that he may have some one to prescribe for him constantly at hand; and the scheme failing, it is suggested to him to become himself a physician, in order to insure that great object; which is happily effected in the last scene, when he receives the diploma of the faculty in a mock ceremony, on condition of his asseverating that, whether right or wrong, he will never prescribe any other medicines than those ordered by the ancients. The *Malade Imaginaire* is said, above all his other farces, to be that which most excites laughter in a French audience.

The *faiseurs de clefs*, as the French call discoverers of the originals of characters, tell us that the physician, ridiculed by Moliere under the name of M. Purgon though a quack of the day, was a pleasant sort of character, who took lightly the satire of the French Aristophanes. After seeing the play written to clear the medical profession of his caste, he said—Moliere and I consult together, and he orders me remedies which I do not take, and so prosper. The idea of the last scene of the *Malade Imaginaire*, in which

the quacks induct Argan into the profession—examining him in a ludicrous bog latin chorus, as to his treatment of various diseases—to which his constant and only reply is

Clysterium donare
Postea seignare
Ensuita purgare, etc.,

is taken from the 11th book of "Francion," a romance, by C. Sorel, contemporary of Scarron.

In one of his full-length comedies, *Le Femmes Savantes*, written to ridicule, the affectation of learning and science which characterized Parisian society, after the explosion of the Hotel de Rambouillet, there is a famous scene between Armanda and Philamante (the learned ladies), Trissotin (a gallant), and Vadius (a pedant). After Trissotin reads a sonnet of his composition, which is received and commented on by the others in a litany of remarks, expressive of exaggerated admiration, he introduces Vadius, whom, among his other learned qualities, he praises for his acquaintance with the Greek language. The two ladies cry out—"Greek! Oh, heaven! he knows Greek, sister!" and, in the intensity of her enthusiasm, Philamante forthwith embraces him, "for the love of Greek!" Upon which Vadius turns to Henrietta (the common-sense foil of the female trio), for the purpose of offering her an embrace, which she eludes, saying—"Excuse me, monsieur; I do not know Greek." Trissotin then eulogises Vadius as a prodigy both in verse and prose, and adds that, if they so wish it, he will read them one of his compositions. Upon this, Vadius, assuming a critical air of thoughtful diffidence, says:—

"It is indeed an universal fault among authors to obtrude their productions and tyrannize in conversation. Meet them where you will—in the Palais Royal, at court, in the streets, or at table,—there they are, reciting their execrable verses; seizing on the first person they meet, and holding him by the ears until he flatters them. Now, nothing can be more absurd than this, nothing more disagreeable. Why cannot literary men deport themselves like others? For me, I hold such conduct to be utterly unworthy any man of sense, and I am entirely of this opinion of the Greek, who, by an express dogma, prohibiting this contemptible custom. In a word, I am among those who hold this sort of thing to be utterly distasteful, unpardonable, and even outrageous. . . . By the way, now I think of it, here are some little verses of mine, written for young lovers, on which I would fain have your opinion."

(Takes out a bundle of papers.)

The conclusion of this scene also, in which Trissotin and Vadius compliment each other, until the latter, proceeding to denounce a sonnet, of whose authorship he is ignorant, and which is a composition of Trissotin's, both forthwith assail each other in invective, as strong as the previous mutual praise—is excessively ludicrous. All those plays exhibit the ready powers of comic invention, the unconscious traits of absurdity, the laughable surprises, and dry, short, turn of expression, which distinguish this dramatic wit.

The Affected Ladies (Precieuses Ridicules) is one of his best satirical

comedies, in one act. It was during the performance of this, one of his earliest pieces, written to ridicule affectation of learning, which came in and lasted as long as the fashion of wearing fringed gloves, that an old Parisian, rising in the pit, exclaimed—"Courage, Moliere! this is true comedy!" The plot of this short play is necessarily simple. Georgibus is an honest citizen, whose daughter and niece, Madelon and Cathos (names which they have assumed instead of their own), lately arrived from the country, are intensely anxious to pass off as fashionables of the first water, and who have picked up the euphuistic jargon of the saloons for that purpose.

They have two lovers, La Grange and Croissy, both of whom are gentlemen unaffected by the prevailing mode of the day—a circumstance which renders them utterly distasteful to both ladies. As the latter reject their suit, La Grange and Croissy, in revenge, send their valets, dressed up as marquises to pay the court, and it is through one of them, Mascarille, that the chief satire of the piece is worked out. The first scene in which he appears, he is on his way in a sedan to visit Les Precieuses, and we find him denouncing the porters as wretches unaccustomed to attend on persons of quality, and for having, by their haste, "seriously exposed the embonpoint of his feathers to the inclemency of the pluvius season." Arrived he pays his court to the ladies, in the exaggerated jargon of the period, and is answered in similar style, after the group have seated themselves on the "conveniences for conversation," as they call chairs. Then follows the amorous scene in which he reads, and elaborately comments upon, an absurd sonnet, a scene—which Addison has copied in one of the *Spectator* papers.

Mascarille, suddenly recollecting an impromptu sonnet, which he made the day before at a duchess's, a friend of his, requests the attention of the ladies, Cathos and Magdalen, and proceeds to read and criticize the following exquisite production.

Mascarille reads :

" Oh ! oh ! quite off my guard was I,
While no harm thinking,
You
I view :
Sudden your eyes
My heart surprise —
Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, I cry !"

" *Cathos*.—Ah, heaven ! that is carried to the upmost point of gallantry."

" *Masc.* (*carelessly*).—All that I write has the air of the gentleman, and does not savour of the pedant."

" *Mag*.—It is distant from that by above two thousand leagues."

" *Masc*.—Did you notice the commencement—*oh, oh !* This is extraordinary—*oh, oh !*—like a man that bethinks himself all at once—the surprise—*oh, oh !*"

" *Mag*.—Ah, I think that—*oh, oh !*—is indeed admirable."

" *Masc*.—And yet, that is nothing, as it were."

" *Cathos*.—Ah, *mon Dieu !* What do you say ? It is impossible to esteem such exquisite touches sufficiently."

" *Mag*.—Doubtless ; and for myself, I declare I would rather have been the author of that—*oh, oh !*—than of an epic poem."

" *Masc.* (*regarding her*).—Egad you have a good taste."

"*Mag.*—Eh; perhaps I've not an exceedingly bad one."

"*Masc.*—But come, don't you admire also? *Quite off my guard was I—quite—off—my—guard—was—I.* I minded nothing of the matter—a natural way of speaking, you understand: *quite off my guard was I; whilst no harm thinking;* while innocently, without malice, like a poor sheep, *You I view*, that is to say, I amuse myself with considering, with observing, with contemplating you. *Slily your eyes*—what do think of that word, *slily*? isn't it well selected?"

"*Cathos.*—Perfectly."

"*Masc.*—*Slily*, cunningly, as it were a cat coming to catch a mouse—*slily*!"

"*Mag.*—Nothing possibly can be better."

"*Masc.*—Hem! *My heart surprise*—snatch it away—force it from me. *Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, I cry.* Now, would you not just imagine that a man is seen crying out, and running after a thief to seize him. *Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief—eh?*"

"*Mag.*—It must be owned that turn is to the last degree witty and gallant."

"*Masc.*—Well, now I wish you to listen to an air I composed for it."

"*Cathos.*—You understand music then?"

"*Masc.*—I? not at all."

"*Cathos.*—How then have you composed it?"

"*Masc.*—People of quality know everything without learning anything."

"*Mag.* (to her sister).—Assuredly, my dear."

"*Masc.*—Just try if this tune is to your taste; hem, hem! *la, la, la.* The brutality of the season has furiously ruffled the delicacy of my voice; but no matter, it is gentlemanlike [*sings* :]

" "Oh, oh, quite off my guard was I." "

Great as Moliere's comic genius undoubtedly was, he has no pretensions to the rank of a great poet, or even of a profound humanist. A couple of readings acquaint us with his excellences, and we lay him by, for he is not endlessly suggestive, like the great creative imaginative and thinking minds of literature. In the works of the latter, read them frequently as we may, we never fail to find something fresh, and deep, and original, some image, truth, thought, or relation of ideas, hitherto unobserved. Thus it is with nature herself, in whose scenes, however familiar, we have but to observe to discover something new. Indeed, few readers of any calibre of mind are, as V. Hugo truly says, capable of grasping the proportions of Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare, and thus few men in each generation make an intelligent study of them. Great minds are like lofty mountains, whose summits remain uninhabited, but which constantly dominate the horizon—towns, hills, plains, and cities are at their feet. For fifty years, twelve men only have reached the top of Mount Blanc: how few have reached the elevation of Shakspeare und Dante—how few can contemplate the immense world map which those heights discover! All eyes are, nevertheless, eternally fixed on those culminating points of the intellectual universe—mountains, whose crests are so high, that the last rays of the ages, long set beneath the horizon, are reflected on them still!

HONORIA DEANE.

A MOORLAND TALE.

BY RUTH MILLAIS.

PART I.

THE winter night was about to settle down upon the townland of Lettergesch. The setting sun was giving a faint benediction to the sad moorland sweeps, its pale streaks of light making yet more lorn and desolate the mournful waves of upland that crept away into the darkening east. The night clouds drifted slowly westward, and came spreading over the sky like a great moving desert, broken here and there by an oasis of fallow lightness; those sad rifts that the eye is sure to seek, and which seem like openings into a vague world of eerie questionings and forebodings.

But the clouds spread on, the breaks narrow and disappear, the weird world closes its windows and the real earth under our feet grows very dark. In the west the clouds writhe and expand, and endeavour to blot out all trace of where the sun was, wreathing themselves into Titan palaces, towering oak forests, spired fanes, and ships with gloomy rigging, while the gleaming creeks that intersect the dusky cloud, islands, and peninsulas, grow momentarily smaller and more shadowy.

The little dim pools that lie awake all day among the mosses, like watchful eyes, have searched the vague drifts with their deep wistful gaze, till the last vista has vanished, and now slumber in the shadows of their mother earth; till by-and-bye when the moon may arise, or a star, and summon a scattered few of them from their dark rest, to watch the night through. Straining one's ear, it is possible in the stillness to catch the inward rush of the tide that struggles behind yon low, distant lie of hills to the westward, and their retreating sigh as the waves ebb, that lingers and hovers in the far shades till the hearing cannot discern at what infinitely fine point the sound ceases to exist. The rattling of stones stirred on the shingle, the falling away of waters over the hard sand, one sees in fancy as one listens. Sobbing, bleating echoes startle the blood with a chill tingle, as the plover wings over the invisible heath. And sharp upon them comes the shrill, desolate cry of the curlew perching perhaps upon these far-away wet stones that the tide is leaving. Uneasy sounds are coming now at intervals from eastward where the winds are gathering. The wintry moorland night has set in.

Honoria Deane, with her face pressed though close to her cabin window, sees and hears these things, and marks them, they are nothing new or strange to her, a page from which she has daily conned from childhood up till now her twentieth year. In her simple familiarity with the sublime, she does not know herself that her spirit is ruled by the looks and tones of that wild Nature, whose nursling she is. But they do sway her, and a strong deep soul is hers that obeys them. She is not conscious of any very exalted sen-

timents as she looks from her window; but she feels the poetry of the scene, just as she might feel the sun warm upon her cheek without questioning what the sun is.

Honoria closed the little pane, turned from her window, and stepped briskly about the house. She had been very happy all day for a reason of her own, and when it was summer in Honoria's heart, many basked in the sunshine. She was one who could not keep her happiness to herself, it must out, beaming full from her eyes, and irradiating her face, shining through a thousand little chinks in her manner of doing the most trivial actions, glancing forth in snatches of song, and lavished from her bonnie brown hand in impulsive charities to all within her reach, from the beggar-man to the cat.

Honoria's father was a farmer, considerably better off than the poor landholders of Lettergesch, for he possessed another farm in addition to the holding on which he lived with his daughter. Also his cabin was superior, having, as well as the ordinary "room" and kitchen, a loft or attic, attained by a ladder, and a byre outside for the animals; and instead of the usual slopmy entrance, a low wall ran fronting and level with the windows, enclosing a crowd of over-grown hydrangia, and surmounted by a flourish of wall flowers.

For the inside we will view it by the light of the blaze that Honoria has stirred, and which illumines the kitchen sufficiently for our purpose. The floor is earthen, and all hills and hollows. The turf fire is built on the hearth, and the wide chimney is reeking with smoke stains. So also are the bare rafters of the roof, where the cocks and hens are roosting; and whence some nets and a pucawn are dangling. There is a dresser pretty well stored with delft, and a few tin vessels shine on the walls. There is a table, and some rude benches, and last observed there is a box of hay in the corner, in which a clucking hen is taking her ease.

Honoria has baked some potato bread, and leans with one round arm against the smoke-darkened wall, above the hearth recess, in the familiar attitude of one accustomed to manufacture the daily bread of a household, and cook the same upon a griddle. Her right hand wields a knife, wherewith to turn the three-cornered "fairs" when the critical point of their browning shall have arrived. Her gown of lively print is kirtled up over her red petticoat, and her black apron is fastened tidily around her waist.

Honoria is one of those girls one sometimes meets, who, gifted with a very good share of beauty, are little remarked or admired by any but those who know them well. She has grave, dark eyes, with thick-set fringes and shadowy brows, grave dark hair, without wave or ripple, turned round her head on a comb, as is the fashion in Lettergesch and its surroundings. She has a pliant mouth, an oval cheek, and a dainty ear, half bare. Altogether it is a head of character, a steadfast head, one I should like to sketch, and should set about it with broad dashes of a soft, heavy pencil, and here and there a delicate stroke, traced in with an F. Honoria never figures as a belle, for there is something of reserve or pride, or a mingling of both, in the droop of her eyes in the chapel, and the close grasp of her father's arm

coming out, and if I love her face for my pencil's sake, the laughing youth—who meet her there, admire much more yonder rosy, round-faced damsel, with the glancing eyes and coquettish turned-up nose. Those only who live within the radii of Honoria's home smiles, come under the wholesome influence of her beauty, when it is sunned and mellowed by kindness in the glad discharge of the tender charities of domestic life.

But we are considering her now, when she is bright tempered and happy. I will not promise that she is all sweetness and perfection. I believe that people of Honoria's strength and depth of feeling, have rarely attained to ever—even amiability of demeanour at so early an age, whatever experience and the habit of self-control may achieve for them in the future.

Honoria turned her fairs. The latch of the door clicked and her father came in.

Michael Deane was a tall old man, with large, strongly-marked features, and cheeks rosier than his daughter's. His eyes were bright for his age, and of that description which are wont to scatter kindness about in continual little showers of sparks, but when the light turns to ire, it comes forth in a flame, which is very apt to set all about it ablaze. He was something bent, and the hair which had retreated from the front part of his head was very white, and hung long behind his coat collar.

He hung up his Sou'-wester hat, and came to the fire. Extending his hands before the blaze, he said, "Is Willie come?"

"No," said the girl, shortly, jerking her knife about the griddle, and fidgetting the cakes to little purpose. "The sorra on him for a loiterer, he has'n't showed his face this side the mearan, I'll be bound."

Micahel shrugged his broad shoulders, chuckled, and glanced with a half-surlily fondness at his daughter.

"There you go," said he, "'tis always the worst word in your head you give that poor, dacent lad, that's been workin' months back with the sstranger. If his shada's sstrange to our thrashel, you know why he's denyin' himself the light o' your eye, and the lilt of your voice. All to make you a well-to-do wife the sooner. Shame, Honor! shame!"

Honor's dusky eyebrows tried hard to meet in a frown, but her eyes shone beneath them.

"Its all I'm sayin'," said she, "that he ought to be here afore this, an' if he isn't soon, I'll put down the tay, an' wait no longer; an' its could quarters he'll get when he comes."

"Hoot, hoot!" said the old man, twitching round in his chair, impatiently; "'deed you'll do no sich a thing, sorra wan o' you; an' you know that as well as I do, so where's the use o' bletherin' an' blustherin'? I'm feared when you're married, you'll make the house too hot for him, poor boy!"

Honor stood tapping her foot on the hearthstone, and looking into the fire. An ineffably sweet look broke through the assumed cloud on her face, and settled on the corners of her lips, and deepened the little curved shadows under her eyes. She mused a few moments, looking brightly into futurity, through the glowing sods of turf.

"Well! well!" she said, "I never made the house too hot for you, father. I may speak a cross word when I'm vexed; but if it hurts breathin I'm sorrier for it than it had choked me. Willie's gettin' the worst o' me now anyhow," said she, with a rising colour; "only I would'n't tell that same to him."

A step rung on the stones outside. Honoria turned sharply round, with her back to the door, and became on a sudden very much engaged with the plates on the dresser. The latch clicked for the second time, and a man came in. It was Willie.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, this lover of Honoria's, with fair curly hair, and blue eyes. His step, as he entered, was more hurried than eager, and his smile was not an untroubled one, as he grasped and wrung the old man's hand. But the light was uncertain, and Michael knew no cause for uneasiness. Honor found leisure now to leave her dresser, and, glancing slyly from Willie's curling forelock to his soil-bespattered brogue, said, in a dry tone—

"Are you sure you're all there, Willie Glen? We thought, maybe, the fairies had run away with some o' you."

"What kept you, man?" said Michael. "Honor's been frettin' about you these two hours back."

"Frettin'?" echoed Honoria; "faith, it's little of that I'd do for any one. People come, I suppose, with the speed o' their own wish, an' it's not me that's goin' to hurry them."

"There, whisht, girl, you've giv' him enough. Stop your backbitin', or I'll tell him what you were sayin' a bit ago. Go off with you, an' get us the tay, an' han' Willie his cup, with a smileen."

And as Honoria passed quickly down to the room, laden with a cake-piled platter, the old man drew his stool closer to the fire, and lit his pipe.

"Draw in, lad, draw in," he said; "it's cold."

"'Tis," said the visiter. "I'm feared the winter's goin' to be hard on us."

"Ah! well," said Michael, taking the pipe from his mouth; "what harm? The Lord's above us."

He returned the pipe to its place, and smoked away some minutes, while neither spoke. Again he removed the pipe—

"You're dull, Willie," he said, "what's wrong, lad? Are you gettin' tired o' waitin'? 'Deed, I think the time might soon be up. It is hard an you both."

Willie's mouth twitched uneasily. It was an irresolute feature, that handsome mouth of his, for all its beauty. He crossed and uncrossed his legs, and kicked back a stray ember into the general burning.

"You see," said he, "that I'm very feared there's hard times comin', an' though I'd be anxious to marry at waunst, I'd be loath to ask a wife to share the roof with me, till I had somethin' earned towards fightin' them through. An' it's slow earnin', very slow."

The young man said this with a dreary cadence in his voice, and leaned forward his chin on his broad palm, and stared into the fire.

"Hoot! man," cried Michael, "it'd be enough for an ould one-foot-in-the-grave like me, to be fearin' and complainin' that fashion. Hav'n't I plenty to lay by for the bad times, if they do come, an' are'n't you young and strong, man? Hoot, no! you're dwimin' with the love, my boy; sure we all had our turns at that sickness. An' here's the one that'll cure you," said the old man, as Honoria stood on the hearth between them, and announced that the meal was ready.

The conversation was interrupted, seemingly to Willie's relief, and the three repaired to the room where the tea had been laid in honour of Willie's visit. A fire was burning merrily on that hearthstone, too, and a tin lamp, burning fish oil, was hung over the fire-place. The white-washed walls were covered with religious prints of glowing hues, and doubtful anatomy. The window was draped with gay chintz, so also was the bed which nearly half-filled the room. An old-fashioned buffet of painted wood stood in one corner, and its shelves were stored with odds and ends of cracked china and glass, the well-preserved treasures of Honoria's grandmother. A well-worn arm-chair stood in the far corner, by the fire, and a few chairs and little straw-bosses amply filled all the empty spaces round the walls. An old Bible, an Irish catechism, and two or three other books, including Columkill's prophecies, lay on a shelf, and these, with last Saturday's newspaper (for Michael was a politician) comprised the whole literary store of the house.

A gaily painted tray, set with cups and saucers of vivid design, garnished the small tea-table, and pewter spoons, and horn-handled knives, contributed their share of glitter to the general brilliant effect of Honoria's simple, but carefully studied arrangements. The articles thus set forth were her pride, and had been bought on sundry memorable occasions, when the bonnie little housewife, in her red cloak, and gala buckled shoon, had accompanied her father to the ten miles distant village, which was the metropolis of the mountains. The potato cakes, nicely browned and buttered, smoked in the centre of the table, with a plate of little golden scrolls by their side. The brown tea-pot occupied the place of honour on the tray, and sent forth a grateful incense to the nostrils. Honoria, all her hand-maid work completed, now sits in state, and her beaming eyes are trying to hide their superfluous light in the sugar-bowl, the cups, or any other articles which will be kind enough to receive it. Her little bit of premeditated venom spent satisfactorily, Honoria is herself again, and perfectly happy, for Willie is there.

The meal proceeded, the newspaper was brought out and placed between Michael's cup and Willie's, and Willie's attention was called to this column or that, and soon a lively discussion was going on between Michael and some one (certainly not his guest), who did not exactly appear in the argument, but who seemed to be contradicting the old man dreadfully. As that somebody was not there in person, Willie bore the brunt of all the

storm of political enthusiasm, and listened very quietly while the affairs of Europe were settled in a way so plain and easy, that it is a pity some of its crowned-good-for-naughts had not been listening at the door, to pick up a few hints.

The meal was finished. Honoria produced a brown dish of hot water, and began tenderly washing her precious cups and saucers, now stealing an unseen glance of satisfaction at Willie's undeniable presence, and then retiring again into that dreamland, which is often with women a substitute for the outer stirring world, which they cannot share with men. When I speak of the dreams of my heroine, who was but a simple work-a-day country girl, I do not mean to present you with an absurdity by making her also a visionary or a sentimentalist. She was the very reverse of either, but women in their youth, be they gentle or simple, will dream and weave hopes and fancies into a fabric, which, at least, they come to believe must be called reality. This, especially if they have none near like themselves to whom to talk away their thoughts as they rise, but must lay them by to engender more thoughts. And all the fancies, and wishes, and wonderings, master so strong at last, that they must have a home of their own to live in, and thus a world is created, and its creator nestles into it, and views life from her happy retreat. Alas! and alas! that this dream world of ours should have rose-tinted window panes, which get broken in, and reveal us the actual world as it is, very sad and sober, sometimes very dark and terrible.

The discussion went on between Michael and his opponent. Willie Glen joined in it just enough to keep the old man's mind from straying towards other subjects. Honoria was pleased at her lover's silence, he was awed by her father's experienced sagacity. She loved him the better for that.

By-and-bye the argument spent itself, old Michael relaxed his hold on it, and grew drowsy. Honoria's task done, but her dream not dreamed-out, she fetched her knitting, and drawing a boss near her father's arm-chair, her brain went back to its silent occupation, and she wove her thoughts and her knitting needles together.

A homely enough fabric the weaver wrought, had it been held to the light. Many a gayer has been fondly finished, and worn with smiles till it has been worn out. The design is monotonous, the same thing turning up over and over again; a cottage and a hill-side, a running stream, and a distant sight of the ocean, a woman's figure watching in the doorway, a man's springing up the brae. A common-place pattern enough, and the colours are not rich, only cheery, though bright in Honoria's eyes. To be sure it is her own handiwork. Put it by, Honoria, hide it, lass, homely as is your fabric, it will never make a gown for you."

"Honor," said Willie Glen, "will you spake a word to me in the kitchen? The old man's asleep."

"Sure, you can spake here," said Honoria, the old refractory words rising on her lips to Willie, though her heart had just been startled out of its reverie of love by the voice which was its music.

"No, I can't. I want to say somethin' that's hard to say, an' no wan must hear it but yoursel'."

Honoria startled by the grave, half-nervous tone, even more than the strange words, stuck her ball upon her needles and laid them by. She only waited a moment to prop her father's feet on the boss she had risen from, and then followed Willie into the kitchen. They were standing by the hearth.

"Honor," said Willie, "your father an' mine were dear friends waunst."

"Yes," said Honoria, and she drew a long breath.

"An' when misfortune laid the heavy hand on my father an' mother, an' made me a poor orphan, without roof to shelter me, an' the bailiff hardly waiting for the coffins to be taken out, Michael Deane came forward, an' took me by the hand, an' says he, 'This is my son,' and he took me to his own warm home, an' has been a father to me ever since. An' you an' I, Honor, were like brother and sister, till that evening when—when we were promised to be man an' wife. I loved you well, Honor, and I thanked Michael Deane on the knees o' my heart, when he sent me away to serve a while, an' earn a bit of money, for he promised me you an' the Letthereen farm, as the reward of my labours when the time should be out."

"Well," said Honor, trying to stave off the fears that were gathering about her heart, "I've known all this before, Willie, as you know. What-ever's behin' yet, tell't at waunst."

"It's hard to tell," said Willie Glen, uneasily. "I never would have tried, but that they shall never say I slunk away like a coward, without telling the truth, fair an' open. So I come to tell it to your own sel', for I know that you're honest and straightforward, an' would rather have the words from my own mouth. I loved you well, Honor, when I asked you to be my wife. God sees I did, an' I like you yet, but—but, there's another—another girl I love better now."

Willie makes a faltering pause, and there is a deep silence.

Why does not Honoria speak? Oh! kindly darkness, that hides the poor white face and saves the maiden's pride! Oh! kindly blaze, that slumbers on the hearth, and will not spring up and glare in the sightless eyes! Oh! cruel hearth, on which the peasant-girl's life-jewel is shattered! Kind, pitying angels, whose task it is to stand around the dying beds of men, gather near; for here is a life-struggle going on keener and darker than that of death! Call back the wandering senses, that are drifting down that black river, which has flooded around the bewildered brain. Rouse thee, Honoria! Up, girl! be brave! Death and rest are not for thee yet. Life is thy master, and urges thee to action.

Willie has ceased, and Honoria must answer, before silence convict and shame her. Where is the voice, and where are the words? It seems ages since she knew how to use either. Yet she must speak—she will. The foot is crunched into the earthen flooring, the hand is strained over the brain's throbbing roof, and the words come forth—not in heroic speech, but in the simple, homely phrase in which they are accustomed to rank themselves, falling from the country girl's mouth.

"I cannot say but you've spoken fair an' honourable, Willie Glen, an' you're goin' to get no blame from me. Your heart's your own, an' mine's mine; an' you're free to marry the wan you like best. Honor Deane 'll never stan' in your way."

Willie's chest expands and his tongue steadies.

"God bless you, Honor!" said he. "I knew it was in you to do it, though you did give me many's the sharp word. But I see now that that was because you couldn't like me well enough; an' so, it's all for the better."

Breaking heart, it will soon be over. Keep hush awhile yet, and thou shalt have utterance.

Willie went on.

"A weight's rolled off my shoulders, for I feared to face you with the truth. But, you see, I've been a good bit away beyond, an' our feelin's isn't our own, an' I couldn't help what happened. God knows, it isn't for the lucre I've changed; for she hasn't a penny, an' an ould mother to support. I have nothin' but what I can earn at labor; so that it'll be manys the weary day afore I can offer her the shelter of a roof."

There is a lull in Honoria's storm.

"Shelter of a roof!" she exclaimed. "I don't know what you mane. Havn't you Letthereen? It's a snug place, an' a purty place; an' if your love doesn't make your wife happy in it, she's not worth your pains. A woman might live her life in it, an' die happy."

It was well that was the last, or Honoria's words might have ended in a sob. She smothered and choked in silence, thankful that danger had been escaped.

"Letthereen!" echoed Willie. "Letthereen's none o' mine, Honor Deane, but your own. When I do what I'm doin' I've neither right nor call to it."

"An' if you havn't, then, no more have I. What would a lone woman do with farms an' farmin' when she's plenty without the bother? No, no, Willie Glen; father laid out Letthereen for you when he took you home. He gave it to your father's son long afore you spoke to me. Letthereen's your own, an' I've nothin' to do with it. He only put it on me like for the name o' the thing; so don't make any bones about takin' what's your own."

"Honor!" said Willie, in tones of sincere admiration, "I never knew you out an' out till now. But you don't know what you're talkin' about. The ould man's good—God bless him! but he hasn't the forgivin' heart of a woman. He'll never forget this; an' do you think he'll give his best farm, that he'd laid out with pride for his daughter's dowry, to wan that broke their word and desaved him?"

Honoria's answer rung quick upon this last. She spoke in sharp, energetic sentences, and with an intensity of restrained excitement in her voice.

"Don't say that again, Willie Glen!" said she; "don't spake that word again! It's little you know the Deanes, or you wouldn't dare to say that wan o' them would take back his gift because his daughter's been

passed by for another. I tell you the farm o' Lettherreen may go to wreck an' ruin, the say may sweep it from the hill-side, before I set foot in it, or touch the lucre that comes o't. No, no; we're none o' that sort. We've plenty, so fret no more about it; an' now, good night, for it's late. Go, an' God be with you!"

"Aye!" said Willie, "it's time I was gone. I'll trouble you no longer, only just let me take a look at the ould man afore I go." He went softly to the door, and gazed in at old Michael, where he slept in his chair. He turned away, and drew his rough hand across his eyes.

"It's the last time," he said, "that face 'll ever meet me without a frown—that face that never but smiled on me, yet, 'twould be too much, Honor, to ask you to take my excuse, but if you do say a word to keep him from thinking bad entirely, God 'll bless you for it to your dyin' day."

Poor, weak, honest Willie, not able to help the step he had taken, yet, looking wofully towards its consequences. Bringing sorrow into the home that had sheltered him, and grieving sorely while he did so.

They shook hands at the door, and, with a "God speed you," parted. Honoria closed the door, and barred it with as much precision as if all the love and joy of her youth had not just passed out of it, away, for ever and ever. She was one of those people who, when they have a solitary sorrow to bear, bear it, and make no fuss, omit no wonted duty, call on no one for assistance! Knowing that sympathy is not to be had, they look not for it. Seeing no light anywhere, they only feel their way by laying their hands on familiar things, lest they fall in the darkness. Thus it was that Honoria raked her fire, covering the still red embers with heaped ashes against the morning, instead of casting herself upon the floor in her agony, lest she might die, and, neighbours gathering round, say that she broke her heart because Willie Glen deserted her. Neither did she shed tears, for Michael might see their marks, and suspect their cause, and this she had resolved, almost by instinct, not to tell him. Not yet. So she completed her odds and ends of household arrangement for the night, and then went in; and gently roused her father.

"You'll betther be in bed," said she, "it's very late, an' the fire's raked."

"Eh!" said the old man, rubbing his eyes, "I fell asleep. An' where's Willie? Is he gone?"

"Aye, Aye," said Honoria, "he had to go. He was loath to go without biddin' you good night, but he would'nt let me disturb you."

"Good boy, good boy!" yawned old Michael, "he'll come back the sooner for't. Get to bed, girlsen. It's late, an' you wrought hard all day. You're lookin' uncommon pale."

"Aye," said Honoria, "I'm tired."

To any who had known her secret, the words had a heart-wringing pathos, but Michael was not one to notice words of double meaning; or shades in tones of voice. He was fagged and sleepy, and as he crossed the kitchen, lamp in hand, to his own little room, he charged her to hurry up to her attic, and get a sound night's rest.

A good night's rest ! Rest for the weary feet that go heavily up the ladder to the cabin loft that is Honoria's chamber !—rest for the aching head that has been trying to stave off thought, and not go wild !—rest for Honoria Deane ! But sleep on, Michael ! the rafters are between you and your child, and neither you, nor any one else, shall ever know that Honoria suffers.

Honoria needs no light ; in the thick darkness she gropes her way to her bed-side. You need not drag the little curtain so fiercely across the window, Honoria, there is no moon beyond it, to rack you with her white, contented face, looking calmly afar off beyond the gulf at your feet, away to dead days whose wraiths will haunt you soon enough. And yet, be it so. There are pitying lights in the dark sky, and your sorrow is not yet mature enough to take comfort from the stars.

She sits on the foot of her bed, and, free of the burning dread of watching eyes, looks her new, strange, crushing grief in the face. Willie is gone. Is he gone never to come back ? Will she never hear the ring of his feet coming, through all the long, long life, that her full pulses tell her must be toiled over, before her twenty years shall have accumulated enough of interest to purchase her the luxury of the grave ?

"Willie !" the little curly-haired playmate, who had carried her on his back over the wet places, who had hung his tin mug beside hers on the dresser, and brought her apples in his pocket from the fair ! "Willie !" the lad who had carried her books to school, and read to her by the fire-light of winter evenings, and mended the old arm-chair like any carpenter, and made a nest for her pet hen when it broke its leg. "Willie !" the man who had nursed her father through the sickness, who had watched for her smile, and listened for her step. The great bonny fellow whom she had teased and vexed, and prided in, till all other men seemed small and mean in her eyes. Willie, who had asked her to be his wife. And, then, Oh ! then, the sunshine ! the busy, laughing, summer mornings, the hay-making in the meadow, the lazy, restful evenings ! The gladness that had wakened her in the morning, and the sweet trust that had closed her eyes at night. And how could it be that all this was in the past ? She saw it, felt it, it was hers. And yet he loved her no more, and was gone. Half her life had grown into his, and how should she call it back ? Yes, it was all her own fault, she had hidden her true, strong love, under vexing words and wilful acts. And Willie had found a gentler mate.

Poor Honoria ! that last was small comfort ! She may repeat, again, and again, that it is her own doing, but that that does not make the suffering any easier to bear she feels in her torn heart. And now arises the question,—how is she to get on with that new life which is to begin with to-morrow's sun ? She must milk the cows, and bake the bread, and eat, and talk, and knit, just as if the evening were going to bring Willie, and the idea of his coming were there to give relish to her meals, and spirit to her work. But she need not put wall-flowers in the window, nor hurry to have on her clean-starched gown at night-fall, nor stand listening on the swept hearth for feet that are never coming any more. Above all, Oh !

above all, she must never stray near Lethereen. The flowers may bloom and die, the grass may grow in a wild tangle, but never more must she follow that winding path through the heath. Oh! no. Honoria locks her hands upon her breast, and vows that never again shall a square inch of Lethereen soil be touched by the sole of her foot.

Lethereen! the dear home of her past future, the sweet place, the pretty farm, close by the sea, that Honoria loved, nestling in gold and purple upon the mooride. Wild, and rough, and bare, many would have thought it, but to the mountain girl it was a paradise. The new lattice windows that she had been so proud and fond of, the interior of four rooms which had seemed so spacious to Honoria, the queer, dear, old chairs of painted wood, that her grandfather had left in it. All the little bright points, and advantages of Lethereen, which the happy girl had learned by heart. Many a time had she made excuses to race over, and just take a look that all were there in reality.

Lethereen with another woman baking bread upon its hearthstone, and another woman watching for Willie from its sunny door-way. All her little household gods receiving homage from that other woman. This was a picture more easy to realize than a long life spent without Willie, and Honoria's dry anguish broke forth into a passion of tears. Tears that aye the heart, that wash out the trivial landmarks of childish griefs, and rain a wide ocean between the weeper and her early youth.

And so Honoria gathered herself round upon her bed, and burrowed her face into her pillow, and dawn found her sleeping the heavy slumber of grief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLOWERS OF THE MONTH.

CHORUS OF SUMMER FLOWERS.

"An odorous chaplet of sweet Summer-buds."

SHAKESPEARE.

"We will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hill and field,
Woods, or steepy mountains yield."

MARLOWE.

SHE is near, she is here—raise your voice, longing flowers;
Sing aloud to gay Summer, ye meadows and bowers;
Groves and valleys, rejoice; rivers, fountains, and rills,
Lift your voices in song—Summer beams on the hills.

Bright and beautiful Summer! How lovely the flow
Of those ringlets that stray o'er thy breast's sunny glow!
On our lips, perfumes fall from thy redolent plumes,
And thou tintest our cheeks with thine orient blooms.

Spring-buds have their joy ; oh ! what is it to ours,
 When Earth is one chaplet of beautiful flowers ?
 While the glory-throned sun, o'er the Western Isles,
 Stays the chariot of day, looks down fondly, and smiles.

To hail thee, loved Summer, we raise our glad song—
 Hark ! our chorus the wood minstrels sweetly prolong,
 And its echoes are ringing o'er air, earth, and sea—
 Darling Summer ! all nature is welcoming thee !

AMARANTH'S SONG.

"Immortal Amaranth."

MILTON.

"Late Autumn's Amaranth that more fragrant blows
 When passion's flowers all fall or fade."

COLERIDGE..

With fadeless wreaths I crown the brows
 Of warrior, poet, sage ;
 I am the flower to memorize
 The good man's deeds, the patriot's sighs,
 Who, dungeon'd deep, for country dies,
 To every coming age.

I knew the Greek who sang of Troy,
 To his old fame I cling ;
 And for the mighty minds of old,
 Whose works are history's purest gold,
 And in her archives live enrolled,
 My leaves perennial spring.

And when a gifted child of song,
 Neglected lives and dies—
 O, blush for mankind's deep disgrace—
 Death, honour, cannot it efface,
 I, from his lampless dwelling-place
 The genius make arise.

So long as girds this wondrous world
 The circumambient sphere ;
 I, deathless Amaranth, shall bloom
 For living worth—beyond the tomb,
 When earth recalls it to her womb,
 I'll fix remembrance here.

SONG OF THE TORCH-FLOWER OF MEXICO.

" In the forests deep
Of Mexico there is a flower that glows,
E'en thro' the gloom of midnight's darkest hour,
And from within its long inwreathed bell
Pours out a stream of the most glorious light,
Dazzling the weak beholder's eye with beauty."

ANON.

" When the winds are tranced in slumber, the rays of this luminous flower
Shed a glory more than earthly o'er lake, and hill, and bower."

CLARENCE MANGAN.—(*From the German.*)

Where the huge Andes lift their heads high in our tropic sky,
And wide around their *acred* feet primæval forests lie,
Where every thing is mighty, and where every thing is grand,
From the peak of Chimborazo to the pearl-gulf's yellow strand,
In this fair clime magnificent, when radiant day is run,
The torch-flower, I, my lamp resume, to light the forests dun :
And when, thro' dim, leaf-darkened trees, scarce peeps one twinkling
star,
To guide night-wandering travellers I pour my rays afar,
And sing my song, thro' midnight long, and wave my torch of light,
And darkest hour for lone torch-flower is ever the most bright.

O, silent birds, awaken !
Ye many slumb'ring flowers,
From your closed lids be shaken
The sleep that overpowers.
The rav'ning things that harm you,
This hour entranced lie,
While soft as spirit music
My song goes murm'ring by.
O, flowers and birds, awaken,
My midnight joy prolong ;
I'll more delight the dreaming woods
Than mock-birds mimic song.

The ev'ning sun is beautiful, when from the western hills,
With a glow of purpling splendour, the breathless heaven he fills ;
While floating in mid-air, bedropped with thousand gorgeous dyes,
Caught from those golden glories, the glittering sun-bird flies.
To me is much more beautiful night's star-engirdled green,
As she, smiling, peeps from th' azure deeps upon my floral sheen ;
And she veils her own mild radiance from the dim wood's leafy shade,
And pales each star, lest its rays should mar a beam by my bright
leaves made,

Then I sing my song, thro' midnight long, and wave my torch of light,
And darkest hour for lone torch-flower is ever the most bright.

JOHN DUGGAN.

ARAN—PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN.

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

PART II.

SHORTLY after leaving Dun Aengus, we struck upon a narrow bridle-road, which led to the village of Kilronan, where our hotel was situated. At intervals, our path was obstructed by the remains of fires which had been lighted the night before—the eve of Saint John. Many scores of these beacons must have been kindled on that evening, and no doubt the custom is an ancient Druidic rite—as old as the time of the Firbolgs; but why practised on that particular anniversary has never been satisfactorily explained. It was curious to remark that these fires had been literally *bone* fires, considerable quantities of charred fragments of bone still remaining mixed up with the ashes of turf and cow-dung, which latter article is extensively used in the Aran islands, and in portions of Clare and Galway, as a substitute for ordinary fuel. In our subsequent walks, we frequently saw little heaps of the cow-dung collected together and left to dry for use. But that turf is scarce and dear on the Islands, and that there is no wood but what may chance to float ashore from wrecks, we might consider the Aranites unwise in thus misusing what, in more favoured districts, is considered a most valuable manure.

Mrs. Costello had not been unmindful of her two hungry visitors, and certainly no mutton ever seemed more delicious, no fish more splendid, than what our little table afforded that evening, and, indeed generally during our stay. There was also a very snug store of native whiskey, which, it is needless to say, had been manufactured without leave of the gauger, and brandy, too, which had come as a waif, or gift of Neptune, from some unfortunate wreck. Indeed, it is a common occurrence for casks containing foreign spirits to come ashore, with other wreck, on these wild rocks, and, of course, the Custom-House is very seldom a whit the wiser. The houses of Kilronan and other villages of Aran, at the time of our visit, seemed indebted for their wood-work to the chances of the ocean. Floors, doors, and chiefly the roofing and rafters, were composed of oak which had formed portions of many a tall ship. The holes for trenails or fastenings sufficiently indicating the original use of the timber. We do not wish for one moment to suggest, that the Aranites were even in the mildest sense of the word wreckers. These sad relics of unrecorded disaster had, perhaps, been drifting for many months over the broad waters of the Atlantic, ere they were found grinding to match-wood against the cliffs, or lying upon the sands of the eastern shores of the islands. It has sometimes occurred that plants and portions of trees unknown to Europe, and which could only have flourished in tropical climates, have been picked up along these coasts—and no wonder, for between Aran and the West Indian Islands, there exists not one rock or one single blade of grass; and the nearest neighbours to the westward, are the red men of Canada.

It is not necessary that I should furnish my readers with a regular journal of each day's proceedings. It will suffice, I trust, to notice, at greater or less length, some of the more prominent and characteristic of the monuments for which Aran is famous, and which it was our duty to measure and describe.

The Reverend Father Gibbons, then Parish Priest of the Islands, had announced our arrival to the people, and had, moreover, advised them to render every assistance during our investigation. The news of our presence spread like wild-fire, and every where we went we found humble, but often highly intelligent friends, where potatoes, fish, or milk were freely afforded for our entertainment. O'Donovan seemed quite to win their hearts by his extensive knowledge of the history of the various places we visited, and through his power of speaking the Irish language fluently. We were also indebted to the kindness of Mr. Flaherty, the venerable magistrate of the island, for many hints which proved extremely useful. This gentleman, in his judicial capacity, had rarely to pass a severer sentence than transportation for a certain term, according to the nature of the case before him, to Connemara, or to the neighbouring coast of the main land. The delinquents had no appeal, but were remorselessly shipped off as soon as the weather permitted, in the magistrate's own boat, to expiate their fault in a strange land—the nearest portion of the Irish coast! We understand that it was seldom any banished one returned before the expiration of his "time," for it was well known that such contempt of court could not long remain undetected, and would assuredly bring with it an increased measure of punishment, in the shape of a more lengthened period of exile.

The next great object of interest which we examined was Doo-Gaher, or the Black Fort, situate on the western side of Aran Mor, in the townland of Killeany. This extraordinary work O'Donovan considered to be the most ancient remain upon the islands, and to date from the time of the first Firbolgian occupation, that is to say, from a period of upwards of a thousand years before the Christian era. This is, no doubt, a very respectable degree of antiquity, and is, probably, not over-estimated, for, upon comparing the masonry of Doo-Gaher with that of Dun-Aengus, and Dun-Connor, historical forts which are known to date from the first century A.D., we find the former to be much more barbaric. The plan of Doo-Gaher is very simple. A small promontory of rock has been fortified by a wall of immense strength and thickness, constructed in the form of a bow 220 feet long, and 16 feet thick, extending from cliff to cliff across its neck. The sides of this promontory, or peninsula, are either perpendicular, or overhang the ocean, which here, within one foot of the cliff, at Poulgorm, or the Blue Hole, as a native informed us, is deep enough to cover the topmasts of the largest ship. Within this enclosure we counted the ruins of about twenty cloughans, or bee-hive houses, generally of a circular or oval form, and measuring about 12 feet in diameter. Only one remained with its roof tolerably well preserved, but Petrie had informed us that, at the time of his visit, a considerable number might be seen quite perfect. A few of the huts appeared to have been of an oblong form.

We had thought, when at Dun-Engus that nothing could exceed the desolation of the scene; but standing here, amid the very homes left by the earliest people of whom we possess any record in Irish history, contemplating the mighty wall which they had placed between them and the Tuatha-de-Danaan conqueror, we were impressed with a feeling deeper than any which we had yet experienced in Aran. And yet, how fragile and modern were these works of human hands compared with the awful rocks upon which they stood! Numerous strata of lime-stone, each about sixty or seventy feet thick, and piled one upon another, had been upheaved from the ocean, or the ocean had receded from them; and each course must, at some remote geological era, have formed the bed of an ocean, as the presence, nearly all through, of numerous fossil remains of marine animals, that had once lived and moved, sufficiently indicated.

Leaving Doo-Caher, we travelled along the cliffs, in a northerly direction, in search of cloughans, which we had reason to believe lay about a mile or so distant. Presently we espied some singular looking objects moving towards us, but what they exactly were it was not at first easy to determine. Upon a nearer approach, we discovered that the subjects of our curiosity were natives engaged in the capture of birds. Each wore round his person several bands of skin or twine, between which and his body the heads of captured sea-fowl were inserted, and so great had been the slaughter, that the men severally presented the appearance of a huge bundle of feathers. The mode in which the islanders capture the prey is as follows:—A party of six or eight men, armed with a stout rope, many fathoms in length, proceed to a portion of the cliff where birds are generally most abundant. The rope is securely attached to the waist of one, while the others, standing near the edge of the cliff, let down the intrepid fowler, who oscillates in mid air just as, upon a small scale, we may see a spider suspended, by his web from the ceiling, swaying to and fro, with a breath of air. The occupation is not unaccompanied with danger, for, after descending a certain distance, the human termination of this great pendulum must exert every effort of nerve and eye, and often of mere muscular strength, to fend off, as sailors would say, from protruding rocks, against which currents of air might brain him. He treads the atmosphere, as a swimmer the water, at the same time using his hands, or feet, or both, just as a fish employs its fins. Upon reaching a ledge of rocks, perhaps midway down the side of the precipice, he examines all the crevices within reach, from which he extracts the poor confiding puffins. One twist in the neck settles their fate, and when as many birds have been slung as the belts can carry, the fowler signals to be hauled up. As great precaution against accident is required in the ascent as in the descent; but where the face of the cliff is tolerably smooth, and not overhanging he, fly-like, coolly walks up its side, the rope sustaining his body in a nearly horizontal position. At the time I write of, and I believe to this day, a very considerable trade in the feathers thus procured is carried on between the Aranites and the "marine store" men and pedlars of the coasts of Clare and Galway. Habit, no doubt, inures men to this seemingly perilous trade. To me it

appeared strange how any one could, for the sake of a few pennyworth of feathers, trust his existence to the strands of a not over-trustworthy looking line, and allow himself to sway hither and thither, over an angry ocean, which rolled and burst so far below, that the voice of any one particular wave could not be identified amid the awful chorus.

This portion of the Island—for a considerable distance inland—is singularly honeycombed by the action of the Atlantic. Here and there, at even a distance of an eighth of a mile from the cliffs, may be seen apertures in the layer of limestone which covers the greater part of Aran. These fissures communicate with caves situate, perhaps, many fathoms below the surface; and it is curious, standing upon what appears to be solid rock, to hear the ocean heaving and growling in the inaccessible caverns beneath. Some of these openings, commonly called "puffing holes," might be covered with a hat; others are of considerable diameter, and through nearly all of them, during a storm from the westward, the sea shoots up in fitful jets, which very much resemble the blowing of a whale.

From the number of ruined cloughans in the vicinity of Doo-Caher, it would appear that the constructors of the fort did not usually reside within its defences. They probably made it a rallying point during some sudden predatory attack. From the old fort, a smart walk over the rocks, which, strange to say, seemed covered with an endless profusion and variety of wild flowers, (one ancient name of Aran was "Aran of the Flowers,") brought us to the cell of Saint Benan, or Benignus, which is situated upon one of the most conspicuous heights of the island. The church, an undoubted relic of the sixth century, wants little more than its roof to render it as perfect as ever it was. It measures only ten feet ten inches in length, by six feet ten inches in breadth, and was originally roofed with stone. Unlike other structures of its class, it faces north and south, but the only window it possesses was placed in the east side-wall. The masonry is truly cyclopean, one stone in the western side forming nearly one-third of the whole wall. Adjoining the church are the remains of the saint's cloughan in a great state of ruin; and at a little distance may be seen a rude cashel, containing the remains of several bee-hive houses, which were probably used by the monks of old. A monumental stone, the only remains of the kind at Saint Benan's, bears the simple inscription "*cari*;" but to whom the stone was inscribed, can never probably be ascertained.

The view from this elevation is truly grand. To the northward extend the Connemara mountains, amongst which the twelve pins, or Binnas, are conspicuous. On the slope of the declivity, at a little distance to the east, is the old citadel of Arkin, "in the usurper Cromwell's time erected," according to O'Flaherty. The adjoining village of Killeany formerly contained the parish church Teampull Mor Enda, and six other churches, no vestige of which can now be traced, the venerable buildings having been destroyed for the sake of their materials, at the time of the building of the fort. The stump of the round tower of Saint Eney, or Endeus, still remains, and in its style of masonry affords a striking, and we would add,

highly instructive contrast to the pagan work, as found in the forts and cloughan's of the neighbourhood.

St. Eney, a scion of the royal house of Oriall, a district in the north of Ireland, had been a soldier in his youth. Converted through the teaching of his sister, Fanchea, he proceeded to Rome, whence he returned, it is said, with 150 monks, and settled at Killeany, where he died about A.D. 542.

The little church, or mortuary chapel, called *Teglach Enda*, situated upon the sandy beach, at a short distance from the village, is undoubtedly as old as the time of the saint. In the style of its masonry, and the form of its eastern window, we have perfect examples of the oldest Christian work to be found in western Europe. The cemetery adjoining contains the *aherla*, or grave of St. Eney, a small oblong structure, destitute of any kind of ornamentation, and round which, according to tradition, are interred the bodies of 127 saints. This cemetery was considered the most sacred place in Aran, and, it is said that none but saints were anciently buried here.

The garrison which Cromwell planted at Killeany seems never to have been recalled. It was probably forgotten in the confusion of the time and not a few of the native families of Aran are reported to descend from the Ironsides. Upon the rocks near the fort are carved many sets of lines, forming squares and other figures, which had been used by the soldiers in some kind of game, with which, no doubt, they would wile away many a weary, anxious hour.

It is a curious fact in connection with Aran generally, and especially with the eastern portion of the island, that the numerous cemeteries, and the ground adjoining them, appear to have been literally sown with pins of bronze. Many hundreds must, from time to time, have been discovered. During our walks on the great island alone, I procured no fewer than twenty specimens, many of them highly ornamented, in a style that proved their very great antiquity. I believe that they had been used as fastenings for grave clothes, and had been buried with the remains of distinguished persons during the period between the fifth and twelfth centuries. It is a singular fact, that there was no account of the discovery of any metallic object of antiquity, except the pins, and a bronze hook-shaped article, found at Dun-Ængus. Throughout Ireland quantities of pins of bronze, and sometimes of bone, are usually found in connection with our ancient cemeteries, as at Clonmacnoise, Clonard, and elsewhere, but no district has yielded so many specimens as Aran.

Next to Killeany, the place of greatest ecclesiastical importance in ancient times upon the great island was Teampull Breacain, or the Seven Churches. This was the chief establishment of the celebrated Saint Breacan, whose name is associated with the Episcopal Church of Ardracacan (the height of Breacan) in Meath.

The name of "Seven Churches" occurs very frequently in Irish topography. We have it at Glendalough, Clonmacnoise, St. Molins, Iniscesalra, Scatterry Island, Kilbarry, Loghin Island, and other places. But in most of these localities the number of churches was more than seven, a fact which would do away

with the idea that the early ecclesiastics attached any importance to the mystical number—Seven. Yet, whence the name? Of the group of sacred edifices which anciently stood here but one, the Damhliag, or great Church of Saint Breacan remains in a fair state of preservation. This most interesting structure consists of a nave and choir connected together by a very beautiful semi-circular arch, formed of cut stone. A considerable portion of the body of the church must date from the sixth century, but the building had evidently been remodelled in the thirteenth, when the chancel, including the arch, was added. The measurements are—length, 56 by 18 feet 4 inches upon the inside. Adjoining the church is the saint's tomb, and at the time of Petrie's visit a monumental stone, bearing the inscription "Ci Breacain," existed. This interesting memorial of the sixth century has disappeared, having been stolen by some curiosity seeker, whom I am uncharitable enough to wish the Aranites, had now in their hands. "This monumental stone," writes Petrie in his work upon the Round Towers, "was discovered about forty years ago, within a circular enclosure, known as Saint Breacan's Tomb, at a depth of six feet from the surface, on the occasion of its being first opened to receive the body of a distinguished and popular Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic, who made a dying request to be buried in his grave. Under the stone within the sepulchre was also found on this occasion, a small water-worn stone of black calc or lime-stone." The latter is preserved in Dr. Petrie's museum and bears the inscription "*Or ar Bran N'ailether*," a prayer for Breacan the pilgrim. "Similar stones, but not inscribed, are frequently found" writes Surgeon Wilde, "upon the *Ulodhs* or penitential altars, and on those of the small Missionary Churches, particularly in the West of Ireland and the adjoining islands, or sometimes placed upon the pedestals of ancient stone crosses."

In the life of St. Deglan, a MS. preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, we read—"That being on his way from Rome, he stopped in a certain church to say Mass, and while there, a small black stone was sent from heaven through a window, and rested on the altar before him, and he gave it to Loenan, son of the King of Rome, who was with him, and the name it has in Ireland is *Dubh-Deglain* from its black colour, and it still remains in St. Deglan's Church at Ardmore, county of Waterford." This curious relic has recently been discovered, and has been engraved in the pages of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society. O'Donovan was sadly disappointed in not finding St. Breacan's monument, and we had passed several hours looking for it before we were informed of its removal. The old grave-yard contains two other inscriptions, one of which is particularly interesting, though not giving any name. It is simply "*VII. Romani*." The Seven Romans. How this inscription corroborates the statement of old writers, that Aran was resorted to as a seat of sanctity and devotion, not only by Irishmen but by students from beyond the sea. The other inscription: "*Or ar Mainach*," desires a prayer for Mainach, a name now generally Anglicised Mooney. At the time of our visit several fragments of curiously decorated stone crosses might be seen knocking about the churchyard.

These have been collected and arranged by Surgeon Wilde and S. Fergusson, Esq., and now afford objects of very considerable interest to archaeologists. Of the other churches, which made up the number seven at St. Breacan's, very considerable remains exist, but their doorways and windows are usually destroyed. A wall with a battlemented parapet surrounded the group. Having already described the great historical fort of Dun-Éngus, I may be allowed to give but a passing notice of some other buildings of its class and age which are to be found in the north-eastern part of the principal island, but which are not known by any especial name beyond that of the townland in which they occur. Dun-Éoghaneacht, pronounced Onagh, lying not far from Saint Breacan's, is a very perfect specimen of the Firbolgian stronghold. It is nearly circular, and measures about 90 feet in diameter. The wall, like that of the majority of the Aran forts, is of triple construction, the entire thickness being 15 feet, while its height, where nearly perfect, may measure 16 feet. Here, as in others of the principal duns of the district, we find the flights of stone steps leading to the parapet of the wall. Unfortunately the upper portion of the doorway, which was placed on the south-east side, had been destroyed, but we ascertained its breadth to be three feet four inches at the base. Here it was that O'Donovan gave a tremendous lecture to the rabbit hunters who had committed such depredations at the other forts, by throwing down portions of the uncemented walls to get at their prey, and who here seemed but slightly baffled by the superior construction of the work, which is composed of unusually large stones.

Another fort in this neighbourhood, Dun-Oghill, must be looked upon as a splendid specimen of its class. Unfortunately, its original name has been lost, but it must once have been considered as a place of high importance, commanding as it does, one of the finest and most extensive views to be had from the island. Within its area stood the light-house of Aran, a very complete structure, furnished with all the improvements at that time known, and which were kindly exhibited and explained to us by the keepers. These poor men, with the exception of Father Gibbons, Mr. O'Flaherty, and a resident gentleman named O'Malley, were the only persons upon the island, who, even upon Sundays, appeared in any other dress than the frieze, of home-make. They were drowned, as I heard, some years ago, when on a voyage to Galway, by the swamping of their hooker during a squall from Blackhead.

We have seen the forts and even the dwelling-houses of the Aranites of Pagan times. How the ancient people disposed of their dead we know not, though a few sepulchral chambers of the kind called "*Cromlech*" may still be found upon the islands. They are here, as I believe all over Ireland, styled "*Leaba Diarmada agus Grainne*," or the bed of Dermot and Grace. According to a legend very generally received amongst the Irish, Diarmuid O'Duibhne eloped with Grainne, who was wife to no less a personage than Finn MacCoul—the Fingall of old Irish romance. Diarmuid is supposed to have erected these curious chambers as secure sleeping places for himself and his partner during their guilty flight, which is said

to have lasted for a year and a day; so that, according to this theory, the number of cromlechs in Ireland should be 366. There is no reason to suppose that in any instance a single article manufactured of metal has been found in connection with the cromlech. We know from Cæsar, that the Britons, about the time of the erection of some of the Aran forts, were well acquainted with iron and other metals. It is not likely that the Firbolgs and other tribes in Erin were inferior to the nations of the "sister isle," in the manufacture of weapons for war or the chase, and as weapons and personal ornaments in pagan times were usually deposited with the remains of the dead, we may infer that the cromlechs are older even than the Firbolgean era. In connection with the stone chamber, whether Kistvaen, cromlech, or greater sepulchre, only instruments of stone or bone have been found,—the former almost identical with manufactured articles sometimes discovered in the geological formation styled "*drift*."

After the Seven Churches, perhaps the most important group of early Christian remains existing on Aran—more is to be found at Mainister Connaughtach, to the north of the village of Kilronan. Saint Kiernan, the founder, dwelt here previous to his mission to the mainland, where his chief establishment was the celebrated Clonmacnoise, in the King's County. Of the original church no remains that can be identified exist, the present structure, which we believe to be the finest upon the island, showing the architectural peculiarities of the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. Its eastern window, which is semicircular, exhibits the enclosed sides so peculiar to early Irish work, and a set of very curious mouldings. The crosses here, no doubt, belong to the time of Saint Kieran, and probably indicated the bounds of the ancient sanctuary. Teampull Assurney, adjoining, was fourteen feet six inches in breadth, by twenty feet in length; but, owing to the comparative inferiority of its masonry, it lies a complete ruin. Eastward from the church, at a distance of about twenty paces, may be seen the well called Bullaun na Sourney; and the aherla, or grave of the saint, now in a very dilapidated condition.

In the same neighbourhood, we visited *Teampull Ceatrair Aluinn*, or the church of the four beautiful saints, who, according to Colgan, were Fursey, Brandon, of Birr—Conall, and Barchann. Fursey was the founder of the abbey of Lagny, on the Marne; "and no one," as Ferguson writes, "walking through the beautiful aisles and cloisters of that once sumptuous establishment could suppose that so much ecclesiastical grandeur took its rise from these little Irish *cellulæ*. Still, more surprise would the visiter, to the splendid French foundation experience, were he told that Fursey's attachment to his Irish hermitage had brought him back to spend the evening of his life on those rugged crags, and to seek a grave under the rude pillar stone which, at a little distance, marks the sepulchre of the four beautiful saints."

This huge monument is quite pagan in character, rude and uninscribed; and close to it are four smaller stones, which, according to the tradition of the place, mark the four graves.

Like Saint Kieran, of Clonmacnoise; Saint Mhic Duach, the founder of Kilmacduch near Gort, appears to have received his early training in Aran,

where, at Kilmurvey, his original church, together with several other buildings of the establishment, still remain. The church called *Teampull Mhic Duach*, the grandest specimen on the island of the oldest Christian style of architecture, consists of nave and choir, and measures in length thirty-six feet ten inches, by eighteen feet six inches exteriorly. The doorway, which is quite in the Egyptian style, sometime before our visit very narrowly escaped destruction, a Scotchman having attempted to remove its lintel, which measures five feet one inch in length. The utilitarian vandal, according to the statement of the islanders, had inserted his hand to an interstice, for the purpose of aiding the removal of the coveted stone, when it was supernaturally seized from within, and not released till the would-be despoiler had solemnly sworn to abandon his unholy purpose. The entire of the nave, with the exception of a comparatively modern parapet, is unquestionably original. The chancel is later, though still of high antiquity.

It is not necessary here to notice the other portions of Saint Mhic Duach's monastery, as the buildings are in a state of complete ruin.

After several days of incessant walking and jumping over rocks as hard as files, our shoes had come to a lamentable plight. What was to be done? There was no shop or store, where others could be procured, so I proposed to go, like the natives, in a pair of brogues—there called "*pampootes*"—made of raw hide, and laced at the heel and in front by cords, or by thongs of the same material. These are, no doubt, the kind of foot-covering anciently worn by the Irish; and at first they seem comfortable enough, but they have one disadvantage, which particular persons might object to—that is, that they must always be worn wet, or at least damp, otherwise they become quite hard, and cut the feet. However, there was nothing for it but to wear these primitive articles of dress, or go barefoot.

And now the time had arrived when we must visit Inis Maam, or the Middle Island: and, as no hooker was to be had, we engaged a curragh, or boat, made of wicker-work, covered with canvas, well tarred. These primitive vessels, at the time I speak of, had, until recently, been covered with a cow's or horse's hide; but the canvas had been found cheaper, and was now very generally used. To this day similar skin-covered boats may be seen upon the Boyne, at Drogheda; while upon the other side of the bridge glide stately screw and paddled steamers, decorated with mirrors and gildings. Ireland is, indeed, a country of contrasts. The Aran curragh is said to be an excellent sea-boat. When a gale comes on, the rowers, generally three in number, keep the boat's head to the wind, and she rises like a blown-bladder, upon waves that would try the strength of a "Monitor." When we arrived at the nearest shore of Inis Maam two of the fishermen easily lifted the craft, that had carried six of us some miles on the mighty swell of the Atlantic, upon their heads, and deposited it in a yard attached to a cabin near the landing-place. This was a very necessary precaution; as a sudden gale will sometimes, in a few minutes, blow away some scores of these airy vessels, which may be compared to elongated and inverted umbrellas.

Our first object of interest was the great historical fort of Dun Connor,

or Conchovar, which is named after one of the three brothers who settled in Aran, in the days of Queen Maeve. This immense work, which remains almost entire, is of an oval form, measuring 227 feet in diameter, from north to south, and 115 feet from east to west. Its wall, where most perfect, is 20 feet in height, and 18 feet thick at the base. Upon the interior there are several flights of steps, leading to the upper works. One side of the fort is guarded by an almost perpendicular precipice; the other by a second wall, at the north-east side of which stands a quadrangular fort, measuring 73 feet by 51.

It is not necessary to describe Dun Conchovar at greater length, as it possesses no peculiarity beyond its great size and strength.

In its neighbourhood stands the ruin of Kilcannanogh, a most complete and interesting cell of the sixth century. Who Saint Cannanogh was is not sufficiently known, but there has for centuries been a tradition that he was a Saint Gregory. One stone extends the whole breadth and thickness of the eastern end. The doorway is square-headed and the east window triangular. The roof, of which a portion remains, was of stone. Near the church, as usual, we found the aheria, or saint's grave, and adjoining it his holy well. At the time of our visit a funeral procession was passing round the bounds of the old cemetery. The corpse is always carried three times round, and the weird song of the *keeners* had an extraordinary effect in that desolate place. Presently we were waited on by some of the funeral party, who, upon a large wooden plate handed us two new pipes, tobacco, snuff, a bottle of potteen, and a small vessel of wood to drink out of. We thought it wise to accept readily the hospitality of the poor people, as our compliance with their wishes would please them, and do us no harm.

In this neighbourhood we examined the remains of two other churches, one dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the other called "*Tempull Seacht Mic Rígh*," or the Church of the Seven Sons of the King. They are in a very ruinous condition, and therefore, of but little interest.

But, for fear of the editor, who might think this paper too long. I would gladly glance at some other Pagan and Christian antiquities upon Inis Maam.

A second curragh voyage brought us to "Inis Oírr," now Inishow, on the South Island. Here, in the midst of a huge Firbolgian Dun, stands a mediæval castle of the Clann Teige, O'Brien, consisting of a strong square tower, built on three vaults, and measuring about forty-three feet, 5 inches, by 26 feet at the base. It is 30 feet high, and had originally three stories. "Between this clan and the merchants of Galway," writes Mr. Haverty, "a regular contract was entered into, by which the former bound themselves to protect the commerce of the latter from pirates, for a certain stipulated number of butts of wine, etc. Perchance these very vaults contained the wine, a commodity, by-the-bye, which seems anciently to have been much more plentiful in Galway than in modern times. Perhaps the merchants were only prudent in taking the clan into their pay, for, if it could contend with robbers and pirates, it had the power, no doubt, of making an occasional haul on its own account. There was much latitude in the rights of *meum* and *tuum*, in early days, and more particularly in remote districts.

Of all the antiquities upon the eastern island, beyond all question, the Church of St. Kevin, called in Irish *Teampull Choemhain*, is the most interesting and beautiful. It consists of a nave and choir, the former unquestionably a relic of the time of the saint, who flourished in the early part of the sixth century, and who was brother to Saint Kevin, whose great foundation of Glendalough, in the county Wicklow, was long famous as a seat of religion, literature, and hospitality. The nave is certainly original, and bears many features in common with the oldest antiquities of the Christian Church; but the exquisitely designed choir arch points to the close of the twelfth, or the early part of the thirteenth century. The bed, or grave, is here also—a small, oblong enclosure, which would long ago have disappeared, but for the reverence with which every spot connected with the history of the saint is regarded.

Like Peranzabuloe, or Keirans'-of-the-Sands, in Cornwall, a British Church of Irish origin, the founder being no less a personage than Keiran, of Aran and Clonmacnoise, this beautiful building seems likely to be buried in the sands, which now almost over-top its side-walls upon the exterior. The eastern window is a beautiful specimen of early pointed work, and is, no doubt, of the same age as the lofty and finely proportioned choir arch. Leaving St. Kevins, we proceeded to the only other church of interest upon Inisheer, viz., the seventh century chapel of St. Gobnet. This curious little cyclopean edifice measures only thirteen feet by nine. Its square-headed doorway, and semicircular-arched east window, form admirable studies for the architectural antiquary. It will interest some of our readers to know that St. Gobnet was also the founder of Kilgobbin, near Step-a-Side, County Dublin, where, though the church has been rebuilt in comparatively modern times, a fine old stone cross of the original establishment remains.

We have now seen, examined, and measured almost every object of interest upon the three islands. O'Donovan's business recalled him to Taylor's Hill, where much of the notes we had taken at Aran were arranged, and introduced in letters addressed to Lieutenant, now General, Sir Thomas Larcom, who then superintended the Irish survey. I was directed to remain, in order to complete some work which, owing to stress of weather, we had but partly finished. A week or ten days brought us once more together, under the hospitable roof of the "Historian of Galway." The return had almost proved my last voyage, for when off Blackhead, our hooker was struck by a squall, which came so suddenly that not a stitch of sail could be taken in. For a moment our gunnel was under water, of which we shipped about half a ton. There was no sea, properly speaking, to be seen, as the force of the wind decapitated the waves, carrying the spray horizontally in a low white cloud. The squall passed away almost as quickly as it had burst upon us, and the only remark our hardy helmsman made was (referring to the boat), "Begor, she got a drink."

Farewell, Aran of the saints, of the Flowers of the Duns, and of the Holy Places, which the great of old, whether churchman, chief, or king, so thirsted to claim as the scene of their resurrection.

MR. HILL'S CONFESSION.

THIS morning I had an inspiration. I fancy a whole batch of the Middle Temple fellows smiling at the statement; but nevertheless I had. It came with shaving—(curious coincidence!) and whilst I was endeavouring to induce the razor to describe a parabolic course around the great central mole on my chin. I am not unfrequently at the mercy of my own actions, which seem to work away, independently of control or authority, whilst the mind that is supposed to direct them is either absorbed in itself, or performing antics, goodness, and only goodness knows where. Thus, it is a matter of common occurrence that, when armed with a deadly weapon, I stand before the glass, at half-past seven, a.m., those eyes of mine will wander from the contemplation of their reflex, to various parts of the room, to the little mandarin on the mantel-piece, which they are shocked to discover has got a chipped nose, or to the black ink spot on my dressing-gown, anent which I must consult "*Enquire within*." This morning they happened to alight on an old hat-box, with a brass padlock and a sunken lid, a venerable box, which has been over half Europe and America, in diverse and wonderful capacities—now enshrining a glossy caroline, and anon charged to repletion with preserved soaps and sandwiches. I suddenly laid down the razor, placed my elbows on the table, my chin in my hands, and set about composing the first of a series of "philosophical meditations on a hat-box." The subject and plan were new, and I had had just got through the preliminary outlines, when a sharp tick on my chin acquainted me with the fact that my hands had gone on shaving of themselves, and taken out a delicate morsel about the size of a musquito bite. To dress the wound with court plaster—to sit down opposite the box, and fall to reflecting anew, were quite natural—but to rise up with the deliberate intention of opening the box, and airing its contents, must have been the result of a positive inspiration. Lifting the brass hasp, the letters "J. H.," on its inner side sent me off dreaming, amid the wrecks and monuments of the past, for the third time this morning. Poor "J. H.," poor Jack Hill, as I bend above your hat-box, which is to me a cenotaph, consecrated to a crowd of bright memories, it is impossible to forget those happy, happy days, which we, prodigals of time and laughter, managed to squander between us—of the late mornings, when, I fear, we smoked too much and read too little—of the long nights when the studious lamp was reflected, not by tomes of learning, but by hecatombs of cheesecakes, flanked by bastions of double stout. Gone and for ever they are, and with them, you too have passed away to the Ultima Thule of the best and wisest amongst us! I had got thus far in a reverie over the initials, when I deemed it prudent to lift the cover and see what was inside. A roll of paper and a faded bouquet! Ah, me! The very paper had rotted around the stems of the flowers, the manuscript had all the appearance of those one sees in an Editor's office, neatly folded up and marked for rejection. What exquisite significance!

It is highly necessary that I should state the circumstances under which I became the possessor of those musty treasures. Shortly after Jack Hill entered College, where he distinguished himself as the best bat and oarsman of the "set," he fell desperately in love with the only daughter of a retired timber-merchant, to whom his aunt gave him an introduction. The intimacy between the young people ripened into esteem; and when a man and woman, all extraordinary obstacles left out, learn to esteem mutually, the best course is, to call in the attorney, the milliner, and the confectioner, and arrange matters as satisfactorily as possible. Jack, indeed, loved her; and Maria Penley was understood to think Mr. Hill a love of a young man. "The love," when his passion was at its utmost height, was a great nuisance to me; for, when he threw himself on the lounge, and pipe in mouth, began to discourse of the perfections, the charms, the graces, the intelligence, the sweetness (where do men acquire this cant?) of Maria, there was nothing for it but to put one's head out of the window, and whistle jigs to the water-butt in the area. Where "the love" picked up the extraordinary similes and metaphors which embellished those evening conferences, I do not pretend to know. They were taken from all sources; and the more hyperbolic the more welcome to the preacher. This species of annoyance reached its culminating point one morning, when the enthusiast appeared at breakfast in a pair of gorgeous slippers, embroidered to such an extent that they reminded one of a flower-show run mad. Such fuschia borders! such lily-of-the-valley insteps! such love-lies-bleeding toe-points! were never before realised in Berlin wool and canvas. He had been at Maria's house the previous evening, and came home with those prodigies of needle-work in his coat pockets.

"Ugly," he exclaimed, addressing me (I certainly am anything but handsome, but Jack would be hyperbolic,) "you should have seen Maria last evening. Jove, sir, she has arms like boulders of moonstone, and lips like hot-house strawberries. There, growl away, 'till you're tired. I think she dances on the atmospheric railway system—you don't feel her move, sir, you don't. I have heard women laugh—for instance, Miss Keely was a fair-enough cachinant, but Maria's little silvery cheep instantly reminds you of a whole orchestra of piccolos. You don't like tea, but you would, could you drink it out of Maria's Burmese evening service, when it tastes like a cataract of—of—let me see—aye, a cataract of *bon-bons*—a waterfall in which Bohea and Souchong scream and struggle for pre-eminence. Now, what are you thinking of?"

"Carlyle's description of Lamartine's twaddle—'the mal-odorous effervescence of *post-mortem* sentimentality.' Pity you haven't lost a daughter, and been to Jerusalem."

"O! spita. Do you know what? I could tell you something that would astonish you," and so saying, "the love" crossed his legs, and smiled approvingly on his slippers.

"Could you?" I asked. "Is it possible that you could tell anything else—even for a wagger?"

"Don't know—according to your estimate, I'm a second Sir James Maundeville; but I question its accuracy. Maria has confessed."

"Poor girl!"

"Is she?" he asked, placing both feet firmly on the carpet, and staring at me over his coffee-cup, as he held it within an inch of his lips. "Is she? Now, your worst shan't annoy me; for I am too elated this morning to be depressed by your malicious words, my ugly."

I said I appreciated his kindness, and was prepared for his most poignant compliments.

"You will always get on this way, you detestable old cynic, when a fellow strives to be happy," he continued. Then, suddenly dropping his voice to an *affettuoso*, he held out his hand and said, in a tone of seductive kindness, "Won't you say even 'bravo'?"

I said, "bravo!" and smiled.

"There now," he cried, "you've become human at last, and you shall know everything. Aunt has come up to town, and absolutely proposed for me to the Penleys. Maria has accepted me, and matters will be brought to a consummation in a fortnight. To-night we shall have a little party, and a family conference afterwards. Of course, you'll come; that's a darling ugly!"

"Well, I can't do less than congratulate you," I said.

"Jove, old boy! if you were to see Maria at the piano you would be forced to give Liszt the cold shoulder for the rest of your life. Her fingers, sir, rush over the keys like so many antelopes—gorgeous antelopes. Did you have a song from her yet? At the first rise she exhausts the entire gamut. I had a look at one of her little boots yesterday—just as big as a himble, and so pretty!"

"Ah! come," I exclaimed, with honest indignation, rising and walking to the window, will you compel me to serenade the water-butt?"

He did not reply, but put on his hat and danced down stairs. We did not meet again until evening.

Maria Penley, when I saw her, was of that class of beauty which critical taste charitably sets down as "amiable." She would have been much out of place in a gallery of "toasts." Her head was good, but rather large for the trunk that supported it, and there was an ugly precipitancy in the sheerness with which her neck and throat buried themselves in her shoulders. It may be set down to my want of taste, but I could not discover in her any of those wonderful charms for which she had obtained credit at the hands of Mr. Jack. He evidently was anxious to know my estimate of his intended; and when I had taken her up to the piano, late in the evening, and Jack's aunt had relieved me of the function of leaf-turner, he slipped his arm through mine, and said, in his most insinuating way—

"You like her?"

"Miss Penley? She is very tolerable!"

How his face fell! how the glow of happy expectancy faded into a look of the blankest astonishment!

"Come," he whispered, "you joke. Now, is she not one to be proud of, seriously?"

"Of course, she is."

"Of course—I hate your courses, I do." These were the last words he ever said to me.

Whilst the lights flared, and the rooms steamed inside, outside the snow was falling thick and bitter. When the dancing was at its utmost height, I stole away. The last time I saw "the love," he carried a great bouquet at his breast, and was offering an ice to his intended, and must have been saying something very naughty, for she tapped his cheek with her fan, and shook her head, and closed her eyes as if in deprecation of a fine compliment. I never saw him again. When I got home I regretted that I had not used pleasanter words to Jack; but my regrets were quickly buried with myself in sleep, and ceased troubling me till the morning.

"He has not come," was the exclamation that burst from my lips on awaking, and searching the room in vain for a vestige of his presence. Nothing was upset, nothing was out of its place, (he had a rare horror of order,) and I was forced to conclude that the revellers had not yet given up, or that he had gone to the hotel. Ten o'clock struck; what could have happened him? I began to feel really uneasy on his account, and took up a book that I might read down the unpleasant speculations which insisted, in spite of all resistance, in annoying me. Eleven, twelve, and still no appearance. I did not leave home until three o'clock, hoping, against hope, that he would turn up—that I should hear his knock every moment. I inquired at Penley's when he had left, and was told that he and two friends had gone away before six; further, I was informed that Mrs. and Miss Penley had left town for a short visit to a dying relative at Clonlow. I returned home at seven; he was not before me, but on the table was the hat-box and a letter which ran thus:—

"Dear Pug,—I'm a ruined man. No more hope for me. I shall see you no more. I set out for the Red Sea (new Telegraph Company operations) to-night. The box I send contains the fatal secret. Do not open it till you have heard I'm dead, or shot, or given over. You were right about Maria—her conduct has been intolerable. No matter, etc. J. H."

For three years that box has lain carefully by me, and no inducement could make me open it. To me it has been as sacred as Shakespeare's tomb, and faithfully have I forborne from touching the relics interred within it. Since the melancholy evening on which it was entrusted to my care, there has been no account of my lost friend—nothing to indicate whether he is living or dead. I think, for this reason, I am perfectly justified in looking into his pious bequest. Who knows but it may furnish some clue to his disappearance? it will at least explain the cause of his sudden and most unaccountable flight. I take it, and read:—

"Clonlow, Wednesday, 3 o'clock.

"Since we parted last evening—would that I had gone with you,—a grave and irretrievable misfortune has befallen me. You know how I

loved Maria. Idolater as I am, I could not have believed until I saw her—until I knew her—that any created being could have inspired me with a passion so wild, so profound, so mystical, so inclusive. She was the controlling dream of my life. Alas, for human expectations! the vision has dissolved; and I, that sat proudly but yesterday in the temple of magnificent dreams, am prostrate to-day amid its ruins. You will smile, perhaps, at the enthusiasm of a grief which it is impossible that you can appreciate. How could you? Would that I could forge my heart into a steel pen, and roll out my brain to the size of a quarto; then, indeed, you might gain some faint conception of a sorrow which baffles miserable words to describe—which has left me desolate, wretched, and hopeless!

“Last evening—O, night of gloom and glory!—she appeared to me lovelier than ever. Your want of appreciation served but to exalt mine, for love, all-comprehensive, can change jests into flatteries, jibes into adorations. From the moment I met her on the threshold of the drawing-room, until the hour when we separated in a tempest of promises and tears, I knew but one sensation, that of the most exalted delight. Her voice was sweeter than ever, her step lighter than ever I had known it; whenever she turned, she shook a fresh grace from her figure; when she coughed,* it seemed as if the skies opened, and all the bells of heaven were ringing. Again I fancy I see you smile. Smile on, for I am one past all wounds, insensible to all injuries, crushed by one overwhelming calamity!

“Throughout the evening, whenever chance permitted us, we indulged in those sweet conferences which hearts indissolubly united can alone enjoy or invent. We spoke of the future, when our lives should glide parallel in delicious currents, wooed by sun and breeze, shaded by the best blessings of the world. Long, she said, before we had met, she had seen and loved me; and deplored the brutal conventionalities of society by which she was debarred from volunteering a confession of her heart, before we encountered one another through that greatest of all shams, a ‘regular introduction.’ What, I should like to be told, have people in love to do with ‘regular introductions?’ I tell you, society is built upon a vast basis of error and hypocrisy. I conjure you, my dear boy, to show that you are superior to its wretched canons by boldly declaring your views to the next woman you love, whether you know her or no. She may affect displeasure, but it is impossible she can feel it. ‘Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.’ It may happen, in the course of human events, that a narrow-minded relative may resist your advances, and even go so far as to cane your person by way of punishment. Let not this deter you. The martyrs of progress have had to bear their bruises. Remember Jenner and Stephenson, and do not give way to irritation. ‘Patience,’ says Goethe, ‘patience is genius.’

“Shortly before you left, Maria, ever amiable and sympathizing, begged I would fetch her an ice. I flew, on the wings of love, to obey her; and when I returned, with what, fancy you, did she present me? She gave

* Query—Laughed.

me her bouquet! In the supreme felicity of that moment, I would not have exchanged a single leaf of those precious hot-house blossoms for a lease of Arabia Felix. I took it, and folded it to my heart. I kissed it a thousand times; but words fail to express the emotions which thrilled me when, in answer to some elaborate compliment I dared to offer, Maria fondled me with her fan, and whispered, in her silveriest accents, 'Get out.' Can you perceive the intense condescension implied in that brief and pithy phrase, whose elegance is only equalled by its simplicity? It is as if Apollo, descending, harp in hand, from the spheres, were to take you into a corner and ask if you would like a tune from his cat-gut? 'Humility and excellence,' says the Indian proverb, 'are next-door neighbours.' Could there be a more beautiful illustration of this sublime aphorism than Maria's remonstrance? My boy, when the women of your heart bid you 'get out' congratulate yourself that she loves you to distraction; it is not every one she will honour with that inclusive deprecation.

"Seven times we danced together. And here, as, unlike me, you have not abandoned the world, I may furnish you with a stratagem, priceless in worth. When you want to secure a lady six or seven times consecutively, implying that you have her consent secured, keep an aunt, or some other attractive female relative, at your elbow, and when a gentleman approaches your jewel to engage her for the next set, muster up a little polite audacity, bring forward your aunt, and assure him, in the sweetest voice you can muster, that *this* lady would be happy to oblige him. I have tried the plan several times with success. There are two stratagems also which may be tried with great effect on engagement cards, but, as they involve much description, you must try and discover them for yourself. We danced seven times. We were the two most admired objects, next to the Dresden china, in the room. To attempt to picture my happiness as, with bounding heart and feet, I conducted the gyrations of my sweet partner over and over the polished floors, would be vain, hopelessly vain. I lay down my pen for a moment—my emotions overpower me. The brightest part of the panorama is passing away—the blackest will soon appear.

"When four o'clock struck upon the revels we parted—parted (O terrible reflection!) never to meet again. Her lovely hand lingered in mine for minutes, whilst her averted head and heaving bosom betrayed the pangs the separation cost her. We tore ourselves asunder, and I descended the stairs. In the clear snow-light, there stood in the street two gentlemen whom you know, and met that evening. Reade and Wilson asked me if I was for home. I joined them, and we sauntered down the street together, they giving vent to their feelings in a 'Yop, yop, yop' chorus; I plunged in the unfathomable depth of mine. Ry-and-bye, the last glass of champagne took its effect, and I assisted my companions in the execution of that piece of healthy lung-exercise—'We won't go home till morning.' The effect on the silent streets at that solemn hour of the morning was stupendous, when, moreover, it was heightened by the addition of several 'hurrahs,' and the slapping of various knickers. Though my companions had evidently made up their minds to court the society of the stars until

daylight, I had firmly resolved to go home, and sleep off the effects of the evening's enjoyment. This wise determination would have been carried into effect, but for one unfortunate circumstance—I wasn't able! Gradually the voices of my friends became more and more confused, the gas-lamps seemed to lean considerably from the perpendicular, and every street, from the same causes, appeared to be built upon a hill which we were continually ascending without ever arriving at the top. In the midst of these depressing events, I lost sight of everything except the bouquet presented to me by Maria, which I held close to my bosom with the desperate tenacity with which drowning men are said to cling to straws. In the short flash of one lucid interval, I heard one of my companions say, 'Railway—first-class, glorious joke—come along—Hurrah.' I felt an arm slipped under mine, I saw the flags flying backward under my feet, and then, then—!

"A strong light blazed upon my eyes, and, with a feeling of intense alarm, I raised my head to see whence it came. Fancy my horror at finding that I was lying on the floor of a railway carriage, with Wilson, whilst Reade sat aloft, like the cherub who is supposed to take so lively an interest in the fate of poor Jack, talking to a porter who stood at the open door with a bull's-eye lantern in his hand. I gathered from the dialogue that we had found it impossible to gain admittance under any roof, and that, suffering from the cold night air, we had come up to the railway station, and were glad to find shelter in the carriage. To do him justice, the porter appeared to relish the joke amazingly, and with a request to the effect that we would not smoke, withdrew. We soon fell asleep. Better than an hour must have elapsed when I found myself almost strangled by night-mare. It seemed to me as if Pelion piled upon Ossa was deposited upon my chest, and that in a few minutes I should be suffocated under the pressure of the superincumbent masses. It was no use that I shook myself to restore the circulation, and banish the hideous phantom. Heavier and heavier it grew, slower and slower beat my heart—I could hear its spasmodic throbbings echoed back by the roof of the carriage. In the sublime agony of that awful moment I screamed—a peal of demoniac laughter was the response; and then a voice, which requested, in the name of a certain great power, to know what was the matter with me? Ah, then, for the first time, I slowly comprehended the awful gravity of the situation. Wilson feeling cold in his isolated seat on the cushions, had come down to sit upon Reade and me, for the purpose of warming himself. Perched cross-legs on our chests, he had lighted his pipe, and, to all appearance, felt exceedingly nice and comfortable. With a strong effort I threw him off, and, with the expression of a hope that the wearied might be suffered to rest, went once more to sleep. I have too much respect for your humanity to believe for a moment that you will peruse these details with a smile. I trust that I have succeeded in communicating them with proper decorum, and in a vehicle which unites the tender sensibility of George Sand, with the fullness and volume of Thiers. You know, from old experience of the peculiarity of my constitution, that I am a victim to night-mare, but to have a thorough conception of its horrors, one must have laboured in it for months and years.

Fuseli was an idiot to imagine that his idea of this malignant phantom approached anything like the terrible reality. Bah! 'tis 'as moonlight unto sunlight, or, 'as water unto wine.' Often, when steeped in its fearful horrors, have I imagined seeing Maria going down the Main-street conducting an ass, and with a milk-pail on her head—or meeting her at the assembly-rooms dispensing oranges at a halfpenny a head to the company. De Quincey did not realise what night-mare is, else his majestic visions would have acquired a deeper and more hellish hue. That last judgment of his, in my opinion, is nothing worse than whalebone and tarlatane. Only fancy a coronation march in the valley of Josephat!

"Clonlow, Clonlow, Clonlow." As the mysterious words were roared out at the top of a husky voice, I sprang to my feet, and was puzzled beyond the force of all conjecture to find the carriage moving with that compressed sound which tells that the breaks are down and the engine stopping. I lost no time in rousing my companions, who were as much alarmed as I, for the consequences of our position—I ventured to put my head out of the window and reconnoitre the station. At that moment the porter opened our door, and we descended to the platform. I had no overcoat, and there I stood in stained and crumpled evening dress, bulged hat, and dirty white gloves, the butt of the assembled crowd. Neither Wilson nor Reade were quite as badly off, but their faces and garments told eloquently of the night's dissipation. Every one seemed to regard us with astonishment, and even a few sorry jokes were hazarded by the wittlings of the place, at our expense. "Tickets, gentlemen," cried the taker, "Tickets, please."

"'I have got none,' I said. 'We can pay.'

"'Yes, we can pay,' said Wilson, trying to look cheerful, and accompanied by the ticket-taker we entered the office.

"'Four-and-two pence, each gentlemen,' said an individual sitting behind the ticket-battery.

"I plunged my hands into my pockets—they were empty. 'Wilson will you kindly settle for me?'

"He looked at me. 'Why, my boy, I was prepared to ask you to do that for me.'

"'Oh, nonsense!'

"'Indeed. Ah! Reade will deliver us.' As he said this, Reade, who had been engaged in a *post mortem* examination of his pockets in a remote corner of the room, joined us. 'By some misfortune,' he said, 'I have no money with me. Let one or other of you settle my share till we get back.' Three white faces confronted one another at this horrible announcement.

"'Don't keep me, gentlemen,' the clerk cried, tugging Reade gently by the coat. 'Sure, if you haven't it, say so.'

"I confess I blushed like that very original parallel—a girl. 'My man,' I said, 'you are very right; and to be candid, we have it not. If you telegraph to———, you will have the money down by the next train, with a *douceur* for your trouble.'

" 'Very well,' the brute answered, 'pay for the message, and I'll send it.' "

" We smiled bitterly. 'Do your best,' cried Reade, folding his arms and regarding the lad with a look of frozen dignity. 'It argues very little for railway morality, that three unoffending gentlemen, temporarily embarrassed, should be pestered in this manner for a miserable twelve-and-sixpence.' "

" 'The long and the short of it is, I suppose you won't pay?' "

" 'No.' "

" 'Police!' "

" The cry for the force went to my heart, and I suffered dreadfully from palpitation of that organ, when a constable, in red whiskers and moustache, invited us to step into the waiting-room and await the arrival of the next train, in which we should be sent back in custody to———. It was in vain we tried to amuse ourselves; a profound gloom settled on the three, and finally I went to sleep.

" The up-and-down trains stop simultaneously at Clonlow, to take in passengers, and pass each other by means of a switch. The railway, as you know, is a single track. Well, imagine, if you can, our horror when we were ordered to leave the room, in the frowsy, tumbled, full-dress of the previous night, and take our places in a third-class carriage. We were escorted across the platform by two policemen. Oh, ugly! dear, ugly! Who should be sitting in a first-class carriage, exactly in front of us—oh, misery! oh, woe!—but Maria and her mother!—I offered to make my way to them, but the movement was sternly countermanded by the police, one of whom laid his hand on my collar and reminded me, in a loud voice, that I was his prisoner. I raised my eyes to the ladies, Mrs. Penley was black from shame and indignation at beholding the plight of her future son-in-law; Maria had dropped her veil, thus depriving me of the melancholy pleasure of analysing her feelings. In another moment, we three were shamefully and rudely huddled into a third-class, amid the laughs and jeers of the by-standers. I could have cried, but my brain was on fire; I could have screamed from anguish, but my throat was baked, and my tongue had lost all utterance. In this wretched state, a bit of paper folded down at the corner and written in pencil was handed me. Read it, my ugly, read it. 'Mrs. and Miss Penley's compliments to Mr. Hill, whom they invite to renounce their acquaintance!' Sick at heart, I succeeded in opening the carriage door at the opposite side, ran down the embankment with the velocity of a boomerang, escaped into the fields, and earthed myself from the pursuit of the all-omnipotent police in a sally grove. There I lay concealed, knee-deep in mud and water for hours, until the day declined, and I then made my way back to Clonlow, under the friendly darkness of night. Here, old boy, I write you this little history, intending, when I get back to D——, to place it with Maria's bouquet in my old hat-box. Should they ever reach you, preserve both for my sake—I dare not appeal to you in favour of her. I am broken-hearted; I am miserable; the world has

gone to ruin. Should you ever open this scroll, pity me, and drop a tear to the memory of one who, with the best intentions to adorn society, and elevate the status of womankind, retires from the struggle with a wounded soul and a disconsolate future."

I had got so far yesterday, nothing remaining to be read but a few private memoranda scrawled at the bottom of this confession; and when I had made up my mind that Jack was a great fool for going to the Red Sea, because a couple women saw him in the custody of the police, I returned the manuscript and flowers to the box, and locked it. Then, remembering that I had an appointment at two o'clock in the College Park, I put on my best bib and tucker, and was prepared to go out, when my servant came to say that a lady and gentleman were making inquiries for me below stairs. I desired her show them up, threw a newspaper over my pipes and pouches, and sat down to await my visitors. They were not long coming. Betsy threw the door wide open, and there they stood on the threshold. The lady was rather plump, but very good-looking—one of the sort to whom you might offer a second glass of wine before dessert. The gentleman was rather seedy-looking, I am afraid, and fetched with him that saline odour that one encounters in the neighbourhood of a cockle-shop.

"Mr. Baker?"

I bowed, and said I was; and when we three were seated, the gentleman looked hard at me, and the lady struggled as if to repress some overpowering emotion. "Whew! as sure as there's a ship in the Liffey, 'tis Jack Hill!" I sprang to my feet to embrace him, but suddenly recollecting myself, and seeing his little game, I fell back into my seat with a groan.

"You are unwell?" said the lady.

"Thank you; only a short spasm."

"May I ask, sir, if you knew a person named Thomas Hill?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes; I had a foolish friend of that name who went to the Red Sea!"

"H'm! Was he a fool, though! You wouldn't know him?"

"Ah! Come," I cried, "give me your hand; welcome home. But what induced you to run away as you did?"

"Then you never opened the hat-box—never read the manuscript—never?"

"Hush!" I replied. "Did you once know me to disregard the request of a deceased friend? There's your box, and secret also!"

He took the leathern relic on his lap, slapped the cover with his open hand, and, looking at the lady, murmured, "Maria! oh, Maria!"

"Maria!" I exclaimed, in alarm. "Surely this cannot be Maria?"

"But I am, Mr. Baker—your old friend, Maria Penley."

"And how did you manage it?" I asked.

"Why," replied Tom, "we were privately married two days after I saw you last; and Maria, like a brave little girl, came away with me to Suez, where we've been living on fish and overland preserved meats ever since."

"God bless me! what a queer pair you have been, never to write to a soul!"

"Ah!" interrupted Tom, "that was part of our plan. Make people believe you're dead and they'll forgive you anything. If you were only witness to the reception we had from the old people! 'Bless you—bless you, my children!' And now, hear, dear ugly; if you take a knife and fork from Maria, why, you shall have the whole secret ripped out of the hat-box at dinner. You shall laugh to hear it."

I laughed, and went.

DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.*

MORTALITY lessened amongst the humbler classes, life is lengthened amongst the wealthier. This is a reasonable hygeian axiom, however paradoxical it may seem; but perhaps the proof of its correctness is best obtained amongst the residents of large cities. In the history of those terrible epidemics—from the Black Death down to Asiatic Cholera—which have devastated the towns of nations, it is invariably found that the first light of the fatal visitation was discerned in the dwellings of the poor. Amongst them first always has arisen the terrible symptoms foreboding death, and amongst them the first victims have been ever claimed. The period of invasion, however, was the only one which gave to them an unfortunate prominence; the period of continuance has seen no safety afforded by rank, by wealth, or advantages. Death has claimed them also, and marked his victims alike. He has stricken all equally with an inexorable doom.

The progress of sanitary science has cleared up much of the mystery that shows itself at the first blush in such phenomena. The poor of great cities and of towns are found to be miserably housed in rooms, in cellars, in garrets, where pure air is not supplied in abundance sufficient for their use. The streets where their residences are usually found to be narrow, close, and sapped with the illest savours imaginable to mortality. The rents of their abodes are high in comparison with their accommodation; and, to lighten the burden of the exaction on his means in this way, many an humble labourer shares his wretched room with one or more of his class. Thus, ill supplied with drainage and with water, that most necessary element for cleanliness—as their houses are—situate in the midst of bad air—that air, deficient as it is in health-giving elements outside, becomes much more sadly vitiated within the apartments of the poor. The smouldering embers of disease are always preserved in the humbler quarters of our towns, ready to break out in wrath upon the least incitement. The metropolis of Ireland is not preserved from this source of malady. Unfortunately, it is but too well supplied with its details. In the

* HOMES FOR THE WORKING POOR, by Nugent Robinson. *Transactions of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science*, 1862.

lanes and back streets of the city there are carefully husbanded up in our midst the germs of fatal visitations, ready to burst forth in maturity at any occasion which may vivify them. Even as it is, from time to time the angel of death emerges from one of the squalid dwellings, which are his constant resort, and goes forth to claim his victim, and to enter at the gate of some gorgeous residence, where wealth and ease abide. The terrible typhus fever never ceases amid some of the habitations of misery with which our metropolis abounds. Its hand is always busy garnering the sheaves of death amidst the poor, but, then, how often does it follow the footsteps of the rich to their home upon the morning breeze?

In London, however, there is a great testimony to the value of the principle in the efforts of the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes." This association was founded for the erection of model lodging buildings—the renovation of old and ill-arranged houses in the worst localities, and the cleansing and ventilation of whole streets and alleys. Recognising the great principle of the necessity of healthful dwellings for the poor, it began with the proposal, that the full value of his house should be paid by the tenant, but that he should have a salubrious and commodious dwelling, instead of one in which cleanliness and comfort can have no place—in which he can neither maintain his own strength, nor bring up his family in health, but must constantly spend a large portion of his hard-earned money in relief of sickness. The undertakers of this project started, with the intention of getting a fair interest upon the capital employed, and set it in shares of one pound each, but they made it a fixed rule that the dividend should not exceed five per cent., and that each shareholder was limited to the liability of his own subscription, and no more. They proceeded vigorously to work. They took three lodging-houses in the worst part of London—Charles-street, Drury-lane. They had those wretched buildings removed, and raised in their stead a single house on the most approved plan, well drained, well ventilated, and fitted up with all the appurtenances of humble comfort. They purchased another freehold in George-street, Bloomsbury, and there raised another of those structures. So they proceeded, extending their operations, until they accommodated several thousand persons of the humbler working classes with comfortable and healthy houses. But, perhaps, one of their most extensive undertakings is their model dwellings, situate in Portpool-lane, Gray's-inn-lane, where residence is provided for twenty families and one hundred and twenty-eight single women. The report of the society gives an account so interesting of this establishment that we adopt it here :

"The twenty families occupy two distinct buildings of four stories in height—one building having three tenements, with three rooms each on a floor—the other having two tenements, with two rooms each on a floor—a scullery, and other requisite conveniences being provided separately for each family, whilst to both houses there is an open staircase, and to the larger one a gallery of communication, by which means complete ventilation is secured. In their arrangement, it was the aim of Mr. Henry Roberts, the honorary architect, to show how the disadvantages of an enclosed common staircase may, in a great measure, be obviated ; and to offer two models of houses, one adapted to

the accommodation of two, and the other of three families on a floor. The one hundred and twenty-eight single women, many of whom are presumed to be poor needlewomen, occupy sixty-four rooms, in a building of four stories, divided by a central staircase; a corridor on either side forms a lobby to eight rooms, each 12ft. 6in. long, by 9ft. 6in. wide, sufficiently large for two persons. They are fitted up with two iron bedsteads, a table, chairs, and a washing stand. The charge is one shilling per week for each person, or two shillings per room. This building is intended to meet the peculiar and difficult circumstances of a class of persons on whose behalf much public sympathy has been justly excited, and for whom no suitable provision had hitherto been made by the society. The wash-house, 60ft. long, by 20ft. broad (formerly a brew-house) contains washing-troughs for thirty-four persons, and ironing-tables for twelve persons; three wringing-machines and thirty-four drying-horses, heated by hot air. The arrangements for this establishment are made with a view to avoid confusion by keeping the various processes as distinct as possible. So numerous are the applications for sharing in the benefit of this accommodation that it is shortly intended to make arrangements for increasing it. With this exception of the wash-house-roof, the buildings are of *fire-proof* construction."

Besides this society there is another pursuing the same view, and known as the "Society for improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes." Both these associations have succeeded largely in their objects, and their outlay has resulted in more than the anticipated profit. Then, there is the "Strand Buildings Company," specially incorporated for the purpose of erecting improved buildings in Eagle-court, Strand, one of these hot-beds of vice and misery, reeking with disease, that abound in London. Here the success has been very gratifying, the health of the locality being vastly improved. Miss Burdett Coutts, too, has given a square of model lodging-houses to the public, built at Bethnal Green, and called Columbia-square. This block of buildings contains 183 sets of rooms, and the apartments are let at the ordinary rate of the most wretched dwelling. But, perhaps, there is nothing so remarkable of the philanthropy and advantage of this work as the munificent donation of £150,000, by Mr. George Peabody, for the purpose of being wholly or partially applied to the construction of dwellings for the poor, such as may combine, in the utmost possible degree, the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy. This is a noble purpose indeed!

Our city has no such association as those to which we have alluded. Yet, heaven knows how much their exertions are required in it. Much inquiry has taken place into the condition of the dwellings of our poor, and many revelations very sad and afflicting have been made as to their manner of existence. An earnest labourer in this field is Mr. Nugent Robinson, to whose paper read before the Social Science Congress last year, and his pamphlet (quoted at the first page of our observations) we are indebted for a great deal of the facts we place before our readers. Mr. Guinness and Mr. Vance have attempted something in the way of improvement; but the efforts of individuals are not enough. They should be seconded by all who have means and feel an interest, not only in the welfare of their fellow-creature, but also in their own.

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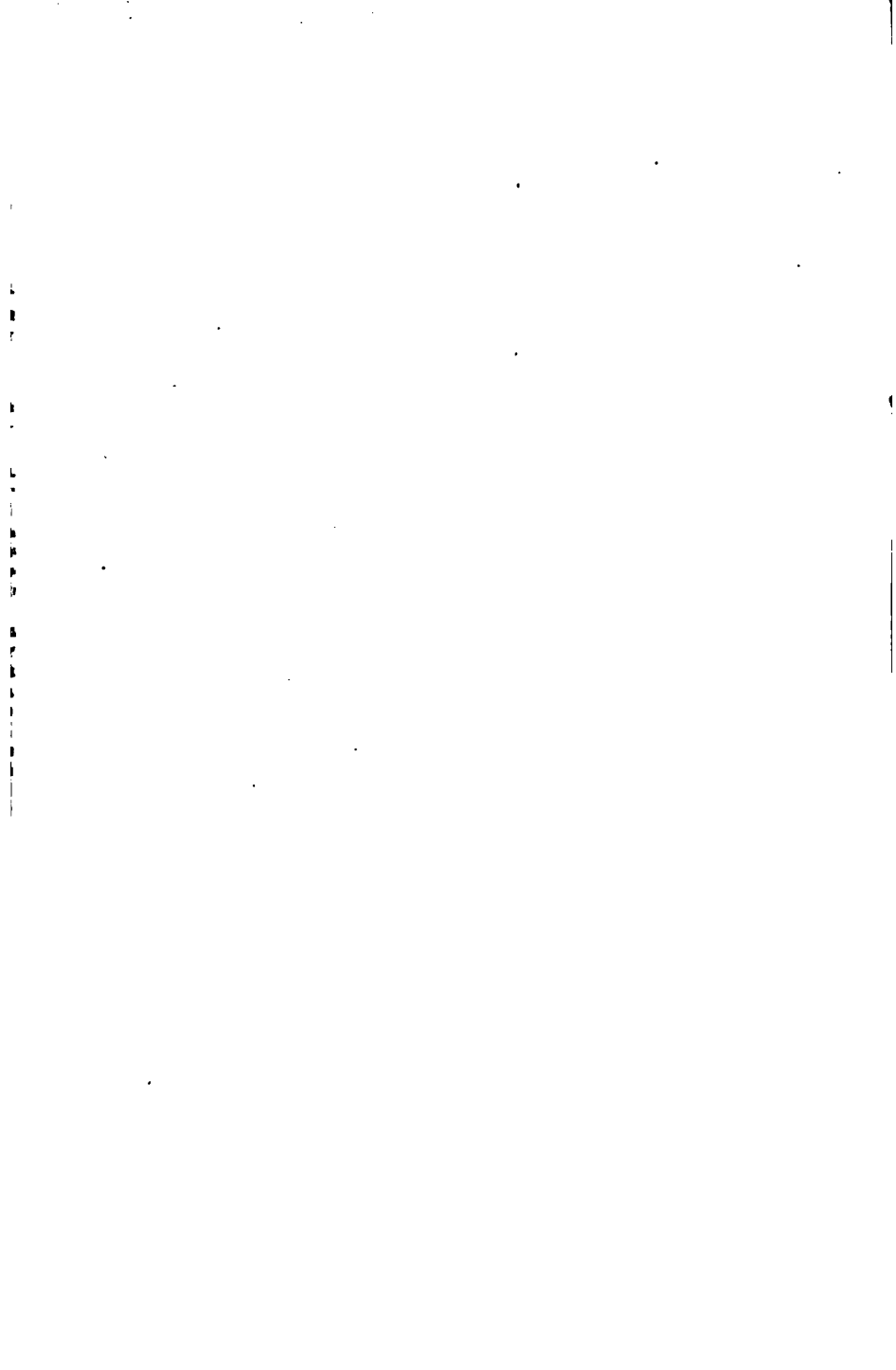
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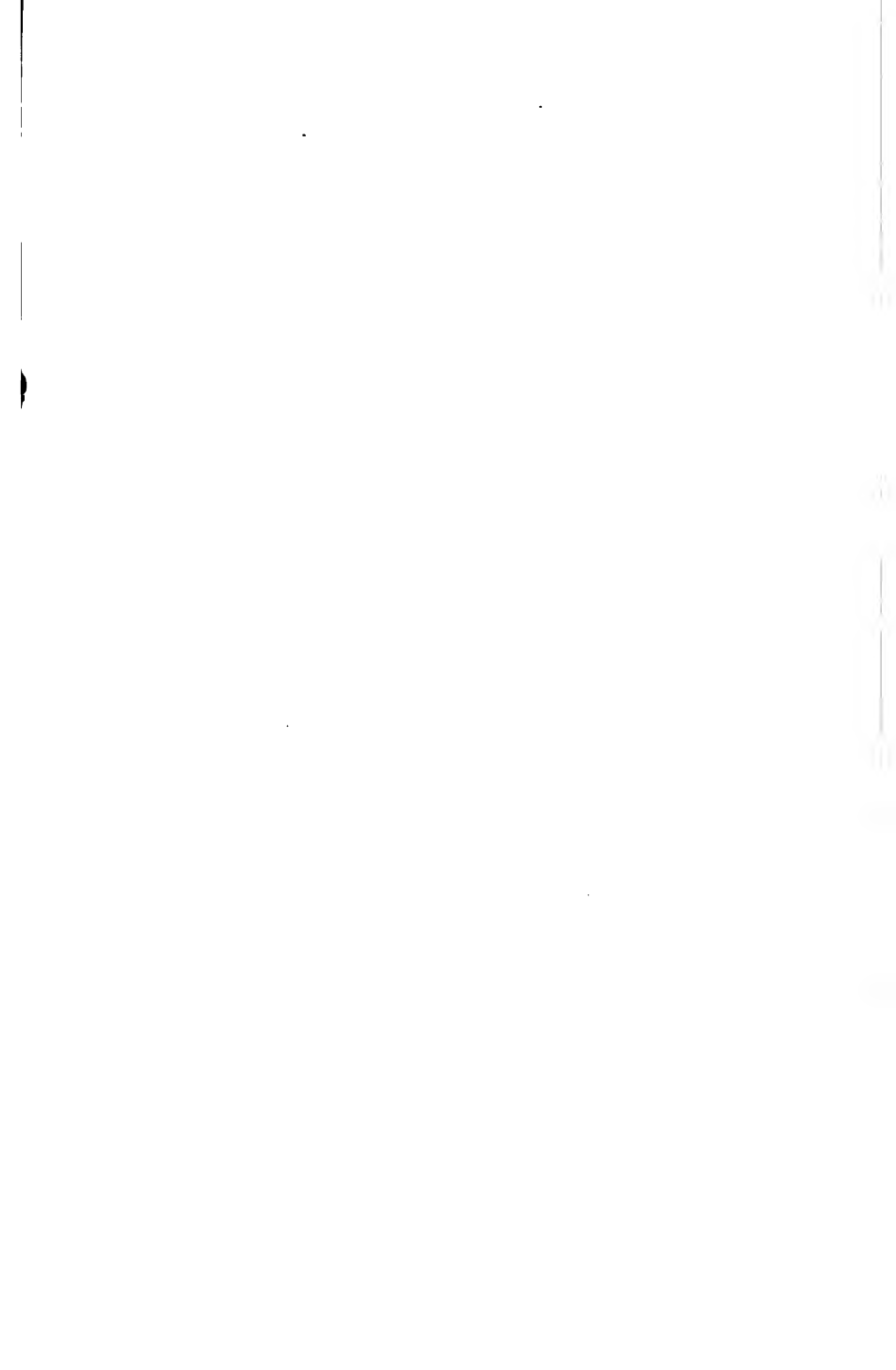
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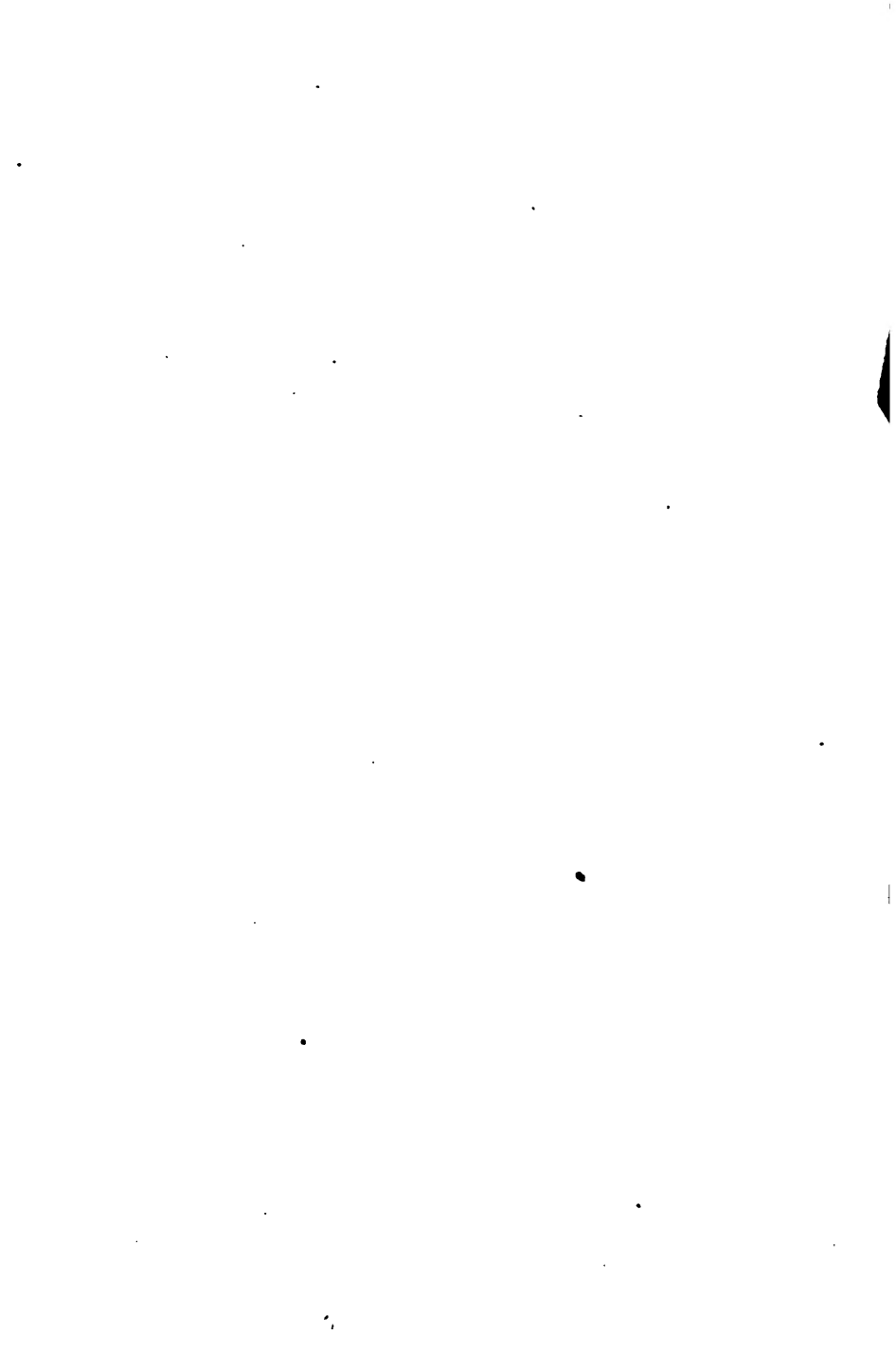
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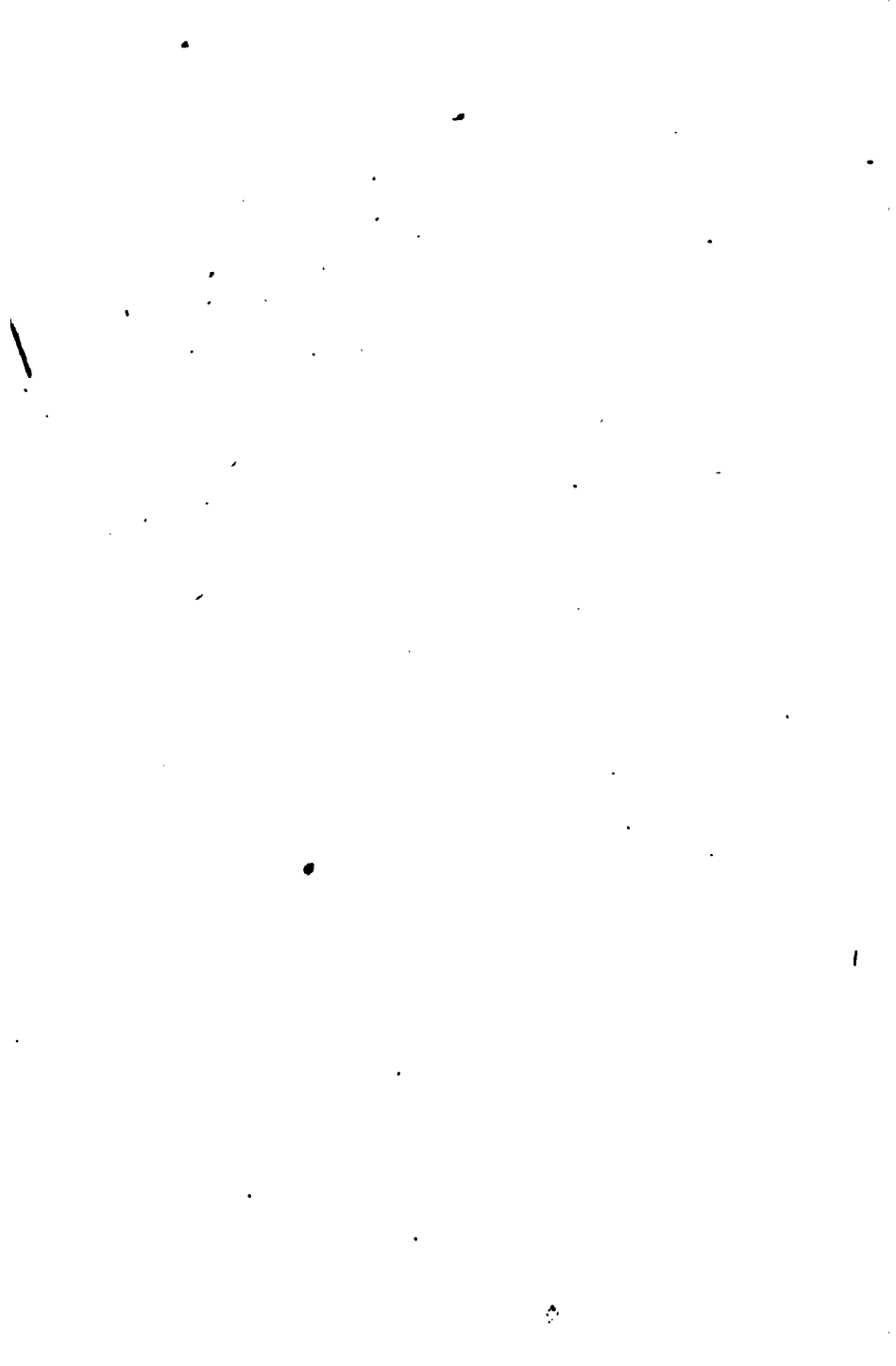
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